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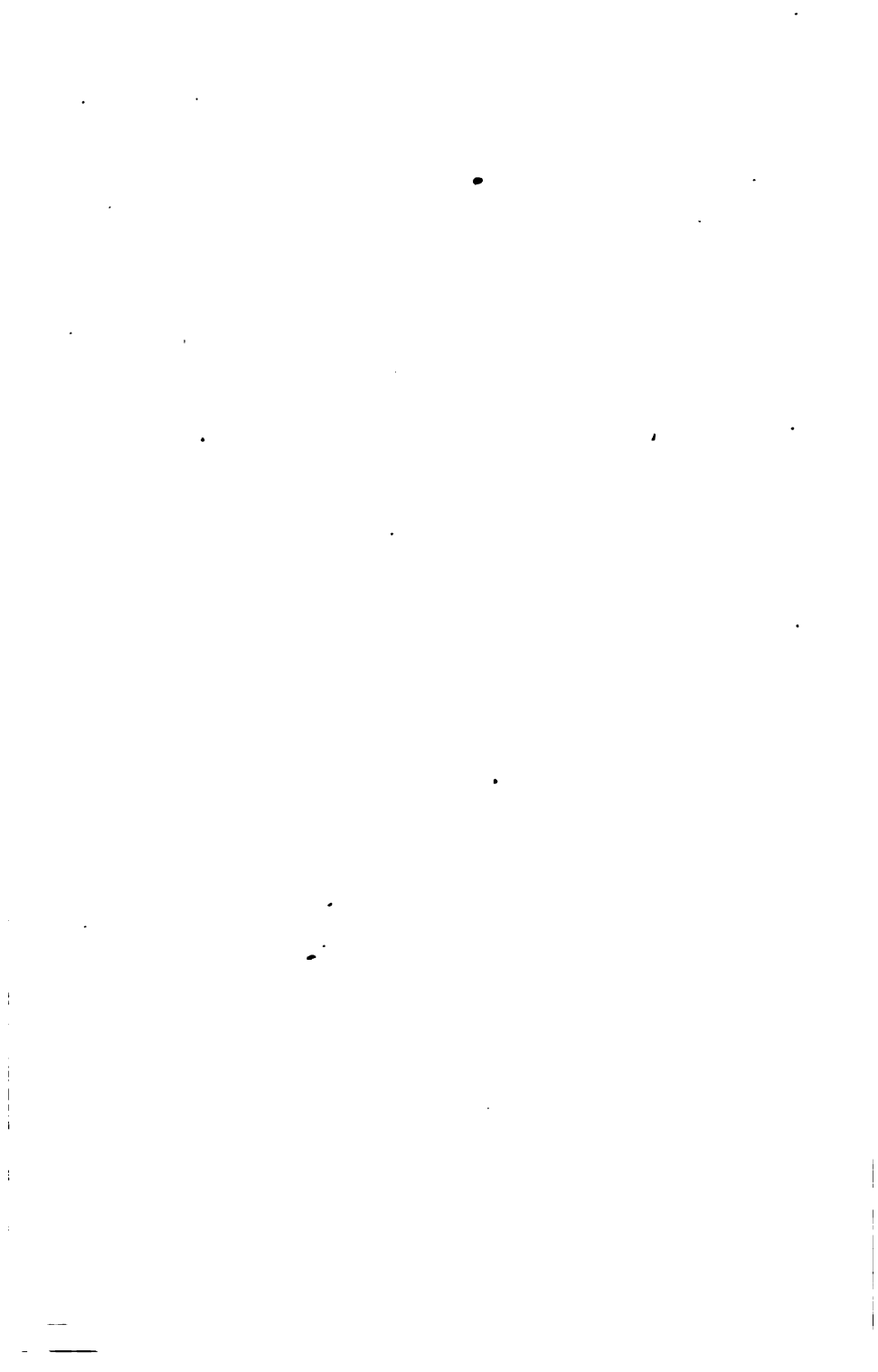
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FROM

James Byrne
of New York



THE
IRISH MONTHLY

A Magazine of General Literature.

EDITED BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEARLY VOLUME

1899.

DUBLIN:
M. H. GILL & SON, O'CONNELL STREET.
LONDON: BURNS AND OATES; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO.

F B34.8
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NOTICE.

The many kind friends who take a personal interest in the prosperity of this Magazine can serve it best by forwarding at once their subscription of Seven Shillings for the year 1900, to the **REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J., 86 Stephen's Green, Dublin,** who will be glad of the opportunity to thank them individually.

JANUARY, 1899.

MRS. JACK GROGAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE Miss Woodhams were twins, and so much alike that their landlady, Mrs. Tite—and they had rented her rooms for fourteen years—still sometimes said, in her most apologetic tones, “Miss Charlotte, ma’am?” or “Miss Amelia, ma’am?” when she had a message to deliver to one or other of “her ladies.”

Mrs. Tite knew one from another, she sometimes explained, *when they were together*, Miss Charlotte being, as one might say, a little fatter in the face, and, perhaps, not quite so lined about the eyes as Miss Amelia. But apart! well, Mrs. Tite’s listeners might take her word for *that*, their own mother must have been puzzled enough many a time. And to dress alike, as they did, button for button the same! Why, if Miss Amelia had three loops to the bow on her Sunday bonnet, Miss Charlotte, you might make up your mind to it, had the same, *and on the same side*.

Tite often said, he was glad it wasn’t he had the dealings with the ladies, or he’d been in Bedlam long ago.

The Miss Woodhams “lived in the country,” that was a joke made for the benefit of every fresh acquaintance; and indeed to the visitor who, for the first time, turned in through the iron gates that divided Pear-tree Lane from the High Street, the four detached brick houses that stood at its end, always came with a feeling of surprise.

The Cottage, the last and most important building of the four, could boast of its lawn—a lawn, in summer green and fresh, an old pear-tree, encoiroid by a rustic seat, in its centre, while under the brick-wall, creeper-covered, that separated it from a disused churchyard beyond, ran a border, gay in the different seasons of the year, with crocus and iris, and scarlet geranium and carnations, and St. Michael's daisies, and winter jasmin.

"The place was a paradise," the Miss Woodham's guests, for the most part teachers or governesses like themselves, often said, as they sipped the tea Miss Amelia poured out for them, at the parlour window of Number 2, which overlooked "*The Cottage*" grounds; but even Number 2 had its bit of garden to the front, and was rich in the great-leaved Virginian creeper that clothed, like a garment, the gable of the house, was "a picture in the spring," and "a glory in the autumn," as Miss Amelia, who was the poetical Miss Woodham, said.

The Miss Woodhams occupied the dining-room floor of No. 2, and Mrs. Tite, by act of grace, had permitted them to ornament her door with a brass plate inscribed in Roman lettering,

"MISS WOODHAM,
MISS C. WOODHAM,
TEACHERS OF MUSIC."

This plate, carefully polished every morning by Mrs. Tite, had been, as the sisters were forced to confess, a useless expense to them, for even if people had gone up and down the lane, which they never did, (Mr. Crook, at the Cottage, being what Mrs. Tite was pleased to title a "reclooze"), the plate would have been invisible to mortal eye, Mrs. Tite's front door standing open from morning till eve, for the benefit of her "drawing-rooms;" but then they had meant it for the best, as Miss Charlotte, who was the philosopher, always said.

Mrs. Tite's "drawingrooms" were single gentlemen, as a rule, medical students at the hospital close by, or clerks who went daily to mysterious business citywards.

These "gentlemen" formed a floating population, and now and again left poor Mrs. Tite in the lurch both as regarded rent and board; and one had even made a moonlight flitting, accompanied by Mrs. Tite's three silver tea spoons.

The "drawingrooms" were inclined to be noisy, came in late, and had difficulties with matches and latchkeys; gave suppers occasionally, and sat up to all hours, and had been known to serenade each other in the dead of the night. They held lively conversations too with their landlady over the banisters, and last, but not least, filled the house when at home with tobacco smoke, and "that is a trial, *till you get used to it*," as Miss Charlotte said.

In Mrs. Tite's opinion, the "drawingrooms" only kept the house lively, she had "a warm heart for all young creatures," she often assured Miss Amelia, though, in that lady's opinion, it must have required some imagination to include Mr. Hawtree for example, who had grey whiskers and a bald head, in the category.

No doubt for maiden ladies, No. 2 Peartree Lane had its disadvantages, but then it had its advantages (to quote the philosopher again). A common faith, consideration on both sides, had, with years, formed a warm tie between landlady and lodgers.

Mrs. Tite's "ladies" had, on their first arrival at No. 2, cooked their own dinner, on a stove warranted to fry a chop or boil a kettle in a fabulous space of time; but this, in Mrs. Tite's opinion, was a poor way of getting one's meals, and, as she explained to Miss Amelia, who was the housekeeper, "the fire that cooked one dinner could cook two," and when "her hand was in," it was as easy to get their mouthful of steak ready as that of the gentlemen upstairs; so the little ladies, by the second winter, came in from their forenoon work to find a "piping" luncheon ready and—to enjoy it, as Mrs. Tite always politely hoped.

If Mrs. Tite looked after her lodgers' temporal needs, they, on their side, saw to her spiritual requirements. One or other of her "ladies," was always ready to stay at home, mind the baby, take in the milk, put on the Sunday joint, even run up with a "drawingroom" breakfast while she got to Mass; "it wasn't their fault, if they didn't keep her a good Christian," she cheerfully assured the Parish Priest, when he congratulated her on turning over a new leaf.

The priest and his curates were kept busy—too busy. What between their poor, and their sick, and their sinners, they had small time for courtesy visits. They knew the Miss

Woodhams as members of the congregation, and once in a twelve-month or so, one of them, to quote Mrs. Tite again, "dropped a card on her ladies."

If, however, Father Black, the Rector, did not often see them, he heard, one way or another, a good deal about them, and that too in his poorest quarter, down by the Albert Wharf. There the Miss Woodhams were known almost as well as the Sisters, and (which is saying a good deal) were held pretty much in the same respect.

"One of the ladies from Peartree Lane had sat up with Johnnie last night;" "one of the Peartree ladies had gone with Mary to the hospital;" "one of the ladies from the Cottages had rigged Polly out, head to foot, for school;" "one of the ladies up there (a wave of the hand in Peartree Lane direction) was taking old Beveridge a bite of dinner twice in the week." A dozen times in ten days, perhaps, Father Black heard of some good deed of the Peartree ladies, and it was little wonder he had a smile for the little couple, as he lifted his hat, when he passed them.

The Miss Woodhams did not want for pupils; their moderate charges may have had something to do with that, but it was understood in Maida Vale that their pupils made progress.

Now and again it might happen, perhaps, that some ambitious parent dismissed Miss Charlotte, or Miss Amelia (as the case might be) as old-fashioned in method, in favour of some fashionable "Professor" or other; but ten to one, Signor Fortissimo did not prove so painstaking, or so patient, or the child did not make the rapid progress expected, and the little lady would be recalled and re-instated. But the sisters were humble, in such cases; they always feared that something had been wanting in their teaching, that Gladys and Muriel (names are fine in the Miss Woodhams' part of London), had not been sufficiently well grounded to profit by the Professor's instructions.

I do not pretend to say that the Miss Woodhams had not their troubles, their ups and downs, like other folk, but they made an honest independence, and—"cut their pattern according to their cloth."

Mrs. Tite was in the habit of confiding to her husband, that she wished everything was as sure on this earth as the rent Miss Amelia counted into her hand every Saturday evening. What she had done before her ladies came, she sometimes wondered;

what she would do if they went away, she never pondered, it was as impossible to dream of a change, as that the weekly 10s. 6d. should not be forthcoming.

Her ladies took their yearly holiday, a fortnight at Ramsgate, that was true, but they paid the rent for the two weeks—subtracting gas and “extras,” before they started. The Miss Woodhams were *ladies*. Mrs. Tite never failed to accent the word.

Mrs. Tite’s “drawingrooms” were, as we have said, often on the move.

The new young gentleman was a Catholic, she announced, one evening, when she was “clearing away” her ladies’ supper; a “beautiful young gentleman,” he was too, she went on, and musical—she had carried up a banjo.

Miss Amelia gave a little sigh, as she glanced at her sister.

“Oh, well, if it’s only a banjo,” the philosopher said, “unless, indeed, he sings.”

(“The drawingroom” who had just departed had had a “voice.”)

“Sings, that he does,” Mrs. Tite returned cheerfully. “He was at it, for all the world like a canary-bird, before you ladies came in.”

— “Oh, well, if he sings like a canary-bird,” Miss Charlotte smiled.

“He’s a good name to him too,” Mrs. Tite went on, “Grogan. Well, to be sure, [considering] there *was* old Grogan who swept the crossing by the Vestry Hall.” Mrs. Tite again considered, and then went on more cheerfully, “but I never knew a Grogan yet that wasn’t a good Catholic, and that’s something to the back of their name, an honour the Queen on the throne herself can’t give, as Tite would say.”

“Yes,” Miss Charlotte said.

“There was Father Grogan, and Father James, and Dr. John that the people set a store by, and there’s old Mr. Grogan, at this moment, up at the Abbey Road, and—” Mrs. Tite paused from want of breath; her tongue was a bad one for running away with itself, she apologised, when she had recovered herself, and was shaking out the table-cloth.

The Miss Woodhams did not encourage gossip about the “drawingrooms,” but that the fair, goodnatured-looking boy they

had seen from the window should be of their own faith could not fail to interest them.

"He's reading up for his 'Prelim.'" (Mrs. Tite had picked up a good many words from her "gentlemen") "and he's sure of passing it, from what he's telling me."

"Hem," Miss Charlotte said.

"He's going to work terrible hard, he's a widow mother depending on him."

"Depending on *him*?" Miss Charlotte spoke with severity.

"Oh, well, it'll maybe be by and by, she'll be depending on him," Mrs. Tite went on in her most cheerful tones, "anyhow he's going to work hard, and I've to wake him sharp every morning at five."

"At five!"

"At five, and take him his shaving-water boiling hot, he's particular, he says, about that"—Mrs. Tite stopped short, and then began to laugh. "Bless me, and it's his jokes he's putting off on me, and he but a lad, and his face as smooth as my hand." Mrs. Tite held up a palm rough as any nutmeg grater.

"It is probably a joke about the early rising too," Miss Charlotte said grimly.

"That might be." Mrs. Tite considered, then her face brightened, "No, no, Miss Charlotte, ma'am, there's no mistake about the early rising, and his old mother depending on him."

"Hem," Miss Charlotte said again,

It might have been a week after this conversation that Miss Amelia, putting on her waterproof in the hall, "was aware," as the old songs say, of a rap-rapping upstairs, a rapping interrupted now and then by Mrs. Tite's most persuasive voice.

"Ten minutes to nine, sir." Rap-rap-rap. "The bacon's getting cold, sir." Rap-rap-rap-rap.

"The bacon may be getting cold, but I'm very comfortable, thank you, Mrs. Tite."

"It's done to a turn, sir,"

"Time for another turn, did you say, Mrs. Tite?"

"You'll lose your lecture, sir."

"Never mind, we'll send the bellman after it, Mrs. Tite."

"Your poor mamma, sir," reproachfully, "and you promising you would work so hard."

"I say, Mrs. Tite, don't you know when a fellow's asleep?"

"Well, sir, don't blame me."

"Blame you, Mrs. Tite, when I sing your praises through the hospital."

"It's the second time this week, Miss Amelia, ma'am." Mrs. Tite told that lady when she got downstairs. "But sleepiness is constitutional with the Grogans, from what he tells me."

"Laziness, perhaps, is," Miss Charlotte said, and thought she heard a chuckle from the drawingroom floor.

That same day Miss Amelia met the "drawingrooms" face to face on the door-steps, he lifted his hat "like a gentleman" (as was reported afterwards to Miss Charlotte), and after a moment's hesitation spoke. "I am afraid I disturbed you this morning"—a flush came to the young fellow's cheek.

"Not at all," Miss Amelia said with truth. Her brown eyes twinkled.

"The truth is——" Mr. Jack Grogan hesitated.

"Laziness is constitutional with the Grogans," Miss Amelia finished the sentence for him demurely, and the young fellow, after looking at her a moment, burst into a laugh.

"I must turn over a new leaf," he said.

"Perhaps, turning out of bed would be more to the purpose," Miss Charlotte, who had come to the door, said in her kindly dictatorial way, and Mr. Grogan agreed with a sigh.

"You are at the hospital?" Miss Charlotte went on.

"Yes," Mr. Grogan said.

"The lectures must be interesting?"

Mr Grogan looked doubtful.

As time went on, Mrs. Tite had a good deal to confide to her ladies about the goodnatured young fellow, who had made his way to her heart. (To be sure Mr. Jack Grogan had not always paid his rent, and had borrowed a ten-shilling piece more than once, but she did not tell the Miss Woodhams *that*; it would be all right he had assured her, his mother would "stump up," and Mrs. Tite looking at the photographs of the gracious-looking lady in widow's dress, pinned up over the young fellow's mantel-piece, could not doubt it. "More like an angel than a fellow-creature," she confided to Miss Amelia).

His mother had sent him up to St. Anne's because he knew such a lot of fellows in Edinburgh, Jack had confided to his landlady, and that was *against* work; he gave a little sigh.

"You're not wanting for friends here, sir," had been Mrs. Tite's reply; and, indeed, Mr. Grogan's particular chums seemed, to that good woman, countless, and, to one or two of them, she had even made objections.

"Not the kind of friends your mother's son," she had looked at the picture over the mantel-piece, "ought to have about him, excusing the liberty, Mr. Jack, sir."

"The best of men, Mrs. Tite," the young fellow (his face had reddened) struck an attitude.

Mrs. Tite was always ready. "The best of men's but men at the best, sir."

"Mrs. Tite, you're a wit."

"And that's more than anyone ever called me before," was the rejoinder.

"And a poet! I beg your pardon—Poetess. I'm proud of you, Mrs. Tite."

Mrs. Tite had, after all, but one fault to find with her lodger; she wished he thought more of going to Mass. He was the first Grogan she had ever known that was—"that way," she told Miss Amelia.

Mr. Jack Grogan, very soon after his first meeting with Miss Amelia, had found his way—with his banjo—to the sisters' parlour. He had a voice, and a sweet one, as even Miss Charlotte confessed, and he sang the little ladies the most astounding ditties.

"It was a pity, when Mr. Jack had been at school, he had not been taught to spell *serious*," was one of Mrs. Tite's apposite remarks that Miss Woodham came to appreciate.

The young fellow's mission in life was to enjoy himself, a mission that, if the expression be pardoned, he carried out with conscience.

If he was spun in his "prelim." and not without some hard words from his chief Examiner, he had come off, in the opinion of the more lively of the students, the best in the encounter. "Upon my word, sir," he had said in his most apologetic tones, "you couldn't have worked yourself in such weather," and the great surgeon (and greater golfer) had cleared his throat behind his handkerchief.

"Whatever'll your mamma say, sir? and she depending on you," Mrs. Tite had asked when the news was broken to her.

For a second Mr. Jack Grogan looked grave, then his eyes twinkled; "Never heard of the Prodigal Son, eh, Mrs. Tite?"

"That's a joke I don't hold with," Mrs. Tite returned irately. "Life in this world aint all play, and that you'll find some day, Mr. Jack, sir."

"Life is real, life is earnest," Mr. Grogan sang at the pitch of his voice, but, for once, Mrs. Tite was not to be mollified.

He would be off to Edinburgh in a day or two, and there he would work like "old boots" all the vacation, he assured her; but next week came and found him still at Number 2, and not even his "portmantle" packed, as Mrs. Tite told the Miss Woodhams.

"Mr. Grogan was too fond of golf, and the theyatres," Mrs. Tite opined, (Mr. Jack had borrowed five shillings from her the evening before to take him to his favourite piece) "and no good came of either."

"No, sir, I can't. I've my own way to pay, and there'll be a bit of painting to do when the ladies have gone to the seaside," Mrs. Tite—her hands behind her back, to help her to resist, yet a week later, the temptation of putting them into her pocket—as sternly as she could, refused her lodger the couple of sovereigns that were to keep him "going" till his remittance came from Edinburgh.

"I didn't know you were that kind of woman, Mrs. Tite," Mr. Jack said reproachfully.

"I've never thought what kind of woman I am, except that I've kept myself an honest one," Mrs. Tite returned. "There's the butcher owing, and the rent. I can't, indeed, Mr. Jack."

"Only till the end of the week. The Mater's safe to stump up."

Mrs. Tite shook her head. She lowered her voice when she next spoke. "Mr. Jack, there's more than fifteen pound owing."

"Phew!" For once in his life Jack Grogan looked crestfallen.

"It's all here, sir," Mrs. Tite took her note-book out of her pocket, "and fair enough, though I say it, sir."

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Tite. I don't doubt that. Phew!" Mr. Grogan rubbed his curly head.

"If you were quite sure, sir," the sight of her favourite's

perplexed face was softening Mrs. Tite's heart, her hand went again to her pocket, but at that instant, the door-bell rang, once, twice, "A telegram, sir," Mrs. Tite darted off.

Miss Amelia had already answered the door. "For Mr. Grogan," she said, as she handed the yellow envelope to Mrs. Tite in the hall, "and with good news for him, I hope," that worthy woman returned, as she, once more, mounted the stairs.

The first line that the young fellow read, "a loud laugh laughed he," the next, he stood the picture of perplexity.

"There's nothing wrong, Mr. Jack?" Mrs. Tite was watching the face that was turning from red to white, and then from white to red.

"Wrong?" Mr. Jack Grogan waved the telegram above his head. "Mrs. Tite, I have the honour to inform you, that we may expect Mrs. Grogan to-night."

"Your mother, sir?" a burden dropped from Mrs. Tite's shoulders. She stole a congratulatory look at herself in the mirror above the mantel-piece.

"My wife, Mrs. Tite." Mr. Jack Grogan, having recovered himself, seized his landlady by the shoulders, and proceeded to polka with her round the room.

"Mr. Jack, sir; Mr. Jack, if you please, sir; Mr. Jack, for goodness sake, sir," the breathless landlady entreated; and "It's a shame of you, sir," came, when, at last, she was released, "and to take your fun off me like that. Your wife, indeed." Mrs. Tite pulled her apron straight and smoothed her hair.

"It's true, Mrs. Tite, upon my word and honour, it's true," the young fellow spoke more soberly.

"Come, now, Mr. Jack," it was all Mrs. Tite could say.

"We'll have to kill the fatted calf." Mr. Jack seemed inclined this time to perform a *pas seul*.

"I thought it was you was the Prodigal Son," Mrs. Tite said slyly, and Jack laughed at the shaft.

"I'll let you see her, Mrs. Tite." Mr. Grogan brought out a photograph from his waistcoat pocket

"That! That's a child. Get along with you, Mr. Jack."

"Sixteen, Mrs. Tite, 36 is the sum total of our ages," Mr. Jack put the photograph back into its receptacle.

"You're making fun of me?" Mrs. Tite spoke almost with anxiety.

"Upon my word and honour it's true," the young man repeated. "Look here, Mrs. Tite, we'll have to look sharp, and get things ready, you know. I'll get a few flowers," he looked round the room, and "you'll get in some things, you know, roast lamb and gooseberry tart. I haven't forgot what she likes, Mrs. Tite."

"She's a fortune of her own, Mr. Jack?"

Jack Grogan's face fell. "Not a stiver," he said frankly. "Come, now, Mrs. Tite, you can't grudge a fiver in such a case as this. Why, we haven't seen each other for five months."

"And what's bringing her now, if I may ask, sir?"

"Bringing her now? Mrs. Tite, how would you like to be five months separated from Tite?"

Mrs. Tite considered. "Tite and me knew what we were about when we married, sir."

"And Mrs. Grogan and I didn't? Well, there's, perhaps, more truth there than you are aware of," the young fellow returned, "'but what's done can't be undone,' you learned that famous axiom, I don't doubt at school, Mrs. Tite? and if I may be allowed to finish the proverb, we don't want it undone either."

"And your mamma, sir?" Mrs. Tite looked at the "angel" above the mirror.

"As innocent as a lamb, Mrs. Tite."

"She don't know, sir?"

"No more than you did half-an-hour ago." For once the young man looked moody.

"You met her in Edinburgh, sir?" Mrs. Tite was mortal and curious.

"Look here, Mrs. Tite"—the young fellow turned—"She's as good a girl as ever stepped the earth, but—she was in a confectioner's shop. There, you know all about it."

"And her own people, sir?" Mrs. Tite asked severely.

"Knew nothing about it—we were fond of each other, and got married, that's the long and the short of the story." Mr. Grogan went over to the window and stood looking out.

"She's not a Catholic, sir?"

"She's a Catholic. Don't think hardly of her, Mrs. Tite, I persuaded her."

"And the more shame for you," Mrs. Tite retorted. "A child like that."

Mr. Grogan made no reply.

"And how do you mean to keep her? if one may ask." Mrs. Tite spoke in her most dignified tones.

"We can't all be Solomons," the young fellow answered with some irritation.

"People have to eat," Mrs. Tite said succinctly, "and drink." She looked at the empty beer bottle on the dining-table.

"Look here, Mrs. Tite," Jack caught her round the waist again, "we're going to have that roast lamb and tart."

"We'll see about that, Mr. Jack." Mrs. Tite was not to be coaxed, and her face was grave as she went downstairs and back to her kitchen.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

THE SEARCH.

I.

I SOUGHT Him with keen gaze
 Behind the sun's wide rays;
 I sought Him with the lark
 Scattering the dark,
 In clouds that flee before a piercing song;
 And in warm summer seas,
 And where the lone bergs freeze;
 In laughter of earth-joys,
 And in the busy noise
 Along the highway and in the city's throng.

II.

But oh, I failed wholly
 And was full melancholy;
 Within my heart I wept
 And a deep quiet kept:
 Now lo, within me doth His face appear.
 O cloud and lark and sea!
 Ye did but hide Him from me.
 Woodland and sun-ray,
 And soulless men of clay,
 Seek for Him where ye will, I hold Him here!

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

SKETCHES IN IRISH BIOGRAPHY.

THE LATE RICHARD DOWLING, THE NOVELIST.

RICHARD DOWLING died in London on the 28th of July, 1898. Many of our readers may hear his name now for the first time, and we take some blame to ourselves for allowing this to be possible with regard to a countryman whom we knew intimately from his boyhood, and whose literary gifts we hold in high esteem. Our excuse is that Richard Dowling's world was not ours. Literature was his profession, and he was obliged to cater for the great general novel-reading public. It is long since our ideas of the value of time have obliged us to abstain from all novel-reading, except on compulsion; namely, when it becomes our duty to form an opinion of the moral and literary merits of certain books submitted to our judgment. Though we hope and believe that there is nothing whatsoever morally reprehensible, even in a slight degree, in the long series of romances which Mr. Dowling gave to the world; nevertheless, they are mere romances, and a critic would hardly go out of his way to recommend them for a convent library, albeit they are innocent enough. And so it has happened that we have never read one of our friend's longer novels; but we have read with admiration a few of his innumerable short stories in the Magazines.

Our own Magazine, however, has not waited for Mr. Dowling's death to record its appreciation of his bright wit and fancy. As far back as page 125 of our second volume (February, 1874) the heartiest praise was given to the quaintly humorous book "On Babies and Ladders: Essays on Things in General," by Emanuel Kink, who was no other than Richard Dowling. By the way, I remember him telling me at the time that his publisher, John Camden Hotten, the predecessor of Chatto and Windus, wanted him to take the name of Esculent Bedad, Esquire; but he refused because he considered it a sneer upon his nationality, "esculent" being a dictionary equivalent of "potato." Twelve years later (IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. 14, page 158), a nutshell biogram gave a pretty full account of Mr. Dowling and his works up to that date. These particulars are mentioned now to save ourselves from the charge of reserving our bay-leaves for the brows of the dead—a cruel policy often denounced in song, and last of all in this sonnet of the new American poet, Lloyd Mifflin :

Immortal laurel, of no growth terrene,
 Gather, ye Muses, in Olympian air ;
 'Tis for a shepherd, loved by Pan, to wear.
 Behold him, lying on the headland green,
 That juts above the sea in this demesne,
 As still as sculptured marble and as fair.
 Ye will not wake him if ye crown him there
 Wreathe him, the while he seems to sleep serene.
 The syrinx, now, lies useless by his head. . . .
 Was that a sigh within the cypress near ?
 Oh, soft, ye Muses !—softly round him tread,
 Bring all your late reluctant laurels here ;
 Relax your haughty mien ; ye need not fear
 To crown this Dorian now—for he is dead !

Richard Dowling was born at Conmel on the 3rd of June, 1846. His father died when he was just nine years old, in June, 1855 ; and his widowed mother came with him a few years later to Limerick where he attended the school opened in 1859, by the Jesuit Fathers, in the Crescent. He was then a very quiet, amiable boy, not very eager to distinguish himself among his classmates. He was at first intended for the legal profession ; but this idea was soon abandoned, and in his 18th year he was put into the office of his uncle, Mr. William Downey, a ship-broker in Waterford, whose son, Mr. Edmond Downey, has since distinguished himself in London both as a publisher and as a writer of books of a whimsically humorous kind, generally concealing his authorship under the name of "F. M. Allen." There was at that time in Waterford a knot of clever young men who have since been heard of—Mr. Thomas Sexton, Mr. Edmond Leamy, and William Keogh, who (like his namesake so well known then) became a Judge—of the Supreme Court of New York. Among these youths Richard Dowling was a leading spirit.

In 1870 Richard Dowling finally gave up commercial pursuits and devoted himself thenceforward entirely to literature. He was never a thorough journalist, though engaged on the staff of several newspapers, beginning with *The Nation*. He was the editor successively of "Zozimus" and of "Ireland's Eye," and he was the chief contributor to both. They did not last long, however—certainly not through dearth of wit and originality. Some of the humorous and very whimsical essays contributed to "Zozimus" by its editor were gathered into the brilliant little book before referred to, "On Babies and Ladders."

In 1875 Mr. Dowling, like Goldsmith in the last century and Gerald Griffin in this, and many another before and after them, drifted over to London and contributed constantly with marvellous versatility to many journals and magazines. One of his first successes

was "Mr. Andrew Rourke's Ramblings" contributed to the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*; the editor of which, Mr. Byron Webber, was his kind friend for the remainder of his life. And his last failure was perhaps a brilliant but shortlived little weekly paper, half literary and half comic, called *Yorick*.

Richard Dowling, however, had to live by his pen, else we suspect he would have been a poet and essayist rather than a novelist; but to novel-writing his literary life was mainly given. Two volumes indeed of miscellaneous papers, were published under the name of "Ignorant Essays" and "Indolent Essays," admirably written and full of wit and original thought. To another collection of descriptive essays he gave the name of "London Town," taking himself the name of Marcus Fall; and many years later, in 1892, he wrote for Messrs. Cassell a striking series of sketches entitled "While London Sleeps."

His chief literary work, however, took the form of fiction and particularly romance. But before enumerating his novels we may give a letter or two that we happen to have preserved. The first begins by discussing a proposed change of name which took effect on the title-page of our very first volume.

28 Mount Pleasant Square,

Dublin, November 10th, 1873

My Dear Father Russell,

I have been very rude. I should not have allowed your earlier letter to remain so long unanswered. My excuse is that I was writing until I should have a little while to think of a good title for O. I. I am glad you are going to give it a new name. There was, to the pagan outsider, something awfully chilling in "Catholic Ireland." I confess to a mean estimate of my fellow man and think since he is not worthy of the most noble treatment, the simple, he should have the most misleading that can be got up for him. Therefore I am on principle opposed to labelling literary wares with a name having the quality of "descriptive particulars." Let the public buy your wares and find out that you are a Papist or an Atheist by and by. That's my wicked theory. I am not inclined to admire "Celtic Monthly" for the same reason as I don't like "Catholic Ireland" and for another reason in addition. Put the word "Celtic" on any mortal thing, and it will presently find the end of all things mortal. If you doubt my dictum, examine the history of Irish literature. I would favour before all things a neutral title. Gild your pill. Ask all classes of people to step in, and you have the advantage of getting visitors who will never come if you put out a sign that you are so-and-so or nothing. Your friends will find out fast enough that you are Catholic and Irish, your non-friends will take a little while to make the discovery, and while they are making the discovery you have a chance of seducing them. The morality of this is, I know, low. Nevertheless I assure you I am a desperately noble fellow in most things, but who would think of wasting noble emotions or theories upon an ingrate reading public? I would favour such a title as "The Dublin Illustrated Magazine" or "The Dublin Monthly" or "The Dublin

Magazine." Of all things and before all things I implore of you not to "hang out your banners on the outer wall." You see by so doing you (as well as Maobeth) invite attack. You show the red mantle to the bull, public opinion.

I can't spell. I remember once writing the word kitchen with a *c* all through a short story; and when a doubt arose upon my mind I went deliberately over all the *c's* in a dictionary and wondered why so common a word was omitted. Next day in looking at the manuscript it struck me that the word would appear more gracious to the eye if written with a *k*. Of course it was by a mistake of this kind I put two *n's* in "Inisard." Please strike out one everywhere the word occurs. You will let me see proofs. Thanks for the two points you raise. I. The roof only of the cottage was pulled down, and this was done with the double motive of expelling the tenants and making their return impossible. I did not intend to make the deputy inconsistent. I intended to make him take off the roof simply which could be replaced in a day or two. You remember he threatened to let the light through the roof. II. I did not intend to imply that the Order was that of Mercy. I purposely mentioned no Order at all. I provided for the material wants of the nuns by giving them a townland. Of course I could have named a contemplative order, Carmelites for instance, but, don't you see fixing upon an Order might lead me into an anachronism, as I don't know the dates of their institution? If there *are* or *were* such Orders at the period vaguely indicated in the story, are not the demands of verisimilitude honoured? I thought of putting a sentence to the effect that here, in this upland height, the holy nuns passed away their lives in contemplation and the offering of prayers for the children of the sinful world. If you would be so kind as to write a line to that effect (that is, if you deem it advisable) I should be very grateful indeed.

I am glad you like some touches of landscape. Did I tell you that I once thought of turning landscape painter? I have still a sheaf of brushes and a few dozen fossil tubes of oil colour. For a year and a half I lived in an attic with the most enormous spiders you ever saw, painting endless vistas of sky and water. I rarely figured in the inferior regions of the house, and my people gradually came to think with cheerful hearts that I was hopelessly mad. I have always held against every man I meet, O'Hea included, that landscape is greater than dramatic art. In the one you have God's own work as it came from His hand, unmarred by passions from hell or from earth; in the latter you have always conflict between God's work, man, and malign influences and spirits of night. Show me a figure-piece with such a sermon in it as a moonlit sea.

But I am running riot. This is a hobby. I am doing a legend (one of those willow-pattern plate affairs). I have taken the liberty of enclosing you a copy of the starting stanzas. The second five lines is the best landscape I ever did.

I won't say a word here of "Tobereevil." I have read the first volume. When I have finished, I shall have much to say.

Yours ever sincerely,

R. D. DOWLING.

The last words refer to "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil," by Rosa Mulholland, which, after being used by Charles Dickens as the back bone of one of the volumes of *All the Year Round*, had re-appeared in two volumes. A popular edition in one volume, in very readable type, has lately been issued by Burns and Oates. Mr. Dowling was

an enthusiastic admirer of this exquisite romance: and he wrote to me once, grudging the time that "The Little Flower-Seekers," "Puck and Blossom," and other delightful work of that kind by the same author, took away from what he deemed her true vocation, high and pure imaginative romance.

It may be mentioned here that, while living in Dublin with his mother, Mr. Dowling had sometimes to pay a visit of some duration to London, and during these absences his mother got a letter every morning except Monday. He omitted his daily letter on Sunday. Mrs. Margaret Dowling was a gentle, refined lady; and Richard was the most devoted of sons. His only sister became a Nun.

We may now give three more of Mr. Dowling's letters, one for each of the three years, 1877, 1878, and 1879.

89 Loughborough Road, Brixton, London S.W.

29th June, 1877.

My Dear Father Russell,

It was very good of you to think of writing to me, and still better of you to carry out your thought, for, as I am sure you will imagine, I am in no very hilarious spirits just now. The stopping of *Yorick* was not, however, due to anything in the career of the paper itself but to the failure of the second pledged capitalist to come in as soon as the first had done all he could. I should never have countenanced the starting of the paper only that I had a most solemn and explicit promise of more money—more than as much again as we began with.

I am glad you think well of "The Eye and the Leaf" for I myself have always thought it decent. But my estimate of it falls short of yours. In the first place the sequence of the ideas is very simple and obvious, and the metre extremely ductile. I could not afford to do much such easy work lest I should grow confident and careless. I am always jealous of verse that comes easily. Nevertheless if ever I get out a volume I shall not ignore that piece.

I am extremely sorry to hear of the accident which befell your uncle and I hope most earnestly that no serious result will follow it or remain. We could very ill spare so staunch a pillar in these days when all thought seems to be the sport of earthquake.

My mother has had a severe attack of bronchitis, but is now, I am very happy to say, quite recovered, and I think even better than before it. She desires me most particularly to send her very best regards and to say her memory is as lively as ever for the kindness you have always shown to her and me.

I too wish with all my heart that I could obtain a connection with an established paper. At present I am quite unattached, which causes me no slight anxiety. I'd be very glad to do any kind of work of which I am capable. I have a one volume and a three volume novel done; but up to this I have been unable to procure a publisher or a market. *Belgravia* will take verses and short stories from me, but the practical result of this can never be very important.

With my very best regards, and cordial good wishes for the little *Monthly*.

I am, dear Father Russell,

Yours ever sincerely,

RICHARD DOWLING.

The initial of his Confirmation name, "David," disappears in this signature, and was never resumed.

In the letter to which the following is an answer I seemed to have applied to my friend Bacon's saying: "The man who hath a wife and child hath given hostages to fortune." Half way through he completes the quotation.

64 Arlingford Road,

Brixton, London, S.W.,

23rd Dec., 1878

My Dear Father Russell,

I don't know whether to apologise or thank you first, and I am so fiercely cold I can hardly do either.

I really did use up the only half hour I had to spare when I was in Dublin last February in trying to get at you, but I found myself by night in the Green and could not for the life of me recollect your number. I crept into several doorways and tried to identify yours, but in every case was full of doubt and flew hastily without knocking. Most people dislike knocking at the wrong door: I would not risk it for an Under Secretaryship of State.

My mother, wife, child and self are very much obliged and thankful to you for all your kind words and seasonable good wishes. We all send you back your affectionate thoughts multiplied by the square of the distance they have travelled. I don't think the baby understands much about squares of distances yet, but I am sure she concurs in our adult sentiments.

Why didn't you continue that quotation down to the full stop?—"for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief." The last word leans rather heavily on such as you, for it indirectly implies that such as you (the unmarried) hatch all plots evil to the State.

Yes, we've got half of the title, the Baby, now if we could only get hold of the Ladder to success. As to the latter, I am in good spirits. I am now running a story through a few papers simultaneously and am to-day about to begin a novel of which I have almost finally disposed. I have no fixed position, and I now hope to be able to struggle through with the pen alone.

I saw Mr. Meynell on Saturday last. He is the most loyal and amiable man in England, and she—I mean Mrs. Meynell—one, of the finest intellects and most fascinating women in this country.

It was very kind of you to send the little volume of poems, and my wife was quite flushed with pleasure when she finished reading the writing in the book.

I won't have "poetry" put between quotation marks by you. There are only two kinds of literature that pay now: the religious and the unclean. You have declared for the former, I am thinking of adopting the latter. [Indeed he never did and never thought of doing so].

Mr. Meynell sent me the "Monthly" containing my little sketch. It was very friendly of you to print it and write as you there did. I wonder how you knew that story was mine. I wrote only four or five of the back-page stories.

I shall be glad to see a number of the *Monthly* whenever you send me one; and to you and it I wish a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

I am, dear Father Russell,

Yours ever sincerely,

RICHARD DOWLING.

The only other letter we shall quote is dated June 7th, 1879. A piece has been cut out of it, evidently in order to furnish some collector with his autograph.

It was very kind of you to write to me in such encouraging terms. I am anxious you should read the book. Almost all the notices—"Irish Times," "Bell's Messenger," "The Hornet," "Waterford Chronicle," etc.—are astonishingly good; and there are, I understand, many others to come. The only unfavourable one I have seen yet was the "Dundee Advertiser" to which no copy was sent and which was "compelled to admit that there was considerable power in the book," or words to that effect. You are quite mistaken in thinking I have been either modest or proud over the book. I have done all that I could think of to urge forward its fortune.

Of course I was in Clare. You could not have asked the question if you had read the book. Killard is Kilkee, and the Bishop's Island is a modification of the Bishop's Island of Kilkee. Clonmore of the story is Kilrush of the map.

I have, as you will see by the "Athenæum," disposed of another novel since. The scene this time is not laid in Ireland.

It is evident the foregoing letter refers to the "Mystery of Killard." Mr. Dowling's first and perhaps best romance. A recent writer in *The Illustrated London News* says that his best story is probably "Under St. Paul's." He adds that Mr. Dowling "possessed in a high degree the gift of story-telling: he had pathos and he had humour."

It will save some space if we transcribe a litany of critical opinions which the *Weekly Freeman* once strung together when announcing a new serial. A good many of these testimonies seem to refer to that initial romance which we have more than once named, and which was no doubt all the better for lying in his hands several years, unlike any of its successors.

"A noticeable book; it contrives to arouse and maintain interest with a very small number of incidents and personages, dramatically handled; Hugo might in his younger days, and before he had learned the fatal lesson of setting his own personality above the claims of art and reason, have given us such pictures.—"Academy."

"All things being taken into consideration, it may be pronounced a decided success. . . . This work alone would have been enough to have established the author's claim to a place amongst the first of living writers of exciting fiction of the more intense kind."—"Morning Post."

"Full of dramatic action. Clever delineations of strongly contrasted human eccentricities, interwoven with which is a love story of singular freshness."—"Illustrated London News."

"The nature of the novel is indeed uncommonly fine."—"World."

"There is not a single bit of 'good society' in the whole book, an omission for which readers may well be thankful. The story is kept mysterious with success."—"Athenæum."

"The novel is unquestionably powerful, well written, true to the life which it describes, and eminently pure and healthy in tone."—"Globe."

"Mr. Dowling has wisely avoided the footsteps of his predecessors, and has given us a powerfully realistic picture of the wild unexplored beauty of the coast of Clare and its inhabitants, not relying upon such poor phrases as 'begorra' and 'bedad' for humour. The characters are well drawn, the descriptions are almost photographic, and the story is vigorously written."—"Whitehall Review."

"He has given us a book to 'read,' and one we commend to all who care for a realistic picture without the too common trash associated with the ordinary novels."—"Examiner."

"Is a psychological study. The style is all that it should be—simple, graphic, and at times powerful. We have not read a novel with so much pleasure for a long time."—"John Bull."

"Equalling anything Victor Hugo ever wrote, and moves you by passages of beauty and eloquent pathos."—"Penny Illustrated Paper."

"Rarely has a novel of greater power or interest been written than in this instance, the plot being as original as its delineation is expressive. The incidents, which are numerous and exciting, are laid on the iron-bound south coast of Ireland, and are strangely weird and singular in their characteristics."—"Bell's Weekly Messenger."

"Hugo-like in dimensions and treatment, the genius of the author has transformed the limited area of an island, little more than an acre in extent, into a region of romance. The moral colouring, too, is unexceptionable."—"Hornet."

In the last twenty years, besides innumerable articles and short stories, Mr. Dowling published more than sixty volumes. Most of his romances and novels were in the old orthodox three-volume form. Of these there were sixteen: "The Mystery of Killard," "The Weird Sisters," "The Sport of Fate," "Under St. Paul's," "The Husband's Secret," "The Duke's Sweetheart," "A Sapphire Ring," "Sweet Inisfail," "The Last Call," "The Hidden Flame," "Tempest-Driven," "The Fatal Bonds," "Miracle Gold," "An Isle of Surrey," "A Baffling Quest," and "Below Bridge." "A Dark Intruder" is in two volumes; and "Old Corcoran's Money" in one. He wrote the whole of "Tinsley's Annual" in 1880, 1881, and 1882—namely the Stories, "High Water Mark," "My Darling's Ransom," and "Last Christmas Eve." Other stories of his were "The Trials of Isabel," and "The Skeleton Key."

His miscellaneous volumes, some of which have been already mentioned, were "London Town" (in two volumes) "On Babies and Ladders," "On the Embankment," "With the Unchanged," "Ignorant Essays," "Indolent Essays," "School Board Essays," "The Crimson Chair," "Catmur's Caves," and "While London Sleeps."

Two years ago the disease which proved fatal in the end began to develop, but he worked on bravely almost to the very last. His last serial story, "The Fate of Luke Ormerod, or a Lance in Ambush"

ran through *The Weekly Freeman*, and a short tale of his appeared in *Cassell's Saturday Journal* the week he died. He died on the 28th of July, 1898, and was buried on the 2nd of August in the Catholic Cemetery at Mortlake. "He was," says *The Athenæum*, "one of the kindest-hearted of men, and an admirable talker, whose wit and vivacity remained unimpaired almost to the end." He was also a good son, a good husband, a good father, and a good man. May he rest in peace.

M. R.

THE CHRISTMAS LOG.

A LEGEND OF USHANT.

THE silent rain falls on the ground,
The wind sweeps past with dismal sound,
The sea is moaning on the strand,
And darkness covers all the land.
The Christmas Eve goes slowly by.

In every Breton home to-night
The Christmas Log is burning bright,
And households gathered round the flame
Are singing hymns to Jesus' name.
The Christmas Eve goes quickly by.

The little children have been taught—
Their hearts quick beating at the thought—
That Jesus all this night will roam
And rest will seek in lowly home.
The Christmas Eve goes quickly by.

The burning log is there to greet
The coming of His holy feet;
And free from sorrow, free from sin,
Will be the house He enters in.
The Christmas Eve goes quickly by.

In a lone hut on the lone shore
A child is kneeling on the floor;
No fire has she, nor lamp alight,
But cold, and hunger, and the night.
The Christmas Eve goes slowly by.

Forlorn, alone, she vigil keeps ;
Her mother in a coffin sleeps,
Her father fights the sea for bread.
He comes not home—he may be dead !
The Christmas Eve goes slowly by.

Her hut should Little Jesus pass,
No shelter will He seek—alas !
By hearth so cold He will not sit ;
The ashes dead—the lamp unlit.
The Christmas Eve goes slowly by.

Was that the wind that struck the door
Who is it glides across the floor,
With golden hair and golden crown,
And robe as soft and white as down ?
The Christmas Eve goes quickly by.

E'en in the church the Child Divine
Does not with such bright radiance shine ;
He is not half as kind and fair
As Little Jesus standing there.
The Christmas Eve goes quickly by.

She humbly kneels at His dear feet
She vainly tries with prayers to greet
The Holy Babe who thus prefers
A home so desolate as hers.
The Christmas Eve goes quickly by.

The Little Jesus raised His hands,
And on the hearth—lo ! burning brands
That flood with light the cottage floor
And shine out through the open door.
The Christmas Eve goes quickly by.

Her wondering eyes see Jesus glide
Back through the door still open wide ;
But He has left her warmth and light
To cheer her through the long dark night.
The Christmas Eve goes quickly by.

Dark are the rocks, dark are the skies
Dark are the waves that wildly rise
No beacon burns upon the strand
To guide the mariner to land.
The Christmas Eve goes slowly by.

A helpless bark is tossing there,
A hopeless heart yields to despair ;
Useless the rudder and the sail,
Useless the man's appealing wail.

The Christmas Eve goes slowly by.

The wild sea-birds above him whirl,
The angry waves beneath him swirl,
And screech the birds and leaps the foam ;
He heeds them not—he thinks of home.

The Christmas Eve goes slowly by.

Oh! death is sad and life is dear!
'Tis hard to die with safety near.
What will she do when he is dead,
His helpless child. Who'll give her bread?

The Christmas Eve goes slowly by.

A sudden light gleams on the shore!
It shines out from his cottage door ;
It comes to him across the wave,
It comes in time his life to save.

The Christmas Eve goes quickly by.

His foot upon the threshold stands,
He stretches out his eager hands,
Again she sees her father's face,
Again she feels his warm embrace.

The Christmas Eve goes quickly by.

"God bless my child," he said, whose care
Has saved her father from despair.
Had not that light for me then shone
Thou wouldst be in the world alone."

The Christmas Eve goes quickly by.

"Not mine, dear father, was the power
To save you in that dreadful hour ;
I had nor oil nor wood to burn
To guide your bark on its return."

The Christmas Eve goes quickly by.

"'Twas Little Jesus brought the wood.
Just there—beside our hearth, He stood.
Go not too near—Father, take care!
His holy footprints still are there."

The Christmas Eve goes quickly by.

FRANK PENTHILL.

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

"All that the senses receive, the thoughts produce, the imagination creates, the understanding fathoms, the memory preserves—all this the judgment grasps, and either consumes it as food for meditation, or converts it into the incense of devotion."

Richard of St. Victor

"This is a veritable house of song!" exclaimed Mr. Kittleshot, meeting Dr. Byrse in one of the corridors after breakfast. "I never heard anything like it. I have been listening to music ever since I got up this morning, and my only feeling is that I want to hear more."

"Well," said the Doctor, looking quite radiant, and with a smile that had come to him since his residence in Ridingdale, "I used to say that English people were not musical—in the true sense; but I am inclined to think that there are many exceptions."

"What do you mean by 'musical in the true sense'?"

"I mean that, with many English folk, music is not the bright, happy, spontaneous thing it is to the foreigner—even the Frenchman—but an art to be employed because it happens to be the fashion. It is just one of the thousand subjects boys and girls have to learn in these days. I speak as a professor of music of long standing. I may have been unfortunate in my pupils until lately, but I can say without hesitation that scarcely five per cent. of the people I have taught had any true taste for the art."

"But when an Englishman does love music—" began Mr. Kittleshot.

"Ah, *then* he loves it supremely, and makes use of it effectively. England has a great musical future before her, and things are improving every year. I have talked with Italians, Germans, and Frenchmen on the subject, and they all admit that for freshness and sweetness English voices are unrivalled, and that where taste is found in England it is of the truest kind."

A door opened somewhere in the distance and a little wave of harmony floated down the corridor.

"Nothing less than a gag will stop those boys," laughed the Doctor. "And they know very well that they have their work cut out for them to-day. I suppose," he continued, as the two made their way to the hall,— "I suppose you will not venture out this morning?"

Christmas had not brought "the least white spot of snow," but a merry storm of rain and wind was accentuating the indoor comfort.

"Oh, but I am!" exclaimed Mr. Kittleshot. "Would not miss your principal service for anything. And that reminds me that I have ordered my brougham, and that there is no reason why it should not take you and Mrs. Byrse and your boys, and then return for another load—including myself."

As a matter of fact the brougham was driven to and from church half a dozen times, and was only disdained by Hilary and his brothers who, in their clogs and waterproof capes, splashed joyously through mud and teeming wind-blown rain.

The music of the Mass was Beethoven in C, and long before it was over Mr. Kittleshot's brain began to be busy.

He realised that the people about him were engaged in an act of worship, and now and then he did his best to pray. The Squire had put a prayer-book into his hand, and the millionaire turned over its leaves with interest. He was not an entirely prayerless man, but he had always been taught that written prayers were worthless. Yet for years his own supplications had been dry, formless, and stereotyped, although he would, if he had been asked, have described them as extemporaneous. He had quite lately been reading "Silas Marner," and a certain passage in the book stuck in his mind and came back to him with quite a curious force on this Christmas morning.

"I've often a deal inside of me as'll niver come out"—Mrs. Winthrop is speaking to Silas—"and for what you talk o' your folks in your old country niver saying prayers by heart nor saying 'em out of a book, they must be wonderful oliver; for if I didn't know 'Our Father,' and little bits o' good words as I can carry out o' church wi' me, I might down o' my knees every night, but nothing could I say."

Mr. Kittleshot had a very solid respect for George Eliot, and a singular liking for Silas Marner and good Dolly Winthrop; but he thought it strange that her words should come back to him so

forcibly as he knelt in this Popish chapel.

Father Horbury had said something about an atmosphere being created by music, an atmosphere in which prayer became natural and easy. Well, all that was understandable; but what of this ceremonial that was going on, this constant shifting of positions, these frequent kneelings and bowings? To the initiated, no doubt, it meant something, but to him it was only a source of distraction.

"It's like a court ceremonial," he thought to himself as he watched the ceremonies that precede the reading of the Gospel. And then it suddenly flashed across his mind that possibly the Church regarded it in some such light: God the Supreme Power, the King of Kings, and the building itself—well, the place where the Almighty is worshipped, the palace where His honour dwelleth.

The music appealed to him more strongly than usual. Deep, mysterious and grand were these wonderful harmonies of the great master—too deep sometimes for the Protestant stranger to fathom, and too mysterious for his interpretation. Melody he could understand, and when Lance's faultless voice had pealed, and throbbed, and panted in that cry for mercy at the beginning, the listener had felt impelled to breathe the prayer of the publican.

But when, as the Holy Sacrifice approached its close, the same musical phrase recurred wedded to the prayer '*Dona nobis pacem*,' Mr. Kittleshot not only made the petition his own, but added the following internal supplication:

"O God, if this religion be what it professes to be—the only true one—may I be led to embrace it as soon as possible."

The company was further increased at luncheon, for Father Horbury brought the two priests who always came to help him on great festivals, and the Squire whispered to his wife as they passed into the hall—"There will be thirty to sit down, at the very least."

"Don't be alarmed, dear. The table is laid for thirty-five," she answered. "And as for provisions, in spite of the quantity we have given away, we could easily stand a fortnight's siege."

Mr. Kittleshot had designs upon one or other of the priests. He had a string of questions to put to somebody, though he was not quite sure if it would be right to bring them forward here and

now. Perhaps a better opportunity would occur later on.

But it did not—at any rate, on Christmas Day itself. The Squire had a houseful of guests, and he and his boys were going to entertain them to the best of their power. The men had scarce finished their after luncheon cigar when the revels began.

“Ye Merrie Christmas Masque” was first presented on the tapestry-hung stage—made on this occasion to resemble the actor’s platform of Shakesperian times. It was a short, laughter-compelling piece and was played merely as an introduction to the old English games that would go on continuously until the six o’clock dinner. The little trifle was a happy jumble of witticisms and snatches of song, and was entirely performed by the boys under their father’s direction. It was in reality a kind of verbal combat between the rival Kings, Melancholy and Mirth who, with their respective sons—Hate, Envy, and Disease on the one hand, and Love, Generosity and Health on the other—were constantly coming into collision. Needless to say, King Melancholy and his sons were utterly vanquished in the end; but as they lay grovelling at the feet of Mirth and were about to be despatched, entered the Spirit of Christmas with his attendants and promised them life—if they would repent and change their faces. The latter they did with alacrity—they had only to throw off their hideous masks—and joining hands with Mirth and his sons, sang a chorus in praise of the Spirit of Christmas, and circled round his throne in a graceful dance.

Sweetie as Christmas, swathed in robes of white lawn, looked radiant enough as he sat smiling on his high throne, his acolytes (Alfred, Gareth, Raymond and Cyril) grouped about him, and looking their parts to perfection.

Lance in the character of Folly and the dress of a clown, has been flying on and off the stage during the entire action of the piece, now siding with Melancholy and now with Mirth, playing tricks with either, and making an enemy of each. His consternation then is great when he returns to find Christmas enthroned, and Melancholy and his crew transformed. They surround him and lead him, a prisoner, to the King. But Folly now makes lowly submission to the Spirit of Christmas before whom he lays his cap and bells. Christmas decrees that “honest Mirth for ever have Folly in close keeping,” and the prisoner is

at once securely fettered with the chains of Wisdom. Folly expresses his gratitude for the King's clemency in a singularly melodious solo, vociferously encored, and then, after another dance and chorus, the curtain falls.

“ And if one should toil to create sweet laughter,
Not he the least of the world's true men.”

This had been the burden of the concluding chorus, and after the curtain had been raised and lowered two or three times, Mr. Kittleshot found himself humming the words over and over again. He had forgotten that he was sitting next to Mrs. Riddingdale.

“ You accept that principle, I hope,” she said at length with a smile.

“ Most certainly,” he replied heartily. “ But what a charming morality—is that the right word ?—it is. I fancy old Melancholy and the rest have never had a real footing in your house, Mrs. Riddingdale.”

“ They have certainly never come to stay,” she replied brightly.

“ Nor ever will. I confess that I was as pleased and surprised as a child when those masks were thrown off, and the fresh rosy faces began to smile. But there were two or three I did not recognise.”

“ They are our choir-boys and belong to the village. Good little lads all of them, and great friends of ours. They always come at Christmas.”

“ So do a good many other people, apparently,” said Mr. Kittleshot, glancing round the room. “ Why, how the place has filled up ! ”

“ Oh, yes. All the farm people and servants are here, and one or two old folks who have not far to come. And that reminds me, Mr. Kittleshot,” she added, “ the place will be very noisy as soon as they begin the games. There is sure to be blind man's buff and turntrencher, and old indoor sports of that kind and—well, I thought perhaps you would like a little quiet.”

“ Wild horses, madam,” said the millionaire with comical impressiveness, “ would not drag me from blind-man's buff ! ”

Already the people were moving out and making their way to a large room that had been reserved for the games—an apart-

ment whose sole furniture consisted of seats placed against the wall.

There could be no doubt as to Mr. Kittleshot's enjoyment of Blind-man's Buff. He insisted upon being blind-folded first, and it was very long before he succeeded in making a catch. Even then he could not guess his victim's name, though he ran through the entire list of the Ridingdales; it happened to be one of the boys who had been helping in the masque.

The game only finished with the bringing in of tea and the lighting of lamps. After tea, as everybody knew, another move would be made. "Christmas-tree" was already upon the lips of the younger folk, and at that very moment it was being lighted up.

This year it had been placed in the centre of the stage, and when the company swarmed back to the great hall and the curtain was raised, the excitement became great. The Ridingdale boys were most anxious that their visitors should have the first choice, but it appeared later that besides the articles hung upon the tree (the things contributed by the Colonel) there were various envelopes addressed to the seven bigger Ridingdale boys, but with a request written on the back of each note that it might not be opened until after dinner. A full hour was spent in stripping the tree, and even then numbers of articles were left over.

The boys who carried those mysterious envelopes in their pockets thought that dinner would never finish, and at dessert one or two of them asked Hilary if the meal was not then really at an end. He was inclined to think it was, but still he counselled patience. Curiosity had not robbed them of their appetite, however, nor had the playing of the "Boar's Head Song" and "The Roast Beef of Old England" by the little band in the minstrel gallery, distracted their attention from the good things Mr. Kittleshot's bounty had provided.

But when the ladies had retired, Hilary whispered to the Squire: "May we go now, father?" Mr. Ridingdale consented, and the seven ran off to the fastnesses of the play-room.

"Let Hilary open his first!" exclaimed Lance in a breathless whisper, and looking half-scared.

Hilary with exasperating coolness and deliberation tore the flap of the envelope and unfolded a sheet of paper. Then in a quiet, slow voice he read as follows:—

"MY DEAR HILARY.

One cannot hang a bicycle on a Christmas-tree, but I find that Dixon is quite willing to leave one at your door to-morrow, although it is bank holiday. By the time you read this I shall have wished you a merry Christmas. Please accept the machine with my love.

Always yours affectionately and gratefully,

FREDERICK. T. KITTLESHOT."

The boys gasped and looked at one another in silence.

"It means one apiece!" burst forth Lance at last, "that's what it means!"

"Lanny's right," said Harry as he read his own note in a tremor of delight; "it means a bicycle apiece."

"The thing we've longed for most!" George exclaimed with the tears standing in his eyes.

"What a dear old gentleman!" said Willie Murrington reading his note for the third time.

Alfred was too amazed to say a single word.

But little Gareth tore from the room and never stopped until he reached Mr. Kittleshot, still sitting over his wine, and to the amazement of the company flung himself into the old gentleman's arms and gave him two hearty kisses.

The other boys waited about the dining-room door until their elders left the table, and then they all tried to shake hands with their benefactor at once.

"We don't know how to thank you enough, sir," began Hilary.

"Don't say another word," Mr. Kittleshot replied. He saw that they were all overwrought. "Only be sure you tell me if I have made any mistake in the sizes. Dixon has had them specially made for you with all the latest improvements; but they only reached him late last night."

The millionaire disappeared, and there was nothing for it but to go to the drawing-room where the boys knew they were expected.

In the meantime, the Squire, his eldest son, and one or two others were again busy behind the stage, for the happy Christmas night was to close with a series of tableaux representing various scenes in the Infancy of the Redeemer.

A great hush fell upon the assembly as the organ began to

peal, the curtain rose upon the picture (carefully copied from an old Flemish painting) of the Annunciation. Lance, who was behind the scenes, sang Gounod's *Ave Maria*.

Mozart's *Magnificat* by the full choir was the signal for the next tableau, the Visitation, and when the curtain again rose upon a Corregio-like group representing the Nativity, the *Gloria* of Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* was sung with organ and orchestral accompaniment.

At the Presentation in the Temple, an old Italian *Nunc Dimittis* for six unaccompanied voices was rendered, and for the last tableau, the Finding of the Holy Boy in the Temple, a molet specially composed for the occasion by Dr. Byrse, "*Fili, quid fecisti nobis sic? Ego et pater tuus dolentes quaerebamus.*"

Mrs. Ridingle's nieces had taken part in these sacred scenes, one of them personating Our Blessed Lady, and Hilary had acted as St. Joseph. To Willie Murrington's surprise, he had been chosen to represent the Holy Boy in the Temple, and his serious, intelligent face helped to make the scene a very effective one, and greatly impressed the spectators with the religious character of the mystery. To the boy himself the memory of that night remained a very holy one.

And not to Willie alone. The tableaux had brought a day of worship and of innocent mirth to a fitting conclusion, and years afterwards many of those who witnessed them, recalled with profit the simple and unaffected presentation of scenes they had often enough dwelt upon in their prayers and meditations, but had never so fully realised and understood as on that Christmas night.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE NEW YEAR AT TIMINGTON.

A clear voice made to comfort and incite,
 Lovely and peaceful as the moonlit deep,—
 A voice to make the eyes of strong men weep
 With sudden overflow of great delight:
 A voice to dream of in the calm of night.

Philip Bourke Marston.

The Timington Concert-Room had been quite ready for opening in November, but as the theatre portion was still unfinished, Mr. Kittleshot had consulted the Squire as to the advisability of putting off the formal inauguration until the New Year. Mr. Ridingle, for reasons of his own, was very anxious to transfer

this festivity to the Christmas holidays. So also was Dr. Byrse. The lads were in good working order, and the preparation of a grand concert and play for the month of November would have been much too serious an interruption to studies.

So it had been arranged that the plays usually given at Ridingle Hall in the month of January should this year be performed at Timington. All the entertainments were to be free, and to include two concerts and two representations of the plays. The second Tuesday in January was fixed for the first concert, and this was to take place in the afternoon, special tickets of invitation being sent to all the gentry, farmers, and tradespeople of the Dale. On the evening of the next day a more popular musical entertainment was to be given to all who choose to attend. Thursday afternoon was to see the curtain rise for the first time in Mr. Kittleshot's theatre, the Tuesday tickets being again available, while on Friday night the house would be thrown open to all comers as before.

The interval between Christmas Day and the second week in January was a busy one, and since there was no frost, and a good deal of rain, the boys did not begrudge the giving of their entire holidays to the immediate preparation. They had been rehearsing, singly, for some time past; now they were all able to devote the greater part of the day to the business in hand. Scenery and dresses were to be all new and all provided by Mr. Kittleshot, and, as Hilary remarked, it really made all the difference when you had simply to say what you wanted and the things immediately turned up.

The great day came at length, though not an hour too soon, and while Mr. Kittleshot and the Squire, to say nothing of the Colonel, bustled about making the final arrangements for the grand opening concert, the Ridingle boys had high fun behind the scenes. They had all bicycled from home at noon, had lunched with Mr. Kittleshot, and were now trying to reduce their larking to a minimum in the interests of best clothes and polished shoes.

"Don't crumple my collar!" Lance pleaded piteously as he gave a back to Harry. "No, thanks," he said as Harry returned the compliment. "I'm too nervous to jump."

"Don't feel funky, Lanny, do you?" asked Hilary who, knowing what his young brother had to do that afternoon and during the week, was beginning to pity him.

"Should think I do just. Singing's not like playing." Lance could not keep still, and with hands in pockets was swaying backward and forward from toe to heel and heel to toe.

"You look smaller somehow, old chap, in an Eton jacket," remarked George.

"So do you, if it comes to that."

"It's the clothes," Alfred suggested. "Even Hilly does not look so mountainous out of knickerbockers."

"No," exclaimed Harry, "it's the absence of clogs. They make a difference of an inch or so. One of the many advantages of wearing them."

"I'm not so *very* small, am I?" asked Lance anxiously, looking down at the neat little shoes he had polished with his own hands.

"Oh, you're rather big for a brat," Harry assured him.

"Who's a brat?" Lance squared up to his fifteen-year old brother who pretended to be hugely alarmed.

"Don't tease him," whispered Hilary, to whom it was evident that Lance was in a highly nervous state.

"You'll feel awfully jolly after you've sung one song and the folks begin to clap you," said the big lad trying to brush the curls from Lance's forehead; "and you'll go on again smiling."

Lance felt grateful for his brother's sympathy.

"Can't we go into another room for a bit," he said putting his arm through Hilary's. "These chaps are making such a row."

Lance's objecting to a row amused his brother, but he only said: "Of course. Come on, Patti! We haven't seen right over the place yet. Let's have another squint at the theatre."

The two places stood back to back, the concert room being larger than the theatre; but between them were a green-room, and a whole suite of dressing and waiting-rooms, so arranged that they communicated with the stage on one hand and with the concert-platform on the other.

"What a jolly stage!" exclaimed Lance stepping down to the footlights and beginning to dance.

"Run up the scale, old fellow," suggested Hilary, delighted that he was succeeding in distracting his brother. Lance beginning on the low C took the two octaves at a rush, pausing a little on the C in alt.

"Hurrah! bravo! Lanny, lad, you were never in better voice."

"You're awfully good to me, Hilly." The singer looked up with moist eyes into the big lad's face.

"Well, I must speak the truth," said Hilary beginning to dance a few steps of the Highland fling. "But let's get down into the pit and have a look at the stage."

They pronounced everything perfect, and indeed the building was a reproduction on a smaller scale of a famous London theatre.

"Come and look at the library and reading-rooms"—Hilary was beginning when suddenly both he and Lance were startled by a noise like far-off thunder. Hilary looked at his watch.

"I say, old fellow!" he said to his brother quietly. "It's nearly three. That's the people cheering Dr. Byrse. The band's on the platform."

In another minute Lance was standing in front of the orchestra, trembling in every limb and looking pitifully small and white. It was the biggest audience he had ever confronted. The proceedings were to begin with Sir Michael Costa's arrangement of the National Anthem, and Lance had to sing the solo verse.

It is still an open question as to whether the Tuesday afternoon or the Wednesday evening concert was more largely attended, and more enthusiastically received; but when Thursday afternoon came the theatre held about one half the crowd that clamoured for admission, and there was nothing for it but to announce two performances for Friday.

The Squire had suggested that by way of experiment, and to test the capabilities of the audiences, certain scenes from *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, *King John*, and *As You Like It*, should be given, as well as one or two acts selected from well-known operas. Mr. Kittleshot was content to leave the choice of everything to his friend.

"The whole of a Shakesperian play would mystify your evening audience," the Squire had urged, "and I'm sure the afternoon people will prefer plums picked for them from this great literary orchard. Besides, as we are depending entirely on local talent at your express wish, we must consider our material."

The experiment was highly successful. The Shakesperian scenes had been chosen with rare judgment and made to include as many musical pieces as possible. Thus Lance as Ariel in *The Tempest* had to repeat his songs again and again—"Come unto these yellow sands," "Full fathom five thy father lies," and "Where the bee sucks;" while his tricks upon Stephano and Trinculo were greeted with such volleys of laughter that the gravity of the actors was once or twice seriously upset.

After this, Lance had a little rest, and the character of Imogen, in *Cymbeline* was touchingly performed by Alfred, the parts of the two boy princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, being taken with great spirit by George and Willie, Hilary playing that of their supposed father, Belarius. Beginning at the third scene of the third act, the action passed to scene the sixth, and then to the fourth act, ending with the solemn music and the representation of Posthumus' vision in the prison cell.

The audience had been greatly affected by the scene in which the body of the boy is brought in and lamented over by the two peasant-clad, but noble-looking, princes, and both George and Willie gave the spoken death-song, "Fear no more the heat 'o the sun," with intense feeling.

"Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

But an almost deeper depth of pathos was touched in the scene between Arthur and Hubert in *King John*. Gareth had been cast for the part of the poor boy-prince, and his high childish treble rang pitifully through the house as he pleaded with his friend and keeper against the inhuman sentence of the King, and many besides Harry (in the character of Hubert) had to exclaim—"How now, foolish rheum!"

But to tears succeeded laughter as the curtain rose again upon a bright little opera written by the Squire himself, and composed by Dr. Byrse.

"Are you tired, dear?" Mrs. Ridingdale asked Lance as on the Saturday afternoon after the last performance he found his way to his mother's sitting-room. He was looking less rosy than usual and depressed.

"So glad your alone, mother!" he exclaimed, looking for the moment a little brighter. Mrs. Ridingle was sewing a baby-frock, but she put it down immediately and took Lance into her arms. She knew that her boy, for some reason or other, wanted comforting.

"I shall tire you, mother dear," he said as he sat for a moment on her knee and laid his cheek to hers, "and, I'm so sorry, I forgot to change my clogs."

"What is it, darling?" she asked as he got up and seated himself on a low hassock by the side of her chair. "You are feeling very weary, perhaps?"

"Awfully, mammy! But it isn't only that," he said, laying his head upon her knee. "It's something I overheard in the lane last night just as we were driving away from Timington. One man said to another: 'That lad 'll go on the stage when he grows up; you mark my words.' And you know, mammy, that would be too awful—wouldn't it?"

"It is certainly not a profession I should choose for my Lanny," his mother replied. "But why mind what people say, my darling? You don't want to be an actor, I'm sure."

"O no—no!" the boy exclaimed sobbingly. "It's just the thing I *don't* want to be. But what the man said seemed to be like—like a—what-do-you-call it"—

"A prophecy?"

"Yes, that's it. And I thought how awful it would be if I could not help myself and *had* to be an actor."

"Lanny, darling!" exclaimed his mother, "that's fatalism, you know, and a Catholic can never be a fatalist!"

"O well, mammy, I didn't mean to say anything wrong. But now the plays are over I feel as if I hated acting so much. Of course it was awfully jolly at the time, and I liked the cheering and being called on again and again, and getting heaps of flowers, and hearing people bawl *encore* until they were hoarse; but to-day——"

"It all seems flat, stale, and unprofitable, I suppose?"

"Yes, mammy, all that."

"Well, dear," began Mrs. Ridingle gently stroking his hair, "I quite understand the feeling. But then, there is something else to consider. You were not acting entirely for your own pleasure and profit, Lanny, were you?"

"O, of course I was glad to help Mr. Kittleshot."

"But there's something besides that. Think, my darling, of all the pleasure you gave to those big audiences—especially in the evenings, for then the place was crammed with poor people, and, as many of them said, it was a treat they would never forget. So, you see, it is worth a little labour, and even a little tiredness and depression afterwards, to have brought a bit of brightness into lives that are never too joyous."

Lance looked up into his mother's face.

"It's funny I forgot that part of the business," he said, smiling through his tears. "And I know now what Father Horbury will say about it. But I did—yes, I really did—offer it up, mammy."

"Then, dear, your soul is all the better for these four days of hard work, although the body may be suffering."

"But then—I thought such a lot of myself all through, and I was always trying to make them clap like anything."

"It would have been wrong if you had not tried to do your very best."

"Yes, I know, mother;" but then—well, I mean that I couldn't help feeling pleased——"

"That you had done well? Of course not, dear."

"O, mother, you don't know—you don't understand because you are so good. But I felt *horribly* conceited last night when father, and Mr. Kittleshot, and the Colonel, and Dr. Byrse all praised me up, and Lilly said I'd pulled the whole thing off by my singing."

"Well, dear, you were not conceited this morning when mother asked you to fetch her some soap and candles from the village."

"Mammy, darling!" exclaimed the boy, "just as if I could be conceited with *you*!"

"And if you were vain last night you are sorry for it, I am sure, and—well, my Lanny knows how to get rid of sin-spots—big or little."

"I think, mother," said the boy gently, "it's time for confessions *now*."

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(To be continued).

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

No. 41.

We continue this series into our new volume, for each instalment asks for little space. At the beginning we explained the circumstances which placed in our hands the key to the cleverest set of double acrostics ever concocted—concocted, too, by judges, bishops, and learned lawyers, whose names we have revealed for the first time. For instance, No. 40, left to the ingenuity of our readers last month, was by "H."—namely, Mr. Thomas Harris, Q.C., dead these many years. The word so ingeniously adumbrated is *Tartar*, and the "lights" are *tempest*, *Armada*, and *rudder*. J. C. as usual solves everything correctly, and is right also in surmising that the figure 4 was a blunder of the printers: ours copied the original mistake. The solver is supposed to know what it is "to catch a Tartar," and also Bishop Berkeley's notion of the virtues of tar-water.

A distant correspondent, J. S., sends his solutions all the way from Bombay. He is substantially correct; but Maga has meanwhile set him right on two points.

We hand over to our readers No. 41 of "Dublin Acrostics," by the late Mr. Robert Reeves, Q.C., to whose kindness we owe the elaborate key we are using. The answer evidently consists of two words of three letters each, described in I. and II.; and the "lights" are three words, of which the initials form the first word and the final letters form the second word. As here the two words do not combine into one word, they ought to have some connection with one another; and they have.

No. 41.

I.

Robber and thief in ancient Rome,
What now we always see at home
With otter, hare, or ermine.

II.

What, used in snow and wintry sleet,
Catarrh and asthma will defeat,
I leave you to determine.

1. Old-fashioned watch and chain in me.
2. Ever a man in Italy.
3. A rose diminutive you see.

THE CHILDRENS' GAME OF HELP FOR CHILDREN.

A NURSERY AFTERNOON TEA.

THERE is not a cosier nursery in all Dublin than that into which I am going to introduce my little readers. A big fire blazes behind the tall brass guard. Over the mantelpiece is a framed copy of "Cherry Ripe" with her sweet eyes looking from under her mob-cap. The table is spread for tea and the lamp is lighting, for we are in the darkest days of late November. The children have come in from their walk and have got on their slippers, and are been made tidy for tea. The door opens and "Mother" comes in carrying a large paper parcel in her arms.

Four pairs of feet jump from the floor. Mother is surrounded by eager faces, and her ears are filled with cries of "What have you got for us, mother? Let us see what is in the parcel." Just in such a humour as the fledgelings open their beaks and shriek when the mother-bird has got a worm to divide among them.

"Patience, patience!" says mother, smiling. "I will show you." And she unfastens the parcel.

"Why, it's only pink flannel!" cries Dorothy.

"And some silly little paper patterns!" says Jack.

"Somsing nice for me-e!" shouts little Totsie.

"No," says Clem. "Nothing but some horrid old bits of blanket!"

Mother looks from one to another, laughing.

"Come, let us go to tea, and I will tell you all about it."

Mother, who always presides at the children's tea no matter where her duties have carried her earlier in the afternoon, takes the head of the table, and fills the children's cups herself and ladles out the jam.

"This flannel is to make night-gowns," she says presently.

"But, mother, we have all got new flannel night-gowns," says Dorothy.

"Yes, thank God, my darling. But these are not to be for you to wear. I promised to tell you about it. In the first place—I suppose you know, all of you, that though you are really a good

many children, four of you, still you are not the only children in the world. There's a great many more, quite a lot, as Jack would say. And some of them live in very poor, miserable homes where they are often cold and hungry; and sometimes they have nowhere to play but in the crowded streets. They breathe bad air and get very sick; and they are run over by cars and carts, and their legs are broken, or their backs hurt, or their heads and faces bruised and cut."

"Oh, mother!" said Dorothy.

"Yes, darling. It is happening every hour, and not very far from us, either. Well, who do you think is to nurse and cure these poor little children?"

"Their mudder," says Totsie.

"And the doctor, of course," said Clem. Dorothy was silent with her eyes fixed on her mother, and Jack glanced impatiently at the jam, wishing for some more, even though all the other children in the world had their legs broken.

"Their mothers are often out working all day long to get a bit of bread for the children—bread without any jam, Jack," continued mother, while she helped her rather selfish boy to a plentiful supply. "The doctors who attend to the poor have so much to do that it is hard for them to spare a great deal of time to every case, and so the poor little creatures often get worse and worse till they die, or their legs grow crooked, and their backs never came right again, and grow up into poor, unhappy cripples. I want my children to tell me what ought to be done for them."

"They ought to have a hospital all for themselves," said Dorothy.

"Dorothy has one hospital for her dolls," said Totsie, shaking her head emphatically. "And sometimes I'm the doctor, and sometimes I'm a nurse. Aren't I Dorothy?"

"Well, dears, there is a hospital for the poor little children, I am happy to say; but it takes a lot of money and trouble to, keep it going. And now we've got a new plan by which every-one who has a good heart, even ever so small people, as small as Totsie, can do a great deal to help."

"I *are* a nurse sometimes, aren't I, Dorothy?" persisted Totsie.

"Oh, don't boast so much, Tots," said Clem. "I'm a doctor myself many a time. I cured a doll of consumption yesterday."

"I know I performed a jolly difficult operation on one last week," said Jack. "One of them was wasting away, and I tied up an artery and stopped the sawdust from pouring out of her."

"Go on, mother dear, do!" pleaded Dorothy. "I know we are going to make up that flannel into night-gowns for the children in the hospital. Haven't I guessed it?"

"You have hit on the truth exactly," said her mother. "I have promised that you will all join the *Children's Guild*."

"My holy picture-frame is all *gilded*," murmured Totsie, gazing at her mother as if she had got some light on what was coming. The other children laughed.

"The guild is a band of children, a great, great many, all over everywhere, happy, comfortable children like yourselves, who are determined to deny themselves just a little of their pleasures, each a little, in order to provide some comfort for those other children, and some amusement to distract their poor little mind from their pains. It is agreed that the girls like my Dorothy and Totsie are to make and give every year two garments each, night-gowns in fact, of this nice pink flannel, to help to make suffering little girls and boys warm and neat in their cots in the hospital."

"Only two, mother?" said Dorothy.

"Only two each, dear. You see the great number of little girls in the guild will make quite a large stock of night-gowns, if every little girl keeps on giving two."

"And pray what are the boys to do, mother?" asked Clem.

"Boys are allowed to present, each one, two toys in the year," said mother. "They are not asked to help with the sewing, though some of them do. I knew a little boy who hemmed dusters to earn money to send in to the hospital. He is a man now, and he is not a bit ashamed of it."

"I should," said Jack. "That fellow wouldn't do it now that he's a man. I'm hurrying onto be a man, and I don't mean to begin sewing."

"Well, dear, it will do quite as nicely if you give a share of your pocket money. You are going to have a nice little card to mark your pennies and sixpences upon. In the whole of a year you can save a good deal, for I know at least two boys who spend rather too much upon merely indulging themselves. You can take it as part of your happiness to make other poor lads a bit

happier. And then, think of how many toys you have, far more than you often care to play with. When we have finished tea let us go to the toy cupboard and just see what we can part with."

"I'll bag that doll with the bleeding of sawdust," said Jack, "I earned her."

"That is Dorothy's, and, besides, it's a damaged article. Some things may be given, besides, that can be mended up, but you must give two perfect toys, and that lad is the lad for me who gives something that he really regrets to part with."

"It's jolly hard on a chap, mother," said Jack, thinking discontentedly of a new top which spun so fast that you could scarcely see it was moving.

"Try it, Jack, and tell me this time next year whether you are happier or not for learning a habit of unselfishness."

Jack sat silent; but he is not a bad-hearted boy, and I expect to hear that the top will soon find its way to the hospital.

"And now, my darlings, I will tell you of a nice reward I will give you to encourage you in these acts of charity and kindness. I have taken what is called 'a circle' of children into my care to see that they perform the duties of the Guild. A great many nice little girls and boys belong to it, and some of them you know quite well, and others you would like to know. I intend giving a little party to my circle after Christmas."

"Oh, *Mother!*" cried all the children at once, and flung their arms round her. Totsie being so small was only able to clasp her about the knees.

"And now let us shake out these nice little paper patterns, and cut the flannels into night-gowns by them," said mother, after the laughing and cheering about the Christmas "circle" party had subsided. "I got them from the hospital, where they are supplied to anyone who writes for them. And, I think, that is all I have to tell you to-day of the good work which, I hope, all my children are willing to engage in, not only because I bid them, but for a higher reason, and with all their little hearts and souls."

R. G.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. Among the "New Books" of last month there were two that were brought, with special emphasis, under the notice of our readers as works of much more than ordinary literary merit. One of these, indeed, belongs properly to the present month, for it is only a few days in the hands of the public. "The Triumph of Failure," by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P. of Doneraile, County Cork, is a brilliant piece of literature inspired by the deepest religious spirit, and yet very much more interesting and amusing than most of the tales that clever men write for no higher purpose than to amuse their generation and earn a little gold. Father Sheehan at some of the crises of the story reaches a very high degree of chastened eloquence. Some of the details of the narrative will, no doubt, be criticised as lying outside the writer's possibilities of experience, and not being true to life; but George Eliot is said to have described somewhere in a most life-like manner the goings on in a public house in which she had certainly never taken part; and the Pastor of Doneraile may have many means of conjecturing plausibly the sayings and doings of Dublin medical students.

2. Next month, perhaps, we shall do for "The Triumph of Failure" what we proceed now to do for the other work of genius that we put first in our last month's list of "New Books"—"Nanno," by Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert)—namely, we are going to string together a few phrases out of the critical opinions pronounced upon it, as far as they have come under our notice. *The Scotsman* says in its review of "Nanno":—"The name of Rosa Mulholland cannot fail to bring with it the song of the lark, the smell of the peat, the blue of the sea-line, 'the smile and the tear,' so proverbially co-existent in the eye of Erin. In "Nanno" Lady Gilbert has not disappointed us. At once strong and pathetic is this simple story. . . . Nothing can be more charming than the simple strength of her style, her affectionate presentation to us of those types of Irish character so dear to her—the woman, the peasant, and the priest." *The Outlook* calls it "a powerful story of struggle and resolution;" and *The Academy** "a moving and pathetic story with many of the qualities of Millet's pictures"; while *The Freeman's Journal* says that "few writers know the heart of Irish life and the soul of Irish faith so well as Rosa Mulholland"; and *The Independent* concludes its notice of "Nanno" by stating that "in this and in all of Lady Gilbert's stories we have

* In a subsequent Number a very appreciative and discriminating review was given by this Journal.

the purity, the freshness, and the innocence of Irish country life at its best." *The Cork Herald* pronounces it "an absorbing piece of literature with a deep moral underlying it," and says that it reaches quite up to the level of *Marcella Grace* on which Gladstone bestowed the warmest praise; and *The Cork Examiner* states that "Lady Gilbert's latest work is not only equal to her former books, but is probably the most attractive of the series. It has all the characteristics of the author's style, and over all is thrown the glamour of a fine imagination. Thank God we have such writers." *The New Ireland Review* says "the story is vigorously and pathetically told"; and the *London Star* ranks it as "one of the two best of recent novels." *The Bookman* says "it is emphatically an Irish story, an Irish Catholic story"; and *The Aberdeen Free Press* calls it "a story of no little power in which the writer depicts with skilful hand the lights and shadows of Irish life." *The Athenæum* gives a careful and appreciative analysis of the story, which we should wish to quote at length; but our extracts from the reviews have sufficiently shown that Lady Gilbert's latest story is in its scope and spirit and literary form well worthy of her name and fame. On one point her critics have surely gone astray: they talk as if Nanno's refusal of her second offer was grounded on exactly the same motives as the first. But may we not also suppose that her heart was so fixed on the first that, after that sacrifice, she had no longer a heart to give? True art and true taste require the sadder ending, which is not very sad.

3. *Meditations on the Incarnation and Life of Our Lord*. By Cardinal Wiseman. London: Burns and Oates. [Price 4s.]

Written sixty years ago by the young Rector of the English College at Rome for his students, these meditations are now for the first time published in their complete form, though some of them are already in print. Cardinal Vaughan's useful preface draws attention to some of their characteristic merits. They are worthy of their illustrious author, treating often in a very fresh and unconventional manner subjects that are happily very familiar.

4. *Mrs. Markham's Nieces*. By Frances I. Kershaw. London: Burns and Oates. [Price 3s. 6d.]

Miss Kershaw has a good deal of experience as a writer. On the title-page of her new book the names of three of her earlier ones are followed by "etc." Yet we cannot admire her style, which aims at a good deal of liveliness. There are many extravagances in this story, and many faults of taste. As "chaperon" is a feminine office, some writers think it necessary to end it with an *e*; but Miss Kershaw's "chaperonne" is an original blunder. The Paris part of the story is more amusing than it was intended to be, especially the wicked

French Count. Yet perhaps there are persons who will prefer this handsome and vivacious volume to even such perfect tales as Miss Frances Maitland's *Ureel* and Mother Raphael's *New Utopia*. We should be very glad to be able to praise more warmly good intentions, considerable talent, and excellent printing; but we cannot see the good taste or utility of such quasi-controversial stories where the lions would be painted so differently if the painter was a lion.

5. R. and T. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London, have brought out in a fine, readable volume, which is very cheap at half-a-crown, a collection of anecdotes about devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, translated from the German of Dr. Joseph Keller. The first fifty pages give brief accounts of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, of Venerable Claude de Colombière, and of the Bull *Auctorem Fidei*. This will be a useful and popular addition to a convent lending library.

6. *Hymn to St. Cecilia. For Treble Voices.* Words by Miss Eleanor Donnelly; music by S. Myerscough, Mus. Bac., Oxon. London: Charles Vincent, 9 Berners Street, W. [Price 2d.]

A musical critic, whose name would win general acceptance for her testimony, considers this hymn a composition of very high merit. Miss Eleanor Donnelly's name guarantees the poetic excellence of the words. The hymn is dedicated by permission to the Mother-General, Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin.

7. *Aquaviva. A Tale.* By S. D. B., Author of "Kathleen's Motto." Barnet: St. Andrew's Press.

We do not give here, as some readers have asked us to do for the future, the price of this book, because it has not been mentioned by the publisher—if "St. Andrew's Press" can be called a publisher. Our recollection of "Kathleen's Motto," very misty we must confess, is distinctly favourable and made us form hopes of this new story which have not been disappointed. It is very well written and very interesting, with a great variety of incident, much of it fresh and original. Some parts of it will be considered too holy; but the preaching is not overdone, and it is well done. We do not like the cover nor the name. "Aquaviva" is an interesting young lady, not Father Claudius, the fourth General of the Society of Jesus. We are glad to recommend to librarians of Children of Mary this clever tale and its predecessor, "Kathleen's Motto."

8. *The Cup of the Tregarvans. A Temperance Story.* By Frances I. Kershaw, Author of "Bobbie and Birdie," etc. R. and T. Washbourne 18 Paternoster Row. [Price 2s.]

The title-page also reminds us that Miss Kershaw is author of "Mrs. Markham's Nieces." This temperance story is somewhat

more to our taste, though there is no denying that the introductory part is cheap melodrama, and a good deal of the management of the story is commonplace and occasionally childish. This handsome book ends with the music and words of a temperance song, "The Wife's Plea," of which far the best line is—

"Think of the child and me!"

9. *Some Similes from the Paradiso of Dante Alighieri*. Collected and translated by Constance Blount. (London: Chapman and Hall).

This clever and elegant quarto will be welcomed by the devoted students of Dante. Judge O'Hagan, the translator of "The Song of Roland," proposed once to treat this very subject but within the narrower limits of an essay; for to his other literary accomplishments he joined a profound knowledge of Dante. This, however, was one of his many unaccomplished literary plans; and no other that I am aware of has forestalled Miss Blount in her ingenious labour. She gives the Italian original on the odd pages, and on the opposite even pages she translates the simile into prose with a slight connecting commentary. Was she unable to make use of any of the metrical versions of the *Paradiso*? An index refers us to the page where each simile may be found. There are more than a hundred in all.

10. *Let No Man Put Asunder*. By Josephine Marié, author of "Love Stronger than Death," "Jeanne" etc. Benziger Brothers: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. [Price 4s.]

It is a pity to have Benziger's good type, good paper, and good name wasted on so poor a book. It is commonplace always, and often puerile. Errors in grammar and in sense are by no means rare. "The Pope whom he must have known was the proper judge" etc., page 48. "Donaldson who would shower her with delicate attentions," page 51. "Permissibly, even if not advisably," page 162. The names and structure of the story seem to show that it was not written in French; perhaps the author is a Frenchwoman living in America. It is a pity it was not submitted to competent revision.

11. *A Klondike Picnic: The Story of a Day*. By Eleanor O. Donnelly. Benziger Brothers: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. [Price 3s. 6d.]

Miss Donnelly is chiefly known as a poet, but she has also furnished youthful readers with some excellent story-books. Her newest volume introduces us to a delightful set of children and their parents; and with the fictitious narrative are interwoven genuine letters from two cousins who are away looking for gold in Alaska. Towards the end of the story the mother of these lads is terrified about their probable fate; but the cloud clears away half-way down the very last page, and all ends brightly.

12. Messrs. Moffatt and Paige, of 28 Warwick-lane, E.C., have issued a new Staff Notation Modulator, which will prove a great benefit to teachers who wish to adopt staff notation with their pupils who already have a knowledge of Tonic Sol-fa. The notes are arranged in such a simple manner that they appeal immediately to the eye of the pupil; the notes of the common chord standing out in bold relief, being indicated by large dots. The key-note, in every case, is clearly shown by its shape, viz., a square. The notes above the octave and below the key-note are distinguished by their colour, viz, red. With the modulator, directions and a table showing the two keys that are sung in combination under each alphabetical letter are printed, and must prove of immense value to the teacher.

13. We have often welcomed "The South African Catholic Magazine" from Capetown, and "The Austral Light" from Melbourne. Melbourne also sends us a very pretty and very pious little magazine called "Madonna," which is published quarterly as the organ of the Australasian Children of Mary, under the careful editorship of the Rev. Michael Watson, S.J. Among Convent Magazines we know nothing better than "The Loreto Magazine," of which the Christmas number has just appeared. It begins with a continuation of sketches of the first members of the Irish branch of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a dramatic poem "Diana or Christ" by S. M. G., and a very pleasant paper on the life and letters of Madame de Sévigné by Mrs. Charles Martin. Most of the rest of the contents is contributed by the young pupils themselves, who write very sensibly and agreeably. There are several good illustrations, including unnamed portraits of (we suppose) the chief prize-winners. The most interesting pages for many readers are the twelve which contain the names of the girls distinguished at the examinations in 1898, in the Royal University of Ireland, the Royal College of Music (London), Royal Irish Academy of Music, and the South Kensington Art Examinations. This list includes the Convents at Rathfarnham, North Great George's Street (Dublin), Stephen's Green, Rathmines, Dalkey, Bray, Gorey, Letterkenny, Balbriggan, Killarney, Wexford, Kilkenny, and Enniscorthy.

14. The Catholic Truth Society has issued several new and excellent penny tracts by Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R., Father Zulueta, S.J., Mr. Dudley Baxter and Miss Edith Renouf. Also a shilling volume of five "His'torical Papers" by Father Sydney Smyth, S.J., and two of the above. "Christian Argument" by Mr. J. Herbert Williams, and "Rosary Meditations" by Canon Bagshawe, D.D., are also issued very cheaply for a shilling. With these we may name an admirable series of "Letters to Catholic Seamen" by the

Rev. J. G. Gretton, S.J., which may be procured from "The Messenger" Office, Wimbledon.

15 We must reserve for a separate article next month our opinions of some half-dozen new books of verse. Some of them are very good indeed. We conclude by announcing three books which only need to be named. "Spiritual Reading for every day," translated by Father K. D. Best of the Oratory. This is the sixth popular edition. Each lesson combines Holy Scripture with Thomas à Kempis and St. Francis de Sales. But is not the type too small? It is a wonderful shilling's worth. The other two books are American translations produced in Benziger's best style: "Illustrated Explanation of the Holy Sacraments" and "Veneration of the Blessed Virgin—her Feasts, Prayers, Religious Orders and Sodalties." The last is a fine volume of 350 large and compactly printed pages.

16. *Life of St. Edmund of Abingdon, Archbishop of Canterbury.* By Frances de Paravicini, Author of "The Early History of Balliol College." London: Burns and Oates, Ltd. [Price 6s.]

This portly volume of three hundred pages has been compiled with a thoroughness and diligence that could only be sustained by the most enthusiastic devotion to the Saint. The minute account, given at the beginning, of the original authorities consulted, is extremely edifying, and secures the reader's respect beforehand. The style might have been improved. An unusual number of sentences begins with "and." May the great English saint reward the pious labours of his client who, in spite of her Italian name, is enthusiastically devoted to this old Archbishop of Canterbury so unlike the present claimant to that title.

A HEART-HAUNTED HOME.*

A T Lisnafrena, since thither he comes no more,
 'Tis but a-dream he sees where, little and lone,
 The rough grey house sits like a boulder-stone
 Fast by the foam-rimmed murmuring of the shore.
 Only beyond black shadow across the floor
 Yet glimmers red, as many a year ago,
 More precious flame than ever bickering shone
 From diamond's dew, or ruby's fiery core.

And, Mary Mother, grant yon light may burn
 At Lisnafrena till this poor son's return,
 Or if in sooth he must not here behold
 The bliss he counts long exile days to earn,
 Ah, lest too late his dear hope's doom he learn,
 Let so his eyes be dark, his heart be cold.

JANE BARLOW.

* "The heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael."

THE FLIGHT OF THE SWALLOWS.

SUMMER is over, winter is coming, and the swallows have fled. Oh, how unhappy I am ! I will tell you all about myself, and then you will understand why I am so sad.

I am a Lancashire lass, and I live in the wild fells of the bonny North, where I am very happy in summer and miserable in winter. You see I have no one belonging to me in the whole world but one old great-aunt whom everyone calls "Granny," myself included. Granny and I live in a dear little cottage at the foot of a big hill. All the winter long she sits in her kitchen over a roaring fire, and spends most of the time in grumbling and in scolding me. When I am not acting housewife, she expects to see me knitting or sewing, and I am never allowed out unless it is to run an errand or tidy the garden in the shortest possible space of time.

But when the first swallow—the sunny, blithe-hearted little messenger of spring—arrives, I rush to bear Granny the good news ; and immediately her crustiness is gone. She calls for the cloak and bonnet she has not worn for many a day, and I joyously lead her to an arm-chair in the porch, and there I may truthfully say she sits the whole summer through. And now I must be out all day, and I can tell you I am nothing loth. The dear swallows are the first to cheer me after the dreary winter season ; and during the gay summertime they are always my companions. Across the hot fields on the way to the farm to fetch Granny's milk, I meet the swallows ; through the cool woods on my way to the Hall to fetch Granny's soup, I meet the swallows. Their blue backs flash in the sunlight, their white breasts gleam in the shade. Everywhere in the out-door world the swallows are with me. Sometimes they fly so close as almost to brush my dress with their quick wings.

All day long I *hear* the swallows. The little hens gather together in the chimneys and under the eaves to gossip family news ; the little cocks sit in tightly-packed rows on the walls and house-tops to vie with one another as to who can chatter loudest. The first thing I hear before sunrise is the mother swallow's

loving "good morning" to her little ones; the last thing after sundown is the father swallow's soft "good night."

And now they have gone! I knew my gaiety was not to last long, when some six weeks ago I saw one pair after another of staid, sooty-coated swifts pass over my head in a direct line to the South. But my heart sank lower still when on a lovely evening in late September I saw whole flocks of little mouse-coloured sand-martins come up from the river and go straight on in the same aerial road towards the South. They always delay the time of their departure until evening, that they may linger one day longer in their old haunts, play for a few hours more in British sunshine, and bathe for the last time in the spray of their Northern river. But this morning when I awoke at sunrise I felt the final blow had come. All nature cried out to me, "The swallows are going! the swallows are going!" The breeze murmured it as it played softly in the naked branches of the trees; the cows lowed it as they wended their way through the frosty grass; the little robin sang it, and his song was very mournful. What told me more distinctly than all these things was the swallows' silence. When I threw open my lattice window and looked out, I saw the church steeple at the far end of the village was dark with them. They were crowded and packed together, and more kept arriving from every quarter to alight on the neighbouring house-tops. Now that my window was open, their ceaseless chatter was borne to me on the breeze, and what they said was—"Let us go!"

Hastily I dressed and went out. It was a glorious October morning. A thick mist hung in the valley, but the top of our big brown hill rose dark and clear against the sky. Up its rugged side I clambered until I reached the highest point, and here I stood to look about me. In the east the young sun shone out brightly, surrounded by moving billows of gorgeous red and purple clouds. Yes, it was decidedly too bright to last. Those clouds looked very treacherous, and in spite of the sun's brave efforts the mist in the valley was creeping up my hillside and growing denser as it came. It hid the swallows far below from my sight, but still I could faintly hear them crying: "Let us go!"

Suddenly for one moment there was silence, and then instantly came the sound of rushing wings, and I was surrounded by a

thousand blue birds—their numbers darkened the sun. They were yet but a few feet from me when I heard a little birdie cry, and I saw one of them fall to the ground. That cry meant surely “Mother!”

I looked after the vanishing swallows, certain that at least *one* would come swiftly, winging her backward way. But no! the hard-hearted parent swept on with the pitiless crowd—straight on towards the sunny south. When I reached the little thing and took it in my hand, it was already dead. It was but a baby, scarcely fledged, and that first rapid rush had been too much for its feeble strength which had borne it up a few moments. Those moments were its last.

Still I held it, and watched my little friends growing smaller in the distance, and my heart was filled with sadness. The gay clouds had now turned to sombre black and were pressing round the sun who still struggled in a little pool of blue. But even as the last swallow was lost to my sight, they closed over him; the wet mist reached the summit of my friendly hill and clung round my very feet, and in some trees hard by the wild wind moaned and sobbed. And while I stood with my eyes fixed on that spot where the dark cloud had disappeared, with the little corpse in my hand stiffening and growing cold, the tears would come, and I could not drive them back.

MADGE BLUNDELL.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

WE have never admired the wisdom of those journalists and others who give bad books the advertisement of a condemnatory review, especially when the reviewer denounces some peculiarly vicious passage, some dangerous principle, some heterodox statement, which he quotes in full with perhaps an inadequate refutation. Even if the answer be really satisfactory, there is no use fastening the wrong thing in one's memory. The mind of fallen man has a sort of chemical affinity for objections, and answers are received more jealously. It is wiser often to keep to clear, sound, general principles, and not dabble rashly in such things.

* * *

We cannot by any means recommend to all our readers the very able and thoughtful Novel which in our last issue was made the subject of a serious and interesting study; and therefore in welcoming our new contributor we departed somewhat from our policy of *non parliamo di loro*, our conspiracy of silence concerning undesirable books. Our indiscretion (if such it was) leads us to ask our readers to pray that this gifted lady may learn to see fully what she sees in part, and not to confound transient, accidental matters of taste and custom with the substance of things to be hoped for and things to be believed. God forbid that we should be obliged to approve of all that is contained in spiritual books and saints' lives and the customs of Catholic countries—though at the same time is there not a lack of humility and good sense in making one's own taste the *arbiter elegantiarum* for all countries and for all centuries? Are we humble enough? Do we pray enough? Do we carry out thoroughly the practical consequences of the simple act of faith—"I believe in God?"

* * *

The article to which we have referred drew the following remarks from a correspondent whose name would add interest to the criticism which we venture to extract from a private letter:—

* * *

I agree all through with Mr. Waters' thoughts of "Helbeck

of Bannisdale," but I could add postscripts. It seems to me that Mrs. Ward only wishes to show her knowledge of and dissatisfaction with every form of belief known, and her conviction that the problem of humanity and its relations to God is still an unsolved problem. She gives the good and the bad of all and shows the opposing forces each evokes from each, and she inclines to give the casting vote for the loose and wide and vague half-belief of the Friedlands, but even then, though she describes them as possessing at least "dignity and peace," she cannot refrain from a fling. Laura listening to the doctor remembers that her father would accept of "*no anodynes*."

As for Laura, Dr. Friedland supplies the key to her final resistance in his speech about Fountain's method of dealing with his young daughter. Friedland says "Ah, if I could evoke Fountain for one hour!" "Fountain took Laura out of her generation and gave her nothing in return. Did he read with her? Share his mind with her? Never! He was indolent, she was wilful; so the thing slid. But all the time he made a partizan of her—he expected her to echo his hates and prejudice—he stamped himself and his cause deep into her affections."

That seems to me just it. Her own letter to her friend before the suicide—which stands out as the quite unnatural, and improbable, petulant (for the authoress) end of the book—her letter points to this. "When they left me with her, I seemed to be holding, not her hand but his [her father's]. I was back in the old life. I heard him speaking quite distinctly, 'Laura, *you cannot do it*.'" It was her father the girl loved, and to him she was faithful—and all Mrs. Ward's *telling us* of her love for Helbeck will not make us feel it. So, we are not convinced of her motive for suicide. She could have lived without Helbeck—as we see her constituted—and, besides, we do feel that she cared for him enough to save him from the agony of her death. What is most evident in the book is that Mrs. Ward has seen into the heart's core of Catholic religion. She is not so invincible as Laura was, but she is not prepared for the confession of Faith which would have been made by Laura's yielding—so she sent her over the cliff. It seems to me she herself will come into the Church if she can be persuaded to put those old gruesome mediaeval stories out of our heads as having

nothing to do with Faith. They are a terrible stumbling-block to thinking readers, and I feel certain that, could they be done away with, there would be many more conversions to the Church. . . . One thing Catholic critics have oddly missed is Williams' dream about Helbeck, which is fulfilled in due course; the catastrophe, the cloud is Laura's suicide. This is more than the impressions and presentiments noticed by Mr. Waters. It implies much from Mrs. Ward, and so is important.

* * *

I remember the delight that a certain childish bosom knew in solving the problem: "At a herring and a half for three halfpence, how many herrings would you get for eleven pence?" A more abstruse calculation was lately proposed to me: "If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days?" The proper answer is 28. Make it out by simple proportion or by any other lawful means.

* * *

All that I know of Joseph O'Halloran is that his name is given as the author of a sonnet on "A Dead Beggar's Beads" which an Irish weekly probably took from some American newspaper:—

Lay the dear rosary upon her breast—
 Time-stricken chaplet, lustreless and frayed;
 As though each link with gems were overlaid,
 Tenderly handle poverty's bequest,
 Worthy of reverence as knightly crest
 Rich with the stains of tourney and crusade,
 Or as some grimy, battle-hallowed blade—
 Emblem of faith and valour, let it rest.

Poor was she, like her Saviour and her King,
 Ignorant as the men of Galilee,
 Rude as the sainted conquerors of Rome;
 Yet not a bead upon that simple string
 But tells of all the holy years when she
 Steadfastly sought her Mother's starlit home.

Many a rude "pair o' bades" is from this wise poet's point of view more precious than the most genuine Stradivarius. What heavenly music has been drawn from it!

* * *

People sometimes discuss the question: "What is the happiest time of our lives?" Many would go back for it to a period of

life which, it seems to me, is, not the most unhappy, but the least happy, the least tranquil, the least even, the most insecure; the young days when innocence has just ceased to be a necessity and virtue has not yet become a second nature. This part of life appears to me quite pathetic and almost sad, in its possibilities, in its uncertainties, in its dangers. Far more solidly happy are the good man and woman who have found out God's will with regard to the special work of their lives, and are striving to fulfil that will perfectly. These have learned what to expect and what not to expect from this world, and they have learned to look forward with calm hope to a better world.

* * *

"The happiest time of life," Father Tracy Clarke, S.J., said to his novices, "is the time when we are doing our duty best." If we are doing our duty, if we have solid reason to hope that we are right before God, nothing can sadden us—certainly not the thought of death. The last day of life will be the happiest of all if on that day we perform well our last duty of dying in God's grace and love.

* * *

The good are happier, even on earth. First, negatively: there are certain obstacles to happiness—trials, hardships, losses, diseases, pains. Some of these are found in all lives. The good can bear them better, for they recognise them as coming from a good and loving Father, and as securing greater blessings for us here and especially hereafter. Secondly, positively: there are lawful and unlawful pleasures. The good can enjoy lawful pleasure with more zest; and, as for unlawful pleasure, God in His mercy has arranged that the retribution comes here without waiting for the Future Life. The man of pleasure can only be called so by sarcasm; he is often a man of misery, pain, ignominy, cowardly self-indulgence, selfish, stupid folly. The pleasures from which conscience debar us are compensated by higher pleasures, just as high intellectual natures gain certain noble gratifications at the cost of bodily comforts which inferior natures would consider necessary.

* * *

An old Presentation Nun of George's Hill, Dublin, used to say that the mistress of a class who came to her work five minutes late lost, not five minutes only of precious time but five minutes

multiplied by the number of girls whom during that time she ought to have been instructing. I mentioned this to a distinguished Judge who cited at once an exactly parallel passage. His own immediate predecessor in his post was not at all punctual. In some case there was a large bar and a number of professional witnesses. The Judge, arriving late, apologised for having detained the court. Master FitzGibbon was one of his assessors, and in his dry tone pretended to waive away his apologies as unnecessary. "Your Lordship is only twenty minutes late; and I have calculated that between this distinguished bar and twelve witnesses of professional eminence we have only lost twenty hours of most valuable time."

* * *

This view could well be applied in meditation on the use of time. It is not the few minutes only, but all that the good use of those few minutes might have led to directly and indirectly. Ah, don't too quickly persuade yourself by saying, "Well, it might have been much worse." It might, indeed; but ah, it might have been so much better. It might have done so much more for God's glory in many poor souls like my own; and in my own, my God, I will try and work on hard, cheerfully, humbly, with self-denial, to the end.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

MRS. JACK GROGAN.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. GROGAN ARRIVES.

MATTERS looked black for her lodger. Mrs. Tite shook her head as she went about her morning's work. The remittances from Edinburgh were long in coming, and had not Mr. Jack confessed that his mother had hard work to get along, was often in a fix, or—to use his own expression—found herself often enough in a “tight fit?” And now, here he was, with a wife on his hands, and a wife without a penny, and *what kind of a wife?* A marriage on the sly, and to a man not even earning his daily bread, promised little for the sense of the bride—in Mrs. Tite's opinion. Had not Tite, as Jack did for his Rachel, served for her for fourteen years? The “ladies” were spending the day at Dulwich; Mrs. Tite had not even the relief of talking the matter over with Miss Amelia.

A little before one Mr. Grogan called to his landlady from the hall, he was going out and did not want any luncheon.

“It's a slice from the under-cut, Mr. Jack.” Mrs. Tite, who knew her favourite's tastes, called back with persuasion, but the gate swung to with a creak just as she finished her sentence.

It was four when Mr. Jack Grogan came back laden with parcels, and packages, and a giant's bunch of flowers, and by that time Mrs. Tite's heart had so far relented, that she had placed a second arm-chair in her drawing-room, and ornamented its back

with an antimacassar tied on with a bow of ribbon; the chiffonier, too—it served as side-board—had a clean cloth, and Jack could have sworn the rickety cruets had been rubbed up with a will.

If Mrs. Tite had recovered her temper, Mr. Grogan had got back his spirits.

“Haven’t you such a thing as a flower-vase, Mrs. Tite?” he roared down the stairs in a voice that brought that lady up from her kitchen in double quick time.

“Mr. Jack, sir, you shouldn’t, sir. It’s well the ladies are not at home. There’s the bell, sir.”

“Hang the bell! You don’t have a bride coming home every day, Mrs. Tite. Here, stick in some of these sweet-peas.”

“You must have ruined yourself, Mr. Jack,” Mrs. Tite said reproachfully, as she took the proffered handful of flowers.

Then the cakes, the sugar-plums, the chocolates had to be inspected and arranged.

“She’s a sweet tooth, Mrs. Jack?” Mrs. Tite asked.

“She’s used to sweet things,” Mr. Grogan explained, and Mrs. Tite remembered the confectioner’s shop.

“See here, Mrs. Tite, I nearly forgot this in the meantime.” Mr. Grogan dived into his waistcoat pocket and brought out one, two, three, four sovereigns.

“No, Mrs. Tite, I have not been stealing, nor even borrowing,” Jack Grogan answered his landlady’s enquiring face.

“Mr. Jack, sir, it’s your watch!” Mrs. Tite, forgetting her manners, let herself drop into the nearest chair; her quick eye had missed the heavy, old-fashioned chain.

“Necessity knows no law.” Mr. Grogan struck an attitude.

“I know nothing about necessity, but some of us is too much given to make our own laws, sir,” was Mrs. Tite’s rejoinder.

“Just so, Mrs. Tite.”

“You’ll live to repent it, sir.”

“‘Better late than never,’ as Solomon says, Mrs. Tite.”

“If there ever was a day in your life, Mr. Jack, when you ought to be sensible, it’s to-day,” Mrs. Tite began in tones of admonition—but her lodger interrupted her.

“About the dinner, Mrs. Tite?”

Mrs. Tite, with the sovereigns in her hand, could not be obdurate.

"A good dinner now, Mrs. Tite, and the rest on account."

"Very well, sir," but, to do Mrs. Tite justice, her tone was dissatisfied.

At six o'clock, Mr. Jack Grogan clattered down-stairs again. He was off to the station to meet his bride. Already a savoury scent was mounting from the kitchen, and he shouted a warning to Mrs. Tite not to over-roast the fowl.

"I know what I am about, Mr. Jack," was that good lady's rejoinder. "You attend to your business, and I'll attend to mine."

At half-past six the door-bell rang, and Mrs. Tite, wiping her hands, untied the kitchen apron that covered a more dressy one, gave her hair a hurried smooth, and, all excitement, hurried upstairs to answer it.

You might have knocked Mrs. Tite down with a feather, as she told Miss Charlotte later, when she opened the door and found herself face to face with the lady who resembled an angel—Mr. Jack Grogan's *mother*.

It was like Mr. Jack, taking his fun of her, and saying he expected a *wife*, Mrs. Tite told herself when she had recovered her presence of mind, and the relief to her mind was so great she beamed on the Angel.

"Mr. Grogan?" the visitor asked (and the very way she asked the question "shewed the lady," according to Mrs. Tite.)

Mr. Grogan? It did not take Mrs. Tite many seconds to explain that Mr. Grogan had gone to meet Mrs. Grogan at the station.

"At the station? Mr. Grogan had gone to the *station*?" The angel did not disguise her surprise.

Mrs. Tite was clear though voluble upon the matter. Mr. Jack had gone to the station, and not half-an-hour ago by the clock, and a fine way he would be in when he found he had made a mistake. And a fine way he had been in, ever since he got his telegram. Would not Mrs. Grogan walk upstairs and see the preparations?

"The *telegram*?" the angel interrupted.

"The telegram that came in the morning," Mrs. Tite went on, too busy with her tale to notice her visitor's astonishment, "and, to her certain knowledge, Mr. Jack had not sat down for a moment since that telegram came. But she was a bad one for

letting her tongue run on," and in the fear of having been too familiar Mrs. Tite dropped her visitor a curtsy.

With a puzzled expression on her face the visitor followed the landlady upstairs to her son's sitting-room. The table was gay with flowers, and fruit, and sweets, seats faced each other at either end, as did two arm-chairs by the open window.

"It's a world of trouble Mr. Jack took, ma'am," Mrs. Tite said, and waited for the angel to express her admiration.

Standing, facing the window, Mrs. Tite saw the visitor better than she had done before, and could scarcely take her eyes off her, as she told her husband later; Mr. Grogan might be, and indeed, it was as such she always described her lodger to her friends—a "fine young gentleman," but Mrs. Grogan was a "*lady born*." Mrs. Tite knew a lady when she saw one, she flattered herself, and this one might have made her curtsy to the queen. She belonged to the "real gentry."

(Mr. Tite, in return for this confidence, said, as he took his pipe out of his mouth, that, for his part, he asked for nothing better than the parlours—the Miss Woodhams.

And he wouldn't find anything better if he searched the length of a summer's day, his better-half retorted, but there were ladies and ladies.

Well, one kind was enough for him, was Mr. Tite's reply, and, indeed, the "ladies" had no more sincere admirer than their landlord).

Of a sudden, Mrs. Tite, watching her visitor's face, saw it, as she bent over a jar of sweetpeas, change; "my boy remembers what I like," the mother whispered to herself, not so low but that Mrs. Tite heard, and smiled in sympathy.

The words had scarcely prepared her for the next sentence, when Mrs. Grogan, raising her head, said curtly, "you can go, I shall not require anything." But even the dismissal, however wounding to the landlady's feelings, confirmed her in her opinion of Mrs. Grogan's position. "It took a *lady* to speak that way," she told Miss Amelia.

Alone, Mrs. Grogan sat down in one of the arm-chairs by the window, a sweet-pea was in her hand, a smile was on her lips.

A week ago, and she would have had to reproach her boy for his extravagance, and *now*—what was the old saying?—the world was at his feet.

At his feet, as it had once been at her own, before she had married the village doctor, and cut herself off from her people.

They had warned her she would live to repent, and—had she? Mrs. Grogan, resting her head against the be-ribboned antimaccassar, found the question hard to answer.

Her husband had been good to her. How good, how long-suffering, she herself alone knew, but he had not been of her kind, his ways had not been her ways; and, after years of married life, these ways, little habits, roughnesses, his jokes, had jarred upon her as they had done at the very beginning.

Before the birth of her boy she had prayed that the child might be a Wynbroke, but he had taken after his father and from head to foot was James Grogan over again, minus the stability.

How ungrateful she was—ungrateful, small, despicable! Mrs. Grogan covered her face with her hands, not a woman in a thousand had had a husband like hers, she confessed it.

People had spoken of her as a model wife, that was all they knew; she had made her husband comfortable, as the middle-class phrase, she had so often heard, went; but she had hardened her heart against him, and he had known it. His last words to her had been, "I should never have taken you from your own people."

Her own people. The father and mother who had spoilt her for eighteen years of her life, and who after her marriage had never seen her again. The sisters and brothers, and uncles and aunts, and cousins, of whom she only knew what the columns of *The Times* had told her—*Marriages, Births, Deaths*.

And now the bachelor uncle's heart had softened towards her, from old age, perhaps, or more likely, because, by accident he had learned that the man he had despised was dead, and he had sent for her and her boy to make his home their home.

Jack would be a rich man, the Sussex property would be his, the old-fashioned town house in Berkeley Square, where her uncle had come to meet her—the shooting-box in the Highlands too, the dowry of a Scotch grandmother. He should learn the duties of a country gentleman, live as the Wynbrokes had always lived, marry as he ought to marry—she would take care of that.

How pleased the boy would be! But how did he happen to expect her? Ah, she remembered now. Her uncle had advised her to telegraph, had laughed at her wish to take him by

surprise. He had the address in his note-book, she had given it to him that very morning ; he must have sent the telegram from his club. But the *Station* ? That must have been the landlady's mistake.

Down in the kitchen Mrs. Tite was becoming anxious about her dinner ; but these Undergrounds, she consoled herself, were deceitful things ; you always missed them by a minute or two, that was her experience. She was taking a regretful look at the fowl, "just on the turn to shrivel," when the bell rang with a clatter, no mistaking Mr. Jack's ring, and, bidding Tite mind the basting, Mrs. Tite hurried upstairs.

"Here is Mrs. Grogan. Kitty, here is Mrs. Tite." Mr. Jack Grogan, flushed, smiling, excited, pushed a girl, shyly hanging back on his arm, into the passage, and nearly into the landlady's arms.

Mrs. Tite, too startled to speak, stood, hands straight down by her side, and gaped.

"There, now, Kitty, there's Mrs. Tite. She'll look after you, and we're going to have a stunning supper. Everything ready, Mrs. Tite?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Jack, sir," Mrs. Tite stammered (she didn't know whether she was in this world or the next, as she afterwards told both Tite and Miss Amelia).

"All right. Mrs. Grogan's tired. A glass of wine will set you up, Kitty." Mr. Jack turned tenderly to his wife.

"Mr. Jack, sir," Mrs. Tite was in desperation, but she got no further with her sentence, though she planted herself between Mr. and Mrs. Jack Grogan and the staircase.

"What's up, Mrs. Tite?" Mr. Jack Grogan asked. "Got the bailiffs in? Well, Kit and I'll settle them. Come along, Kit, supper will be spoiled. Out of the way, Mrs. Tite, if you please."

"Mr. Jack, sir," the unhappy landlady protested again. If only her ladies had been in, or some one to give her a word of advice!

"Mr. Jack, sir," Mrs. Tite still bravely barred the way. "Mr. Jack, sir—your mamma's upstairs."

For a moment Mr. Jack Grogan stood irresolute; for a moment, not more. Then Mrs. Tite found herself pushed out of the way, and, his wife's arm once more drawn through his own, the lad was on his way upstairs.

"God help us," Mrs. Tite exclaimed and dropped into the one hall chair. The minutes seemed as hours till the drawing-room door opened again; then came a step, the rustle of a dress, and a voice asked if the landlady were there.

"Yes, ma'am," Mrs. Tite pulled herself together and led the way into the Miss Woodhams' parlour. The day was getting dusky; the Virginian creeper, already taking colour, darkened the room; the landlady could not see Mrs. Grogan's face, but her voice was steady as she asked what her son owed, adding that for the future Mrs. Tite must please remember she was not accountable for any of his bills.

"Yes, ma'am," Mrs. Tite repeated, as she followed the visitor to the door and watched her disappearing, lithe, light of foot up the lane. For the moment her sympathies were with the culprits upstairs. Young things would be young things, and it did not become a mother to be too hard. Then her eye fell on a box, a tin box painted in yellow oak, a rope roughly knotted round it to secure a broken lock. Young Mrs. Grogan's luggage! A servant-maid would have better. Mrs. Tite shook her head.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued).

HEART AND SOUL.

A COWARD heart is ours that will not trust
 The God-mind in us; this poor heart of dust
 That throbs away our days with strokes of pain.
 "Love lost is lost," it cries. "No more we find
 Beyond the grave but worm and cloud and wind
 And floods unstanchable of tears and rain!"

The God-mind in us; trust it for our light,
 The kindling of the soul that glows despite
 A craven heart still shivering in the clay.
 Arise and run with joy that seeth wings
 On these poor stumbling feet of ours, and sings
 Perpetually of a to-morrow to our to-day!

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

AUBREY DE VERE.*

AUBREY DE VERE is a great poet; the greatest living English poet, though he belongs to an earlier generation, having reached his eighty-fourth year. He knew and loved Wordsworth, and was a friend and companion of Tennyson; indeed he has known the greatest men of his time, and, with unequalled generosity, seems to have forgotten his own claims to honour in his generous praise of others.

It is needless for me to tell of him what he himself has so well told in his volume of "Recollections;" needless to speak of the green Irish country of his famous ancestors, where he still lives on the estates of his father, Sir Aubrey de Vere; but I should like to make you know the lovable, venerable personality of the man.

It was a summer afternoon in London, and we were finishing our luncheon in the quiet gloom of our little dining-room which served for drawing-room as well, and which was only half brightened by the red geraniums in the windows; when Mr. de Vere's card was brought to us. We had no picture of him in our mind, and we were surprised and wholly delighted when he entered the room. A tall, slender figure unbent by age, he brought an atmosphere of genial light and gladness with him.

We are very apt to associate sadness with age, or at least a look of settled gravity and habitual care. In the presence of Aubrey de Vere there is the vigorous freshness of morning; or else, his is one of those rare evenings of life when the sky is lighted to the very zenith with the glow of the sunset. His eyes are clear and bright, kindling, as he speaks, with rare enthusiasm; he has a keen sense of humour, the gift of all Irishmen, and at the same time, a calm, dignified presence. The evenings he spent with us in London must stand out in our memory with vivid distinctness, —for we then made a friendship which has been a singular privilege.

*A Paper read before the Baronius Club of Philadelphia. Though an Irish lawyer discussed a section of Mr. de Vere's poetical work in our pages very recently, we are glad to give hospitality to this more general and more personal appreciation of the poet from an American pen.—ED. I. M.

We talked of Wordsworth, and Mr. de Vere told us many anecdotes of the great poet, to whose grave he had but lately made his annual pilgrimage. We made our own soon afterwards to that spot, and said, at our friend's request, a *De profundis*, for the soul of his friend.

Of Tennyson he spoke with intense admiration and told us that after evenings spent in intercourse with that poet, he would go home to his rooms, through the London streets, unconscious of the sights and sounds about him. Tennyson read aloud to him the manuscript of the famous *In Memoriam*, and as the poet's voice would drop at the end of the lines, making the sound almost inaudible, his hearer read with him, looking over his shoulder, and saw the poet's tears roll down his face, so great was his emotion.

Mr. de Vere quoted some verses of the poem with slow, sonorous intonation, and read us besides some of his own father's sonnets, which have been pronounced by eminent critics among the finest in the language.

He talked of Coleridge and Southey; and the Brownings; with the latter he had been closely associated in Italy. Of Robert Browning he has written with marvellously discriminating power in a sonnet which begins—

“Shakespeare's old oak, gnarled and unwedgedable.”

Of Mrs. Browning he spoke in terms almost affectionate. He urged us to a closer study of his venerated Wordsworth; and in response to a question concerning Matthew Arnold's poetry, he pronounced it wonderfully pure and elevated in its tone.

He spoke with admiration of Mrs. Augustus Craven, the charming Pauline de la Faeronays, whom he had known, and whose memoirs by Mrs. Bishop had just appeared.

He asked with evident interest of the spread of Catholic truth in America; which country he said must present a wide field to Catholic charity and Catholic workers.

We talked of the great City of London, and Mr. de Vere reminded us of the Temple Church, which we had not yet seen, where the stone Crusaders lie in stately calm on the pavement, and the pale English sunlight is warmed into red and golden glories by the pictured windows above them.

He told us of the tomb of his ancestors the “fighting Veres,”

in Westminster Abbey; and we asked him, if the "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," of Tennyson's verse, was his relative, and he answered that the name of his cousin had been used by the poet for its appropriate significance, but her character was entirely different from that of the proud Lady Clara of the poem.

We bade adieu to the dear old man, who in a few hours had made so profound an impression upon us, but we were happy enough to see him again, for the next day he came with some sprays of blooming lavender, which he presented with a quaint gallantry to my sister and to me, keeping one piece for his own buttonhole.

That night he dined with us, a stately figure in his velvet coat, and with that gentle courtesy of manner, which seems also to have passed away with much else that belonged to a former time.

We talked chiefly of his poetry; especially that wonderful poem, "The Higher Purgatory," which was inspired by Saint Catherine of Genoa. And of which, Mr. de Vere, in a recent letter to me writes thus:—

"My poem 'The Higher Purgatory,' was an attempt to extend the benignant and consoling influence of St. Catherine of Genoa's great work on the Holy Souls, one that seems to me to draw our departed ones nearer to us, and make the thought of them more soothing, and therefore more frequent. The poem on Copernicus," he writes further, "may also, I would fain hope, give a personal influence of an elevating kind to many, to whom that great Christian would otherwise have remained but a name."

He spoke of his father's great drama, "Mary Tudor," of which work he has also written to me thus:—"I came some time ago on an old letter from Cardinal Manning written to me in 1847, when the book came out, and containing the statement, that he and Gladstone had been talking over 'Mary Tudor,' and agreed in regarding it as the noblest English drama since Shakespeare's time." He spoke also of Sir Henry Taylor's "Philip Van Artevelde" as a noble work; and we talked of Italy and his travels there with Sir Henry Taylor.

Our parting that night was to be the last, for we were leaving London the next day, and indeed in a few weeks would be returning to America; so that with the hope of meeting him again, was mingled the fear that, at his great age, this hope was slight. Should

we not see him again, ours is a lovely remembrance of the gentle poet, in his serene age, looking out on the world with undimmed vision, keeping the generous impulse of youth, joined to the certain wisdom of maturity, with a faith, that in its entire simplicity is like the inexpressible faith of a child, pure, radiant, calm, a jewel kept inviolate by reverent hands.

As he stood at the door, for a final adieu he turned his clear gaze on us, and said, "When you go back to America, write to me; and, if I am not here when you return to England, pray for me." We carried a volume of his poems with us to beguile the journey to Edinburgh, and in a measure, as a solace for the companionship we were losing.

It is strange that England is unmindful, to a certain degree, of these poems, but it would be stranger, if they were not so Catholic, so very spiritual in their aim and scope. They are stamped with the seal of Catholicity; their mission is to carry Catholic conviction to darkened minds; and as the light of a star must travel for centuries of time until it reaches the wondering earth, so it may be the fate of this far shining thought to traverse as vast a darkness, until at last, with unswerving force, the point of light shall find its mark.

Aubrey de Vere wrote to me from Curragh Chase, Adare, after the publication of a selection of his poems by George Edward Woodbury of Boston:—"I shall be glad if my poetry should ever become known, because it was written in the hope of illustrating nature by supernatural and philosophic truth, by revealed truth, and so may do good, even if its day shall be a brief as well as a late one." Again he writes to me from Ullswater, Penrith:—"When Wordsworth and Coleridge in youth published a volume in common, the former intended to illustrate nature, chiefly in her humanities, as he always did; and Coleridge to illustrate the supernatural in the form of the marvellous, i.e. as it is illustrated in the 'Ancient Mariner,' and 'Christabel,' etc. My aspiration had something in common with both these aspirations, and more perhaps, apart from both. My aim in most of my poetry was chiefly to illustrate not *nature*, but the *supernatural* in the form of supernatural truth, and the supernaturalized affections, that is to say, those affections that have their root in supernaturalised humanity, not so much a humanity unfallen, as a humanity redeemed. I wished also to

illustrate that humanity in its relations with our *fallen* humanity by recording the conversion of two very different nations, viz. :— Ireland and England, and also to record some of the conflicts of nature and grace, as well as their harmonies during the two chief periods of the world, viz., from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the time of Charlemagne, and subsequently through the great Mediæval period to the beginning of the Modern time still in its rude boyhood, but destined to resume all that preceded it in union with progressive science and freedom, which will prove gifts or curses, according as they subject themselves to Christian truth and love, or revolt against these. Such at least was the *scheme* of my poetry, in case it had interested people enough to render its completion a thing practicable. Some poet, one day, will probably execute this ideal (the Christian Ideal) better than I could have done, and in a fitter time."

This extract will show, in the poet's own words, the high ideal of his poetic work ; and we may judge of its accomplishment by reading the preface to Mr. Woodbury's Selections, considered, Mr. de Vere says, by many of his friends the best critique of his poems. The preface commences thus :—

"The qualities of Aubrey de Vere's poetry are not far to seek. Lyrical in verse, strong in style, mainly historical in theme, heroic or spiritual in substance, above all placid, it stirs and tranquillizes the soul in the presence of lovely scenes, high actions, and those '*great ideas that man was born to learn*;' and its outlook is upon the field of the soul regenerate, where suffering is remembered only through its purification, blessed in issues of sweetness, dignity, and peace."

Later on Mr. Woodbury writes thus, having eulogised "The Children of Lir" :—

"The Christian element in this last story prepares the way for the poet's more voluminous and distinctly religious work, and it is with poets of religion that he is to be classed, in which he selects his themes from the saintly legends of the Church, and shows the abundance and power of that life, idealized in holy tradition, which converted the nations, and revived the world.

"The Reformation was a source of great mortality in literature; and the loss which Protestantism sustained in surrendering the Catholic Centuries, with their long record of this ideal life among mankind, was a spiritual deprivation to the Northern imagination,

which the noble lives of three later centuries have not yet made good. So complete is the gap now, that the times of which these poems reflect the imaginative beauty, have the remoteness of a golden age, and in reading the verse a sense of dreaminess invades the mind. This portion of the poet's work makes its mass; and its interest, though various, is so even that one could as easily divide the summer landscape, as choose and pick amid its beauty. The subjects are, in the main, from Irish, English, or Roman traditions of the early church."

Almost unconsciously Mr. Woodbury has given us the keynote to our poet's work; yet it is not only the choice of Catholic subjects; the gathering up of those threads of beautiful tradition, which the Reformation had ruthlessly broken, and, wandering in its endless maze of doubt and obscurity, fails now so utterly to see and grasp. It is not only this, but because by the indwelling grace of God, Aubrey de Vere has infused the priceless possession of Catholic Faith into his poetry; which Faith, illumining his intellect, has made him live the lives, and speak the thoughts of the saints and heroes he sings.

The Reformation has produced no great artistic work, neither in architecture, nor painting, nor literature. The great temple of of Protestantism, St. Paul's, in London, is at best but a feeble imitation of classic models, unsuited to the climate and temperament of the English people, and the great National galleries of painting are filled with specimens of the work of Italian Masters, the Catholic models held up for the wonder and confusion of the modern student. In literature there is no great Protestant writer that draws his greatness from Protestantism; for Shakespeare is Catholic, as far as he is anything, and Goethe, Pagan, and Milton, though following Dante's leadership, and clutching the mantle of Homer, falls short of true greatness because of his Arian heresy. Wordsworth in his sublimer passages is Catholic unconsciously, the same is true of Tennyson; and there is no more pitiful spectacle, than the young aspiring intellect, soaring as Shelley soared on broken butterfly wings, chasing an ignis-fatuus, a shining vision of faith and peace and freedom, unsubstantial as a dream of the night.

No wonder, after all, that England does not recognise the true greatness of the noble poet, who has been singing patiently to dulled ears; she who for centuries has lost her wilful way in

error. But Ireland should love Aubrey de Vere, as Scotland loves Burns, and he should be loved more than Burns, for he sings of the Faith that Ireland remembers, and that Scotland and Burns had forgotten.

Read the "Children of Lir," to my mind the most beautiful of all the Irish legends. Mr. Woodbury says of it:—"The poem is indeed unique, and the handling—Tennyson treated it less admirably—is exquisite." And later he says:—"This beautiful tradition of the Irish race must become a part of the child-literature of our language."

In Aubrey de Vere's poems the reader will find the man himself. He will learn to love the poet in his young heroes, endowed with his own undying faith in the triumph of goodness, with the vigor and freshness of his own aspirations. There is not one morbid or unworthy note in all his singing. It is the poetry of faith and hope, and all embracing love. Like the swan-singing of "The Children of Lir," it springs from the blue vastness of a space peopled with unseen angels, and must fall on a spiritualized ear. It is the poetry of truth. No dream, no vision, but the conscious glad reality of redemption. He sings of humanity indeed, but humanity redeemed, and so exalted, of man who, while inhabiting earth, is conscious of his inheritance in heaven; and not so much of man drawn apart from the noise of earth, for converse with God, but man who sees his Maker in the things about him, and makes his prayer, while he weeps or laughs, while he labors or rests.

Aubrey de Vere is an essayist of considerable power, and has contributed essays on various subjects to the leading periodicals, notably, *The Spectator*, *The Edinburgh Review*, *The Quarterly*, and *The Dublin*, and *North British Reviews*. These essays have been gathered together into three volumes, entitled "Essays Literary and Ethical," and "Essays chiefly on Poetry." The two essays, entitled "Genius and Passion of Wordsworth," and "Wordsworth's Poetry," show an exhaustive study of his subject, and would prove a revelation to a vast number of people who have wondered at the growing admiration, I should say veneration, for the poet. He has written of Spenser's poetry also in masterly style.

He has shown in his book of "Recollections" a remarkable discernment in the delineation of character, especially in the

pages he has devoted to Sir William Rowan Hamilton, and the chapters on Cardinals Newman and Manning, which had appeared before in the *Century Magazine* and *Littell's Living Age*. Another chapter of great interest is the one which tells of Aubrey de Vere's submission to the Roman Catholic Church, which occurred in November, 1851. This must be considered by all Catholics as the happiest of the poet's "Recollections," not only for himself, but for them, who must acknowledge a debt of gratitude to one who has accomplished so much for Catholic literature.

It is of interest to quote here one other paragraph from one of the poet's letters, concerning Mr. Gladstone. Mr. de Vere writes to us under the date of February 9th, 1897 :—

"It is generally thought that Gladstone was himself on the very point of making his submission to the Church at the time of the celebrated 'Gorham Judgment.' If he had done so how different, and how much nobler would his subsequent career have proved; he might have done really what Disraeli only professed to do, viz., educated the Tory party. *He* educated it out of its traditions, but into no principles good or bad."

It is to be hoped that Aubrey de Vere will live to publish the second volume of his "Recollections," which will include sketches of many interesting people, who were friends and admirers of the poet.*

HELEN GRACE SMITH.

SACRIFICIUM EUCHARISTICUM.

THE crimson poppies droop and fade,
 The sun glares o'er the burning sand ;
 Where shall I find the cooling shade
 The great rock in a weary land ?

Burdened with sin, toilworn and weak,
 From out the wilderness, husk-fed,
 Athirst and hungered, Lord, I seek
 Water of life, and heavenly bread.

Help Thou, for other help is none,
 Christ crowned with thorny anadem !
 I long to touch, ere day is done,
 Thy seamless garment's healing hem.

I kneel before the sacred sign,
 I bend below Thy wounded feet ;
 Thy pierced hands, dear Lord, clasp mine,
 I hear Thee whisper, " Take and eat."

I do not ask how can it be,
 Thy flesh the bread, Thy blood the wine ?
 I only know Thou givest me
 To eat and drink the food divine ;

And that refreshed, with heart aglow,
 I rise, and slowly pass away ;
 Lonely no more, for Thou dost go
 With me along the winding way.

JAMES BOWKER.

THROUGH THE MISTS.

A SPIRITUAL ALLEGORY.

I.

SHE was walking with her father, her little trusting hand in his, through a peaceful valley that the wild hills guarded, by busy hedge and happy meadow, on a morning of the new Spring. The child-heart was very full of the love it prattled of; so (she thought) were the hearts of bird and river and the merry breeze, unless their voices were untrue.

Yes, indeed she loved her father, with a child's vehemence if with something of a child's change. He was all that a good father could be to her; full of a love ripe, unchanging, unselfish; provident for her every want; chiding sometimes and gently her faults, her fickleness, her little selfishness; mindful only of the love, forgetful of the waywardness; happy in her happiness, grieving for her lightest sorrow.

How much of this she did not understand! she loved only the eyes that laughed with her or pitied her, not the eyes that reproached, that rebuked, strong with that uttermost strength of love to deny where to give is not the best. She did not understand—she was a child—that in those there shone perhaps the deeper and the truer love. Indeed, concerning love there were many things she did not understand; among them this, that there was a love higher than that which was offered with smile and caress and hand-in-hand enjoyment—a love, that is, of trial, of absence, of darkness, of a blind trust.

Her little heart was not unlike the meadowland they passed through: all light and laughter in the glad sunshine, and lo! a sudden cloud—and the valley seems to shudder and all the songs from the wood are hushed. A postponed pleasure, a light reproof, a fond plan thwarted—her little world seemed to be spoiled of all its sweetness. For this sometimes her father would reprove her, very gently, as was his wont. Perhaps he did not know how much she suffered; or—perhaps he thought that some day a real sorrow might reveal to her a sweetness which depended less on the sun

or shadow of the moment, more on the larger promise of the year which both were to bring to the fulfilment. One of the lessons a little child may learn is that a broken toy need not drain the sweetness from the world; another, and a diviner, that *other* children may have broken their toys, nay, sometimes, perhaps, their little, weary hearts—and be smiling bravely through it all—who knows?

They walked on together by the silent river that swept by the base of the hills; then across and slowly up the gradual green slopes, through rich belts of merry woodland, on to the bleak rock terraces above. And, as they went, she gathered flowers—a little wayward bouquet for him. He always keeps these flowers.

"Dear child," he said, and drew her near to him, "I think—I know—you love me. And—if I wish to try your love?—"

The quick tears came to her eyes.

"No! not to try it—I do not doubt it—but to make it stronger—to make it stronger."

"Could it be stronger, father?"

"The sun is shining, and you are holding my hand," he said gently.

"I don't understand about the sun," she said, "but I know that you love me when you hold my hand; I do not doubt you."

"No; and, if I went away, you would still love me? If I asked you to do something for me—something perhaps you could not understand—if I asked you to wait, could you trust me? If the sun was not shining?" he added playfully, to chase away the tears.

"Father, what difference would that make?" she smiled.

"Only this," he said. "I do want you to do something for me, something you may not understand—I want you to make a journey for me, without me, though I shall not be far off. You will not find it very hard when the sun is shining, but when the clouds come and the darkness—"

"You will see how brave I can be—for you."

"Yes, yes, that is what I shall see."

He pointed high up along the ridge to its proudest peak. Through a rift in the clouds above it, a shaft of sun struck down upon the hills, and in the glory of it gleamed a white city, pinnacle, and tower, and battlement; and far below at its feet there swayed the restless fringes of the sea.

"That is home," he said. "Will you try and climb there—for me? I will meet you there."

"Yes, yes!" she said joyfully. "For you!"

She clapped her hands as a child will that sees the prize; she thought of the home and the happy meeting, not of the parting and the rugged way that lay between her and the gleaming gates.

He showed her a path out in the hill-side by many weary feet. Here and there gaunt grey boulders pushed out from the bare soil, and a few wilful vagrant briers, clung by them and crept across the narrow way.

"From sunset to sunrise without fail," he said, "a beacon light burns on the city walls to guide the traveller. Keep your eyes upon the light. Look down into the valley," he went on, "where the white road winds here and there by the river. That, too, leads to the city. It is easier though longer, and in itself safer than this. And yet I would rather have you stay upon the hills—I am always here. Will you go down, little one?"

"No, no! father, I will stay near you upon the hills."

"Good-bye, my child," he said, "good-bye." And the strong lips quivered.

"Good-bye," she answered, very bravely. And after a few steps turned, as lovers turn, and saw him gazing wistfully after her. She waved her hand still very bravely—thinking of the city. He was thinking of the night, and the sorrows that were hidden in the shadow of it. Cruel sorrows! oh, bitterly, needlessly cruel—if there were purpose in them, no one to share them, no one to crown them, no one to meet when the shadows have passed and the bright day breaks.

Yes, the sun still was shining, and still the valley slept very peacefully in the giant arms of the hills. But, as a bend in the path hid her father from view, everything seemed so much less bright—so much less bright the river, so much less near the city. The sun still shone, but she could not hold his hand!

And when the evening drew silently on, and a chill breeze stole up the valley from the sea, sweeping the sullen clouds together—the city seemed very far away, and the little feet began to tire. The red sun dipped down into the sea, the twilight gathered and began to fade—and a light shot up from the city of the hills.

"Keep your eyes on the light," he had said, and as the thought of him came to her, the city again seemed near, and the little heart grew brave again. Then a great mist steamed up from the white river, and the darkness groped down along the hills, and, after, the pitiless rain. She was afraid—half afraid. Yet still from the beautiful city the beacon light burned brighter as the darkness grew more black.

"Keep your eyes upon the light!"

But then—oh! then the light seemed slowly to go out!

"Without fail from sunset to sunrise a beacon burns on the city walls." Had he ever spoken what was false? Never before! never before!

She was not very wise—she was a child.

"I always stay upon the hills. I shall not be far off," he had said. But the light was out and she could see no one. The wind and the rain were very wild—she could not hear. She sat down by the way, and cried—like a child. The light was out, and there was no hope. She would go down the hill and try the lower road. If she had only known how near he was, as he had promised to be; how it filled his eyes and his heart with great tears to know she was suffering so much!

And yet he does not help her. Why not? A word was enough, and he will not speak it. Why not? Why not? Perhaps there is no traveller who knows the answer in its fulness; they know it at the city. But some of it, much of it she learned before the morning.

He saw her sitting, hopeless, helpless, untrustful and afraid, forgetting all his lessons, all his promises—and hers. Was he disappointed? No, no! he knew she was a child—his child. Angry? Much less this. Or grieved? Oh, for her grief, yes!—her little grief as he could see it with the promise of the end; her great crushing sorrow as her own dim eyes could see it and her slight bent shoulders bear it. If she could but catch one glimpse of his dear face all transfigured with pity, or (if she could not see him for the dark, or hear him for the wind) if she could but feel upon her face the warm tears fall—warm as the raindrops were not warm.

And yet he did not go to her.

But he has other children; other children on the hills—in the mists; and there is a certain divine unselfishness of his by which

he denies himself the highest happiness of healing our wounds directly, and gives another weak little fellow-traveller the power, and the will—and the love to do it in his stead. It is one of his sweetest ways.

She was just beginning her descent to the lower road when she heard a voice—a boy's voice—close to her, calling to her. Something in the tones reminded her strangely of a brother very dear to her, but there was in it a maturer gentleness, an older sweetness—and besides, *he* would not be out on a wild night like this upon the hills.

"Have you lost your way?" the boy said gently, you seem very cold and wet. Is there no one to take care of you?"

"No, not now!" she said ruefully.

"Have you no father?" he said.

"Yes."

"And is he not kind to you?"

"Oh, yes! at least he always used to be. But—he left me here alone in the dark and cold—I am very cold."

"Then he can't be very kind," he said; he was smiling but she could not see him.

"Oh yes! don't say that—he is—he *is* kind. He asked me if I could bear it—for him—and——"

"And you said yes."

"But I didn't know it would be so cold and dark."

"Perhaps it isn't so dark after all. Isn't that a light over there?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she said eagerly. That's my light! It went out just now."

"Oh, did it? are you quite sure?" He was still smiling.

"Yes," she said, "the light went out, and I was going down to the lower road."

"My father told me the light wouldn't go out," he said.

"Yes, my father told me so too," she answered with something of remorse.

"And I was thinking," he went on, "that perhaps there might have been a mist between you and the light, and that it was burning always though you couldn't see it. You have only got to wait a bit till the mist clears, you know."

"And so you have a father too?" she said. "Why, you're cold and wet like me—more cold and wet than I am. Does he leave you too in the night?"

"I don't think he leaves me, but sometimes I can't see him, and sometimes the mists come."

"And you trust him through it all?"

"I try to."

"Is it hard?"

"Sometimes very hard."

"Oh, I'm so glad!—I mean—you must be so tired and cold."

"Not so tired now."

"Why?"

"Because—oh, I think because you see the light!"

"Why are you so kind to me?"

"He taught it to me."

"Who?"

"Our father."

"Our father?" she asked wonderingly.

"Yes, dearest; ours!"

And then she recognised him.

"Dear brother"—after a long, happy pause—"are you often out in the dark?"

"Often, often."

"And the mists come, and the light goes out—I mean you cannot see the light?"

"Yes. Often the mists come and the light is hidden."

"And does it always come back again?" This so wistfully.

"Always, dear."

"I didn't know you were ever out in the darkness," she said, "indeed I didn't know you at all at first. Perhaps—perhaps—I don't think you used to be so kind—that is so *very* kind to me?"

"No, no!" he said hastily, "I think not. I had not then been out in the mists. They teach one many things—and chiefly love."

"And chiefly love," she whispered.

"And now, dearest," the brother said, "you will get up bravely and go on?"

"Not together?"

"No, not together."

"Oh, why not? why not?"

"Because he wishes it so."

"Oh, why does he wish it?"

"I do not know, little one, I have often wondered. But

sometime I *feel* it is better so—if harder.”

“But if I faint again?”

“You will call to me, and I shall help you. Ah, dearest, you forget the mists come often between me and the light. The next time I may be weak and you strong, I may call out, and you answer and cheer me!”

“That is worth climbing for,” she said lovingly.

“Yes, I think so—and so does *he*. . . . So you will not take the lower road, after all?”

“Oh, no! if he will help me and you are near.”

“If he will help you—is not that enough?”

There was a pause in the storm.

“I think I heard some one pass,” she said.

“*He* is always near, dearest, as he promised. Good bye!”

“Good bye—and we meet?”

“At home at least,” he said, and pointed to the light.
“Good bye.”

“Good bye—good bye!”

Then they both struggled on by their separate paths up the wild hills on to the light. Some one had passed her. She could not see him a few dark steps in front, clearing the cruel thorns from across her path, moving a stone here lest she stumble, placing another there lest she slip. She could not hear his “Poor child! Poor child! Dear child!” But she could—*trust*.

II.

Her tears fell very fast as her brother's steps died away up the hillside. “Very weak and very wrong to cry like this,” she said to herself, thinking that somehow her tears did not befit her new courage. Very weak—Yes! dear child, for in our bravest days we are always very weak. But very wrong? No! Such tears—are they not dear to your father, who, when, long ago, his ways were through the shadows of the mists, shed very many.

But they went on falling, and she found they rather helped her, and began to doubt if after all they were so wrong.

Then she looked up, and—*the light was out!* No—she could not say that—perhaps her tears were blinding her! No, there was more than her tears between her and the light. The cruel

mists had crept up again—between her and the light—between her and the memory of the father's face, the beckoning, strengthening eyes, the welcoming lips. And then began the struggle—the hard, dark, weary climbing.

But she did not stumble; she was not bruised and bleeding as she might have feared, not knowing how every painful step had been passed over by loving, weary feet, and all the painfulest smoothed away and softened.

And yet it was hard—very hard!

"Very hard sometimes," her brother had said.

"And do you trust him through it all?"

"I try to."

"Why are you so kind to me?"

"Because he taught it to me."

"Who?"

"Our father."

"Our father?"

"Yes, ours!"

Yes, *ours*! Courage! the same father, the same home. So came echoes of her happy meeting; so they were meant to come. And they gave her strength. And yet—it was very hard. For soon the thoughts seemed less real, less true. The storm was louder than the echoes. Then it was bitterly hard.

"And, dearest, are you often out in the dark? Does the light *always* come back again?"

"Always, dear."

But the storm was louder. Always? Perhaps—perhaps not always? Perhaps only always to him, not to me.

She did not hear the steps in front of her that trod down and prepared her path. She did not hear his "Dear child! Brave child!" Yes, brave child, indeed!—for all the tears and the doubts. For still she struggled on, and still the grey mists swayed between her and the light. And then, on a sudden, just when another rugged path cut into her own and climbed on with it, she could see a dark form crouched at her feet. Another weak—weaker little maiden lay there; she had been carrying something very heavy.

She bent down to the frail child—frailer and weaker than herself. She had thought a moment since no one could be that. Oh, the mists, the mists!

"Are you tired, dearest?" she said.

Why "dearest?"—she did not know the child. Then she remembered. "*They teach one many things, and chiefly love.*"

"Are you tired, dearest?"

"Ah, very tired and cold. . . . The light went out."

"No! no! You mustn't say that—the mists came between you and the light."

"Yes . . . the mists came!" the little one said wearily.

"The light didn't go out—it can't go out, you know!" She believed this now.

"I could not see it—can you?"

"No, dear, not now—the mists came."

"Oh, why did the mists come? It is so cruel! Does the light ever come back again?"

"Yes, dear, yes!"

"Always?"

"Always, always, dearest!"

"Look down there,"—the little one pointed—"there is a lower road, it does not seem so dark there." As sometimes happens on the hills, the mists clung about the shoulders of them while the valley below was free. Through a rent in the storm a faint moon lit up the winding road.

"It does not seem so dark," she pleaded, "not so steep, not so dangerous."

"No, dear; there is more danger on the hills."

"Why don't you go down then?"

"Because—because here there is more love."

"More love?" the little one asked wonderingly.

"Yes," the other answered as she bent down and kissed the cold white forehead—"more love, oh, so much more love!"

"Why are you so kind to me?" the white face whispered.

"Because he taught it to me."

"Who?"

"Our father. Yes, *ours!*"

How quickly she had guessed the divine truth, that all—especially in the mists and on the mountains—are children of the same father.

There was another pause in the voice of the storm. "I heard a step," the little one said.

"Yes, he is always near, you know," the stronger child answered. And then she heard *him* say—"Brave child! Dearest child!" But she did not see his face. . . .

"And now, dear, shall we go down to the lower road?"

"No," said the little one, "no!"

"But it is easier!" she said smiling.

"But there is less love," the other said simply, as she drew closer to her new protector.

"Shall we go on then—on and up together?"

"Yes, oh yes, together."

"See! the light! Our light—our home, not very far." For the mists had lifted.

The little one had struggled to her feet. The elder child—now how strong, how brave she felt!—took up the heavy burden.

"No, you must not carry it all," the other said.

"Yes, you are weaker, and you are much more tired, you know, than I am."

"But why should you carry it all?" she pleaded.

"Because—oh perhaps because I've been out in the mists, and the mists teach many things—but chiefly love."

"Yes, chiefly love," the little one whispered.

"And now, dear, you must lean on me. . . . Courage, courage! Keep your eyes on the light—and home, not very far—not very far."

And then again he passed them, and this time *she* saw *his* face! Only for an instant. He passed by. And the mists dropped down again between them and the light. Still it was easier now—so much easier!

"It is easier now," the elder whispered.

"Oh, yes, much easier. How strong you are, and brave!"

The other laughed. "I feel so now," she said.

"But you are always strong and brave!"

"No, no, dear, oh, no! Soon you will find me fallen across the path. I shall be worn out, and you will be strong and brave. Then you will lift me up, and take my burden, and let me lean on you, won't you?"

"Oh that would be worth fighting for! But—I could not bear you up, I am so weak."

"Yes, dear! I think you could, you will."

"But how—how?"

"Do you not guess?"

"Yes, yes!" the little one said joyfully "yes! Because the mists teach many things, and chiefly love—and chiefly love."

"And *only* love perhaps," the other answered, and kissed the bright, happy, upturned face.

He passed again, and this time they both saw his face.

"And *only* love," the little one whispered when he had passed on.

Courage, children, courage! The mists will rise and the night pass. One father, one home, and home not so far, not so very far away. Trust Him, trust Him through the darkness and the mists—and He is not far off. "Bear ye one another's burdens" up the hard ways, across the hills, in the darkness, through the mists, and you shall see His face one day (nearer than you dream) you shall see only His face, only His face—and that is Home.

* * * * *

"Perhaps the mists teach only one thing, dearest, after all?"

"Yes, only one thing—love," she answered very trustfully.

And yet the gray mists still were moving between them and the light.

* * * * *

Yes, there is a riper sweetness, a profounder meaning in the coming and going of the mists than in all the splendour of an April day. In the wonder of the spring in May, indeed, if we have lover's eyes, we see the smiles of our father's face; in the *mists*—we see his tears, the tears he sheds for us, with us. In the flush of May we pluck bright flowers, we wander alone; we can see the light, we do not need a guide. When the mists are gathered and the light is hidden—then we must seek it—the same light in the heart of a fellow traveller; if one who can forget his own darkness, his own burden, his own tears, to remember ours.

If we are very happy children, we find another child—frailer, weaker, fallen across the path; we take her burden, we make her lean upon us, we climb together—and then we see His face. Perhaps we are separated from those we love; but it is only to find—in the mists—those who are, if possible, more dear.

There is no sorrow so bitter but the dear endeavour to heel

another's wounds will sweeten it ; no burden so heavy that it is not lightened by the added weariness of another child's. This is the message of the mists.

Their silent comings we can watch for without dread, nay, we can learn to love them. There are bitter sorrows hidden in the folds of them ; but there is a lasting peace, and "there is more love, oh so much more love !" There are footsteps in the pauses of the storm and a shadow that passes—sometimes the glimpse of a dear, pitying human face.

What matter, then, if the mists still sway between us and the light ?

J. T

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

THE next acrostic that we propose to the ingenuity of a very select band of our readers is by "Slieve Gullion" of *The Nation*, the author of "Ourselves Alone," the translator of "The Song of Roland"—the good and gifted Judge O'Hagan, to whose memory Father Nicholas Walsh, S.J., inscribes his new work on the "Comparative Number of the Lost and Saved." John O'Hagan was one of the few who could make an acrostic a real poem. But, before proposing a fresh puzzle, let us see how many have solved the preceding one. Several new competitors have entered the arena. The acrostic words adumbrated in No. 41 are *fur*, *boa*, and the "lights" are *fob*, *uomo*, and *rosetta*. J. C. (thanks for his valuable letter) is, as usual, right all through ; but a novice, J. G., gives us the third light *Rosa*, which is a rose, not a diminutive rose. I think it is J. W. A. who gives *rosula*, which verifies all the terms but is not in use like *rosetta*. Another new comer, L. F. M., breaks down at the second light. The Italian of "Hugh" is not "Ugo" but "Ugone," as Mr. Savage-Armstrong's readers know. A third novice, "Led," gives *uomo* correctly but follows it up with "Rosina," appending, however, a judicious note of interrogation.

And now I hand over to the printer Judge O'Hagan's melodious and ingenious lines.

No. 42.

I served the palmer's humble needs,
I served the hermit in his cell :
My comrades were the staff and beads,
'The sandal shoon and scallop-shell.
Alas ! the worst corruption springs,
'Tis written, from the purest things.

Companion now of all that's base,
The servant of a knavish crew,
To me his fall the dupe may trace,
To me his rise the parvenu.
And yet, whatever be asserted,
My hope is still to be converted.

II.

Insensible, and dull, and hard !
Are these the names to me you give ?
Not aspen-leaf, not seaman's card,
More tremulous and sensitive ;
By turns elated and depressed,
With every breath from east or west.

Though now you scarce can recognise
My yoke upon the necks of men,
Though flung aside for looser ties,
Yet am I not—I ask again—
The proudest boast of lineage high ?
What numbers wish my first were I !

1. Brightly shone the sinuous gold,
2. When to me the mayor was wending.
3. Love that sprang from hate of old.
4. For my captive daughter bending.
5. Merry, mischievous, and bold.

O.



DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DAY OF RECKONING.

Another's [wrath] harms us,
But we perish by our own.

W. S. LANDOR.

MR. KITTLESHOT, Junior, and his two sons had returned from the South of France about the middle of January, but Mrs. Kittleshot was remaining there until May.

Horace and Bertie were still giving trouble to their father. Their mother had pleaded hard that they might be left with her, but this young Mr. Kittleshot would not hear of. He knew now that her influence had not been good; that at home she had frequently allowed them to shirk their lessons, had taken their part against servants and tutors, and supplied the boys with a great deal of money in addition to the ample sum he regularly allowed them.

For many reasons, therefore, he was glad to have the lads in his own hands, and he flattered himself that matters would quickly improve. Unhappily, they became if anything rather worse than before.

It seemed somehow as if nobody could be trusted. Tutor after tutor had been discharged, but as yet the men had not been met with who were capable of controlling the movements of Masters Bertie and Horace. Their father's own master-passion, business, was as strong as ever, and he begrudged every hour spent out of his office.

Very reluctantly he set a spy upon his sons' movements; but he was quite unconscious of the fact that this spy was already in the pay of the persons he was told to watch. The private detective was Joe Spinnocks, head gardener at Hardlow Hall—the gentleman we met in an early chapter of this history in company with our old friend Billy Lethers.

Mr. Spinnocks had flourished like the trees and flowers of his own garden, and it really seemed as though he were about to increase his prosperity tenfold.

"If at night time you will keep an eye upon my sons," Mr. Kittleshot, Junior, had said, "I will make it worth your while."

"If you will just tip us the wink when the course is clear," the boys had said to him, "we'll make it all right with you."

Joe Spinnocks had put his hand to a task that was both difficult and dangerous, but he did not despair of its accomplishment. Low cunning is often a match for natural astuteness. The head gardener knew all about the doings of Masters Horace and Bertie, and could have horrified his master exceedingly if he had chosen to do so. He knew the company they kept and the places they frequented. He knew how much they owed for wine and billiards at the Queen's Head, and he knew how much they had borrowed from a certain clerk in their father's office. He knew also that this young man was their constant companion.

But why should he blow upon the lads straight off? he asked himself. Why not get as much out of them as he could? He had already been their ally for several years and they had paid him well for his services. Of course, this could not go on for very long, and in the end he would have to go over altogether to the side that paid best. He had an idea that the father's side would prove the more remunerative in the long run. In the meantime, however, he would squeeze the lads dry. If they were heavily in debt, had they not a rich and foolish mother to fall back upon?

Joe played his cards with care.

"I don't think I'd go to the Queen's Head to-night if I was you," he said to the lads one day. "Your father's going to attend a meeting there, I know."

"Thanks awfully, Joe," Bertie answered. "That's just the sort of information we want."

"It's cheap enough at the price, isn't it?"

"Well, look here—I can give you only five bob to-day."

"I must have ten before six o'clock. Haven't I saved you from certain ruin?"

"You have, Joe, but money's awfully hard to get just now."

"That's what I find. I reckon your father'd give me more than that if I made a bargain with him."

Bertie turned pale. He was not rosy at any time, and both he and his brother were beginning to feel the effects of their dissipation. Their mother had continually implored them to see

a doctor, but up to the present they had evaded this.

Joe knew very well that the money would be forthcoming.

It was a miserable life for all concerned. Sooner or later exposure was inevitable—for the lads, at any rate.

"My boys were not in at eleven o'clock last night," said young Mr. Kittleshot to his gardener one morning. "They went to their study at eight and I thought I heard them going up to bed earlier than usual, but when I looked into their rooms they were not there."

"They had a little spin on their bikes, sir," said the unblushing gardener; "it was such a fine night if you remember, sir. I heard them come back soon after eleven."

"Oh, that's all right, I suppose," said the suspicious father. "By the way, Spinnocks, have you noticed that they are both looking rather unwell, just now?"

"I have, sir," Joe answered, catching at the straw, "and it was on that account I made bold to recommend the young gentlemen to take more bicycle exercise. And these fine frosty nights, sir, are good to be out in."

"Hum. Glad they took your advice."

Mr. Kittleshot Junior went to his office, and Joe walked slowly in the direction of the conservatory, laughing as he did so.

Spinnocks would not have laughed if he had chanced to look round. Close to the place where he had met his master a lad, concealed by some bushy shrubs, was working quietly and had overheard everything. He had also heard what the head gardener had said to two or three others a little earlier in the day, and the two statements were irreconcilable.

Fred Morris stood for some minutes looking in the direction of the conservatory. He was a God-fearing lad and had quite lately "sat under" Mr. Spinnocks at the Hardlow Primitive Methodist chapel. Fred was as sincere a fellow as ever prayed at a prayer-meeting or met in an experience class. If he was a bit of a prig he did not know it, and any little error of that kind was more the fault of the sect he belonged to than of his natural character. He loved his religion, and, in default of anything better, since he knew of nothing better, it was to him a source of comfort and of strength.

"I mun a' bin dreamin'," he said to himself again and again; but he knew that he had not, and the good heart in him became

heavy. There were those in Hardlow who would rejoice over a fall like this, but Fred Morris was not one of them.

The doings of the Kittleshot boys were common property. There was not a labourer about the place, or a servant about the house, who could not have given a fairly accurate account of Horace and Bertie's proceedings of the previous night. They had gone out on their bicycles, it is true; but they had been carried home in the early morning by their "friends," and a servant in their pay had sat up to receive them.

Fred was in a dilemma. Joe Spinnocks had given him the job he was on, and Joe could deprive him of it. And then—who would believe him, Fred Morris, against a man like the head gardener—a man of power in Hardlow, a local preacher and a class leader?

The lad called to mind many things he had seen and heard that puzzled him at the time. He had seen Spinnocks and the young gentlemen whispering together on many occasions; he had missed Joe from week-night prayer-meeting for some time past, and had afterwards seen him hanging about in out-of-the-way places; he had also lately seen his master in frequent conference with Mr. Kittleshot—a very unusual thing with the factory owner who took no more notice of the garden or the gardener than of a heap of stones by the road-side.

So Fred in his slow way puzzled over the thing for a whole week without coming to any conclusion at all. He felt great pity for the lads, and, in his simple manner, prayed for them daily.

A fortnight went by, and a tea-meeting followed by a concert took place in connection with Fred's chapel. The programme was of prodigious length, and the lad found himself walking home at the, to him, abnormally late hour of a quarter to ten. Suddenly, as he turned a corner, he came full upon Mr. Kittleshot Junior. Fred touched his hat and passed on, but Mr. Kittleshot, who was walking very fast, did not appear to notice him. However, Fred had not walked many yards when he heard quick footsteps behind him, and, turning round, he faced his employer.

"You're in my service—aren't you?" asked the mill owner.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you happen to have seen my sons to-night—at any time?"

"No, sir, but——"

"But what?"

Fred blushed and hesitated.

"Have you any idea at all where I shall be likely to find them?"

"Well, sir——"

"Tell me all you know," Mr. Kittleshot Junior demanded fiercely, "and at once, or I discharge you on the spot."

"I know, sir, they're often at the Queen's Head," the lad stammered, frightened at his master's vehemence.

"You have seen them there?"

"I've seen 'em leaving, sir."

Young Mr. Kittleshot took out his watch and stepped to the nearest lamp-post.

"It's nearly ten," he ejaculated, and then—"don't you go home yet; I want you. Come with me!"

Fred found it hard to keep up with the enraged father, but after a few minutes' quick walking they arrived at the door of the "Queen's Head." A small crowd was on the pavement outside, and in the door-way stood Bertie and Horace and the young man in their father's office, all noisily protesting that it was not yet ten o'clock, and that they wouldn't go home till morning. Both the lads were evidently excited with drink, and the crowd was laughing so much at their speech and antics that, until Mr. Kittleshot had taken them both by the collar and dragged them down the steps, no one noticed his presence.

A great silence fell upon the little crowd. The young clerk had slipped behind the outer door of the inn—not, however, before his employer recognised him.

"Take that boy by the collar," said Mr. Kittleshot to Fred, and almost throwing the younger lad in his direction, "and don't let go of him."

Both the boys were somewhat sobered by the time they reached Hardlow Hall, but it was only when they got inside the house that Fred Morris was dismissed.

"Let me see you before nine in the morning," his master had said to him.

The father pushed his sons into the first room he came to and rang the bell.

"Ask Mr. Nelson and Mr. White to come here at once," he said to the servant, and very soon the two tutors entered the room

"Aye," said one man-servant to another as he listened outside to the sound of flogging within and the cries of the lads under the lash, "I'm afraid that's a bit too late now. A year or two ago it might have saved 'em."

"Yes," answered the butler, "it saves a lot o' trouble if you take that sort o' thing in time. And he's in such a rage, he'll overdo it now if he's not careful," the man added, as the shrieks of the younger boy began to make themselves heard.

The day of reckoning had come—not only for Bertie and his brother, but for Joe Spinnocks and several others.

Mr. Kittleshot, Junior, very reluctantly sacrificed the whole of the next day to the doing of what, as a father, he ought to have done long before. He examined every servant in the house, and every man and boy employed in garden and stables.

Fred Morris found himself witness in chief, for young Mr Kittleshot, at an early stage of the proceedings was shrewd enough to perceive that in this clumsy lad he had a person absolutely trustworthy. So Fred had to remain in the room while his fellow-servants gave their evidence—an arrangement they greatly resented but one that made largely for veracity.

At the end of the day, five persons received their discharge from Mr. Kittleshot's service, and among them was Joe Spinnocks.

The master of the house sat far into the night, trying to form some plan for the immediate reformation of his sons. He was puzzled—disgusted—bitterly angry.

"If only I had a friend to advise and help me!" he groaned to himself as the clock in the stable-yard tolled two.

But, through his own foolish fault, Mr. Kittleshot, Junior, was without a friend. To appeal to his father in such an emergency would be too humiliating after the repeated warnings that far-seeing old gentleman had given him. He thought once of calling the next day at Ridingdale Hall; on reflection, however, he pronounced the notion an impossible one. Already his pride was sufficiently hurt.

Could he trust Mr. Nelson?—he asked himself. The other tutor, Mr. White, was one of the discharged.

"It's the most natural thing to do after all," Mr. Kittleshot reflected. "I believe the man would have done his duty by them if White had backed him up."

It never for a moment occurred to the father that what the tutors had always lacked was a parental "backing up."

The next day Mr. Kittleshot had a long interview with the remaining tutor.

"I will do nothing unless you give me a perfectly free hand," Mr. Nelson said to his employer, very firmly and respectfully. "Allow me this, and I will do all that a tutor can do."

Mr. Kittleshot looked at the young university man—almost a foot taller than himself, and possessed of an enviable breadth of chest—looked at him admiringly and enquiringly.

"Can you really manage the two of them?" he asked.

"Better than if I had a colleague," said the young Cantab with great decision.

"Then you shall have the freest possible hand. You may do whatever you like with them, and no person shall interfere with you. Flog them every day of their life, and several times a day, if you will," Mr. Kittleshot went on, his anger breaking out afresh as he thought of the past. "You may keep them in irons day and night, if you like: I certainly will not interfere, and I will take care that nobody else does so. Let them lead the life of young convicts and galley-slaves. Break them in as you would young colts or unruly puppies."

Mr. Kittleshot seemed beside himself as, raising his voice, and pacing the room, he continued for some time in this strain, and the suppressed smile that had risen to the tutor's lips in the beginning gave place to an expression of astonishment and alarm.

The truth was, Mr. Nelson knew much but not all. Only two people in the world, besides the culprit himself, were aware that Bertie Kittleshot had forged his father's name to a cheque, and that it had cost many times the value of the cheque to prevent the boy's appearance in the prisoner's dock. This was a secret that the father was not going to confide even to Mr. Nelson.

"I don't think anything of that kind will be necessary," the tutor said as soon as Mr. Kittleshot had finished; "but since you have mentioned flogging and the rest, I shall be able to frighten them into subjection, if other methods fail, by the mere mention of these things."

"And if the mere mention of them fails, I insist upon your using them, sir," Mr. Kittleshot rejoined with great heat.

"I take it," the tutor said, ignoring his employer's last words—"I take it, sir, that you wish me to be responsible for the boys at all times. If this be so, I must ask you to allow me to regulate their diet, their hours of sleep, their dress, their recreations, and in short——"

"Mr. Nelson!" exclaimed the father stopping suddenly in front of the tutor's chair; "have I not already said that the boys are completely and entirely in your hands, and that you are to do with them at all times whatever you think best, and in every possible way? Feed them on bread and water, if you will, and clothe them in fustian. Make them work from morning till night, if you think fit. I have only two requests to make—first, that they may be frequently punished; secondly, that they may be kept out of my sight as much as possible."

"I understand," said Mr. Nelson, as he rose and bowed and left the room.

"And these are the lads," he said to himself as he entered his own chamber,—“these are the poor fellows whose father and mother allowed them to take scented baths every morning of their life. Well, my boys, in future you won't bully the servant because he has used eau de Cologne instead of attar of roses."

A footman entered the tutor's room with a note from his master, and two keys.

"These are the keys of my sons' rooms," the note ran, "where they have been confined since the night before last. I am more grateful to you than I can say. Permit me to add that, as you have undertaken the work of two men, I shall expect you to receive the salary of two."

"May God help me!" said the young man to himself as he put down the note. "I have undertaken a difficult task." His eye fell upon his mother's portrait which stood on his writing-table. He took up the framed photograph and pressed it to his lips.

"A double salary, mother darling!" he murmured, his eyes fixed upon the portrait of a sweet-looking lady past middle age, and wearing a widow's cap. "There's news for you! I would do my best under any circumstances, but for your dear sake I will do more—if possible."

He took up the two keys and began to think.

"Namby-pamby I won't be, and cruel I cannot be," he said

to himself. "Poor young beggars!—it's not entirely their own fault."

But his first interview with his pupils was not encouraging.

"We must begin to work," he said to Bertie whom he visited first. "We left off here," he continued with his finger upon one of the several books he had brought with him.

"O, go to hell!" exclaimed the sullen boy, taking the Virgil and flinging it with great force across the room.

"No," said Mr. Nelson sitting down, "with the help of God I'm not going to do that. What is more, I want to prevent your going there."

"Tell papa I want to see him—at once," the lad shouted.

"Your father will not see you," remarked the tutor calmly. "You and your brother are now entirely under my care."—Mr. Nelson proceeded to explain the situation in detail.

"Where is White?" demanded Bertie.

"Mr. White left the house yesterday."

"It's all a pack of lies!" the lad ejaculated, repeating the assertion with an oath, and tossing himself over in bed; neither of the boys could get up for the reason that all their clothes had been removed.

"It is now eleven o'clock," said the tutor, looking at his watch. "At three o'clock I shall be here again. If you have prepared your Virgil by that time, I may allow you to get up and dress."

Mr. Nelson left the room and locked the door.

His interview with the younger boy, Horace, was scarcely more satisfactory. But when three o'clock came, in each case the Virgil had been prepared.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

POINTS OF VIEW.

Don't catch the fidgets ; you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss.

O. W. HOLMES.

The winter was a remarkably mild one, and even February failed to fill the dykes with snow. Building operations had scarcely been interrupted since they were started, and Mr. Kittleshot's school was rising fast. One side of the great quadrangle—the part devoted to class-rooms and the big hall for study—was nearly completed, and it seemed likely that the day-school would be started immediately after Easter.

The Squire had already been commissioned by Mr. Kittleshot to engage three first-class masters, and the salary proposed by the millionaire was so much above the average that Ridingle was on the point of remonstrating. On second thoughts, however, he did not do so. "We shall be able to look about us, and pick and choose," he remarked to the Colonel.

The old soldier had almost ceased to protest against anything. Kittleshot's munificence made him dumb. To be jealous of such a man was absurd. As Father Horbury said:—"Mr. Kittleshot had not only the power but the will to act with princely generosity, and any attempt to check him would be criminal."

All the same, the Colonel longed to have a finger in this huge pie. To be a member of the future board of management was something, of course, but he would have liked to impress his personality upon the scheme itself.

"Have you thought of taking advantage of this school for your own lads?" he asked the Squire bluntly.

"Most certainly," said Ridingle. "Kittleshot very kindly and delicately put it to me the other day, and I told him how grateful I was for the opportunity."

"Quite right. And Byrse, I suppose, will be on the teaching staff."

"Kittleshot would like him to be at the head, I fancy."

"Humph! Is there to be no charge for anything?"

"Not a penny. One point Kittleshot seems doubtful about and that we are going to argue in committee: it is the question of a uniform."

"Ah!" the Colonel exclaimed. "An interesting point. We can fight over that."

There had been so little to fight over hitherto—"Kittleshot is so confoundedly business-like," he said—he was delighted to think that here at last was a debatable question.

Dr. Byrse was in frequent conference with the millionaire, and proved himself of the greatest use in suggesting ways and means of giving a sound musical education without neglecting, or materially interfering with, the ordinary course of studies. The rule that no boy should be admitted—at any rate, as a boarder—who could not show that he had some knowledge of, or some taste or capacity for vocal music, was to be enforced with strictness. The greatest care too was to be taken to exclude boys whose parents were really well-to-do. Mr. Kittleshot frequently said:—

"It is the gentleman who is poor through no fault of his own the widow lady of slender means, and with a family of growing boys; the professional man who, do what he will, cannot make ends meet—these are the folk I want to help. And I happen to know that such people are very numerous. If I had kept all the letters I have received from these unfortunates, they would form a small library of great interest. Of course, some were connected with bogus cases; and some no doubt were written by professional begging-letter writers, and a few were from worthless spendthrifts; but the number I personally investigated and found perfectly genuine was very large indeed. Now to take the children of such people and provide them with food, clothing, and education, is, in my opinion, a really charitable work."

Billy Lethers, who was now in possession of as many details of the matter as he could conveniently grasp, went about expressing his admiration of such beneficence and prophesying a great future for the town and neighbourhood of Ridingdale.

"It'll mek t'ould place luke up a bit, I'm thinkin'. I reckon in a year o' two's time there'll be four or five 'underd lads knockin' about t' straits. Fancy that!"—Billy would exclaim enthusiastically. "An' all on 'em to be fed and clothed! Why, folks 'll come and live i't' Dale o' popus. Trade goin' up a'

ready—dost th' say? Aye, lad, that's true; but it's got to go up a wee bit more yit. Wunna affec' my trade, y' think? Well, p'rhaps, it wunna. That doesna matter. T' Squire's put my trade on a good footin'."—an ancient joke of Billy's and one that he brought out whenever he could—"an' there's nowt to complain on. Why, there's 'eaps o' better-sort-o'-folks's childer as wears clogs now-dees, ony 'cos t' Squire's lads wears 'em. Meks no difference to my pocket now; but yo' mark my words: t' Dale cloggers, an' uther folks as well, owes a lot to Squire Ridingdale."

Perhaps the Vicar and his wife realised the truth of Billy's last assertion to the full. For some time past they had clothed themselves with metaphorical sack cloth: now that the beautiful façade of the west wing of the new school was nearing completion, they sat in metaphorical dust and ashes.

"We shall be ruined, my dear," the Vicar said to his wife. "As far as my parish is concerned, the Protestant cause is a lost one. It was bad enough before; but now——"

"You know how I begged you to get the Fires-of-Smithfield League people down last autumn," the lady rejoined reproachfully. "Perhaps it is too late now. Why will you procrastinate so much?"

The Vicar sighed. "They are such loud, vulgar people, my dear, and they don't seem to do a bit of good. Last time they came, four or five large families turned Papist immediately afterwards."

The two argued the matter at great length, and in the end the Vicar promised to talk over the affair with his churchwarden—Mr. Simpkit.

The wine merchant strongly opposed the bringing to Ridingdale of the Fires-of-Smithfield League.

"Get some special preachers at church if you will," said Mr. Simpkit, who was longing to hear a new voice from the pulpit.

"But the people we want to reach won't come," objected the Vicar.

"At any rate, it is worth trying. It could do no harm like—well, you know what."

"The very argument I used with my wife."

"Things are certainly beginning to look serious," the wine merchant continued. "As far as I can see, the Dale will become, before long, a regular stronghold of Popery. What is more, I see

no way of preventing such a catastrophe."

Now no one regretted this supposed calamity more than Mr. Simpkit; yet on the present occasion he was enjoying himself very much. He was watching the effects of his words upon the Vicar, and that effect was all the wine merchant could have wished for. To his mind the parson had never been thorough enough in his Protestantism. A low churchman he certainly was, but his attitude of mind towards dissenters was, to Mr. Simpkit's thinking, deplorable. The Vicar would combine with them for no purpose whatever.

But this was by no means the only complaint the churchwarden had to prefer against his minister—in many respects a very worthy man and, as his parishoners were fond of saying, "quite the gentleman."

"It's not that I want him to be less of a gentleman," Mr. Simpkit sometimes said, "but if he could only forget the fact a little now and then, there would be fewer empty pews in the church."

With the young and with the poor, the dissenters were having it all their own way in Ridingleale; for though charitable to a select few, and these not of the worthiest, the Vicar's manner was so stiff and repellent that those in distress had been heard to say they would starve rather than ask him for a loaf of bread. His attitude towards the young was so harsh and forbidding as almost deserving to be called a scandal.

The good man would have been horrified if he had suspected the amount of resentment that existed against him in his parish.

"You've caused many a tear to be shed since you came to Ridingleale," a poor woman once said to him; "but you've never dried one."

The Vicar told the woman that she was impudent, but the speech hurt him although he persuaded himself the words were untrue.

Now all these things were known and understood by Mr. Simpkit, and it seemed to him that a frightening might be good for the Vicar.

"With the help of a powerful man like Mr. Kittleshot——"

"But he has not become a papist!" the Vicar exclaimed.

He had turned very pale and was trembling with suppressed excitement and—resentment.

"Perhaps not," said the churchwarden calmly, "but I hear that he goes to Mass now almost every Sunday."

The Vicar groaned.

"And as you know, Mr. Vicar, in the eyes of the townspeople that's quite enough to make him a Romanist. A man is of the religion whose preacher he sits under, at least in this part of the world, and Mr. Kittleshot sits under the Popish priest. More than that, he openly praises Mr. Horbury's sermons."

There was a trifle of malice in this speech, and Mr. Simpkit smiled as his minister shifted uneasily in the office chair. The man of business had been absently turning over the pages of a ledger. He paused now as he came to a double folio headed "Kittleshot," and his hand rested upon it caressingly, while his eyes fell upon it lovingly. A long row of items filled an entire page on the Dr. side; on the other, a single entry in three figures shewed that the account was balanced almost as soon as it was incurred.

"Yes, it is hard to understand," said the wine merchant, as the Vicar did not attempt to break the silence; "very hard indeed. But I take it that there is a Providence in the matter if one only knew. God has His designs, no doubt; but for want of knowledge we cannot fathom them."

Eight months before, Mr. Simpkit had seen the hand of Providence plainly enough. The coming of Mr. Kittleshot had justified the wine merchant in sending his younger son to Rugby. If things continued as they were, the boy would go to Oxford. The lad was as bright as his elder brother was stupid, and Mr. Simpkit saw no reason why Frank should not be a bishop. And a low church bishop into the bargain.

"I suppose," began the Vicar slowly and with much hesitation, "you would—er—advise me, perhaps, to—er—to get a curate again?"

"Most certainly," answered Mr. Simpkit, closing the ledger with a bang. "Most certainly, Mr. Vicar."

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORY OF MOTHER MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL,

San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

THY bonds are sundered. Go, tried, captive soul
 Swift-pinioned, sweep beyond the furthest star,
 And wear for aye the crown and shining stole,
 Prepared for thee afar.

Thou art a living flame ; rise, mount, like fire.
 Thou art a white dove, haste to ply thy wing.
 Thou art a bride ; then, rapt by keen desire,
 Soar to thy Bridegroom-King.

Away, away from all this world of death !
 Break from thy prison, soon to be a clod
 An eager cry of love be thy last breath ;
 Go forth and find thy God.

Oh ! hear the voice that calleth from above ;
 " The winter now is past, the rain is gone,
 And spring is here ; arise, make haste, my Dove,
 My fair, my lowly One."

Obey—it is thy Well-Belovèd's voice ;
 He summons thee to gaze upon His Face,
 To share His life and e'en His throne*—rejoice
 And spring to His embrace.

The blessed soul has fled, and we are lorn ;
 Yet, while we gather round her snow-white bier,
 We sing her happy lot, we cannot mourn—
 Hope smiles and whispers cheer.

MICHAEL WATSON, S.J.

Melbourne.

* " To him that shall overcome, I will give to sit with Me, on My throne."—
Apoc. III., 21.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Life and Letters of Thomas Kilby Smith, Brevet Major-General, United States Volunteers 1820-1887.* By his son, Walter George Smith. (G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London).

It would be very easy to give to the books submitted to our notice this month the entire space at our disposal for prose and verse, essay and fiction. In the few pages that we can spare for our book-notes we can only hope to enable the intelligent reader to guess that certain books are in his line or at least worthy of further enquiry. The fine volume which we have named above is peculiarly unfitted for such summary treatment and is pretty sure to wile us back to it hereafter. Mr. Walter G. Smith, a distinguished lawyer of Philadelphia, has performed his filial task admirably. His father was one of the Northern Generals in the great Civil War of thirty odd years ago. His life is told in 163 of these royal octavo pages; and then three hundred pages are filled with his delightful letters sent home chiefly from the battle-field. The style of these letters is excellent from a literary point of view, and they are full of the most interesting and graphic details. But their worth and interest must be enhanced immensely for those who are in some degree familiar with most of the persons and places enumerated in the fifteen compact columns of the index. General Ulysses Grant and General Sherman paid high tributes to General Kilby Smith's distinction as a soldier. In private life he was the most amiable of men, devoted to his mother, his wife, and his children, one of whom has enshrined his memory in this beautiful volume. There are some finely executed portraits.

2. *Christianity or Agnosticism?* By the Abbé Louis Picard. London: Sands and Co. [Price 12s. 6d. net.]

This authorised translation has been revised by the Rev. J. G. McLeod, S.J., and Cardinal Vaughan's censor is the Rev. Sydney Smith, S.J., the editor of *The Month*. The author received earnest letters of approval from the Bishop of Laval and the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons; and Gladstone in the last year of his life wrote to him: "In the argument for Theism and for Christianity all my sympathies and convictions are with you, and I hope God may bless your book and cause it to save many souls from unbelief." Abbé Picard's 650 large and closely packed pages are full of solid learning, facts well marshalled and (as the favourite phrase goes) up to date. The year 1899 is not likely to add to English literature any volume more worthy of being placed in the library of a priest or of an intellectual layman.

3. *The Comparative Number of the Lost and the Saved.. A Study.* By the Rev. Nicholas Walsh, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son [Price 3s. 6d.]

This handsomely produced volume, which resembles in form and appearance the Author's *Life of Cardinal Franzelin*, upholds with great earnestness and effectiveness the grounds for embracing the mildest and most consoling opinion on the great question that is here proposed for discussion. Going as far as defined Truth will allow us to go in this direction, we shall still be bound to hold doctrines that seem hard to nature and reason; and there is surely no need to increase the difficulties of Faith by the dark phantoms of Jansenism and Calvinism in any of their plausible disguises. Many, reading these pages, will find with a grateful sense of relief that they are not bound to believe sad doctrines which they imagined belonged to their creed. We trust that a famous passage of Massillon on the Small Number of the Elect is no longer found where we first saw it, in a Reading Book of the Christian Brothers. If it is, it ought to be omitted in the next edition.

4. *Eleanor Leslie. A Memoir.* By J. M. Stone. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company. [Price 7s. 6d.]

Another royal octavo, giving a most interesting and edifying account of a Scottish lady who exercised a most holy influence on many souls during her very long life. She was the mother of Father Eric Leslie, S.J., but he has not, like the author of the first book, written her biography as an act of filial piety. This task has been well performed by J. M. Stone—we hesitate about choosing a prefix for that name among the three that begins with M. Mrs. Leslie played a very important part in the Catholic revival in Scotland, and her life is wound up with very many others almost as interesting as herself. For instance, several will read with special interest the pages which tell of the conversion of the parents of Father Gerard, at present the Provincial of the English Jesuits. There are portraits of Eleanor Leslie at the ages of 23 and 85, sixty years apart; and, besides other portraits, there are pictures of several places connected with the changing story of her life. Such a book thus illustrated, is cheap at the price that we have mentioned above.

5. We promised to report the verdict of the Reviewers on Father Sheehan's "Triumph of Failure." The first to speak was *The Weekly Register*, which says that "readers will follow with avidity the fortunes of the hero from first to finish. Father Sheehan, who knows most other things, knows also how to make a book thoroughly interesting; that is because his structure has a basis of mind and heart. "*The Academy* describes the new book as "A powerful story of strong

Roman Catholic interest," while T. P. O'Connor in *The Weekly Sun* speaks of it as in many parts rivalling Thomas de Quincey and forming in other parts "a magnificent sermon." *The Freeman's Journal* is grateful for "so noble, so moving, and so salutary a story, a soul's tragedy traced by the hand of a master—a remarkable book which, if not a great novel, is unquestionably a great work." *The Nation* has a column and a half of discriminating praise for "this book noteworthy for deep, comprehensive, clear and firm thinking, and an extraordinary display of sound scholarship." *The Cork Examiner* says that this book "rises to epic greatness in its exposition of Catholic feeling—what it is, what it has done, what it will do;" and this eloquent reviewer holds that "Father Sheehan has brilliantly executed his task and produced a most striking addition to Irish literature." There is, therefore, already a consensus of critical opinion to the effect that "The Triumph of Failure" is the finest piece of literary work that we have had from the pen of an Irish priest since Father Joseph Farrell's "Lectures of a Certain Professor."

6. Not one of the long series of stories that Rosa Mulholland has given to us has been received with so warm a welcome as "Nanno," which is shorter and simpler and seemingly less important than many of them. The quotations we gave last month do not represent a tithe of the criticisms which this exquisite tale has called forth. Since then *The London Review* says: "We have not read for a long time so true and charming a portrait of the Irish peasantry. Lady Gilbert knows the people she portrays as few writers have known them; she can challenge comparison with Miss Jane Barlow in fidelity of portraiture, and excels that writer in insight into Irish character. Her book is instinct with the twin charm that comes from delicacy and truth." *The Globe* calls this "a clever, original, and most interesting book," and *The World* says it will be welcomed by "all those readers who like pure style, high ideals, and refined thought combined with conscientious realism in their novel-reading." This litany of praise might be lengthened by extracts from *The Sketch*, *The Daily Chronicle*, *The Manchester Guardian*, *The Independent*, *The Illustrated London News*, *Birmingham Gazette*, *The Echo*, *The Spectator*, *The Star*, and many other journals. Across the Atlantic the *Boston Pilot* on Christmas Eve gives an elaborate criticism of "Nanno," to which it attributes "great originality," and says that "it surpasses any of her previous stories in artistic excellence of construction and expression." *The Irish Times* says that "Nanno" is "undoubtedly the most important contribution to the Irish fiction of the year."

7. *A Treatise on Bringing Children to Jesus Christ*. Translated from the Latin of John Charlier Gerson, by Rev. W. Whitty.

Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. [Price 1s. 6d.]

This very neat little quarto contains an excellent translation of a famous book by the great and holy Chancellor Gerson. A preface is prefixed, not only by the translator but by the Editor. Who is the Editor? We should have thought he belonged almost to Gerson's time, but he seems to quote the modern Encyclical *Quanta Cura*. Father Whitty's additional matter is the most useful part of the book.

R. and T. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London, have brought out a new edition of the Roman Missal containing the most recent additions and a very complete index and calendar.

8. *A Mission, Novena, and Retreat Companion*. By the Rev. Richard M. Ryan. Dublin: James Duffy and Co., Ltd.

The author on the title-page describes his book further as "a manual intended chiefly for those who cannot attend all the public exercises of a mission or retreat, and for such as are desirous of making a novena in the most efficient of all ways." Father Ryan's dedication to the Vicar-General of Brooklyn, Monsignor M'Namara, tells us that his priestly work has lain chiefly in the United States. There is a great deal of force and originality in his exhortations, to each of which are appended some of the holiest but most ordinary prayers—for which one might have expected to be merely referred to the prayerbooks. This little book will, please God, help in the sanctification of many souls.

9. February is the proper time for recommending a book for special use in March. March is the month of St. Joseph, and therefore, close as is our connection with it, we venture to name, not for the first time, the newest book in his honour, "St. Joseph of Jesus and Mary" Dublin: (M. H. Gill and Son). We cannot afford space to quote the favourable notices given by *St. Peter's Magazine*, *The Weekly Register*, *Freeman's Journal*, *New Ireland Review*, *Cork Examiner*, *Catholic Times*, *The Nation*, etc.

10. *The Secret of Fougereuse. A Romance of the Fifteenth Century*. From the French by Louise Imogen Guiney. (Boston: Marlier. Callanan & Co.)

We are astonished that Miss Guiney does not even give us the name of the French author on whom she has bestowed so high a service as to become his translator. The famous Louis the Eleventh—no Saint like Louis IX.—is one of the actors in this fine romance. It is full of dramatic incident, and of course is much more than innocently interesting. Probably its literary merit is still greater in English than in the original: for Miss Guiney wields a pen to which one grudges the drudgery of mere translation, however bright and clever.

11. *Her Majesty the King. A Romance of the Harem.* Done into American from the Arabic by James Jeffrey Roche. (Richard G. Badger and Co.: Boston).

Mr. Roche, who is the successor of John Boyle O'Reilly as Editor of *The Boston Pilot*, and is almost worthy of succeeding that brilliantly gifted man, has already won distinction in the American literary world by his very unconventional poems. This very elaborate piece of humour requires considerable cleverness in the reader who would appreciate it thoroughly: but of course that condition is fulfilled in the person who is now reading these lines. We rate the literary merit of "*Her Majesty the King*" very highly, and we should be curious to see how it is received by the critics in the United States where some of its very ingenious and solemn fooling has a peculiar significance. But it is not a mere squib—it is literature.

12. *Impressions and Opinions.* By Walter Lecky. Angel Guardian Press: Boston. [Price 50 cents].

We prefer this to anything that we have seen from Mr. Lecky's pen. The first pages indeed are not very prepossessing: the style is jerky, odd, and self-conscious—no calmness, no simplicity. "The lesser fry keep up a constant barking." Is that a mixed metaphor? Somehow Mr. Lecky's style seems to improve as we go deeper into his book. His subjects are new and interesting; Francis Thompson, Lionel Johnson and Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Shorter) are the poets he discusses; his "Irish Novelist" is Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert); and his "English Essayist" is Alice Meynell. There are many other essays in this little paper-covered book of 180 pages—which shows that the critical appreciations are very brief. But they are fresh and crisp and show a keen literary taste and feeling, which make us desire a wide circulation for Mr. Walter Lecky's "*Impressions and Opinions.*"

13. We must give a hearty word of welcome and of admiration to some of our contemporaries who take the trouble of visiting us from far and near. *The Mangalore Magazine* is full of excellent matter excellently set forth. It does not depend on schoolboy editors like most of our American exchanges, such as *The Stylus* of Boston College, in which Julian Johnstone, who will not graduate till the first year of the next century (1901), celebrates Lieutenant Hobson's exploit in vigorous, ringing verse. "Schoolboys in Fiction" is a pleasant bit of prose. How can they bring out such a magazine every month? This puzzles us still more with regard to *The Georgetown College Journal* of which the numbers for October, November, and December lie before us. How can such noble amplitude of page be filled once a month? *The Xavier* also (organ of the Jesuit College, New York) is

very varied and interesting, with a decided Christmas flavour. "Please exchange." Ah, no. We wish to keep out of temptation. We have not time enough to read over our own magazine; and in reply to such alluring invitations we feel inclined to quote an epigram of Martial's *Ad Pontilianum* :

" Why do I not my poems send ?
Lest you should send me yours, dear friend."

In spite of the abundance of fine photographs of past and present pupils with which these Transatlantic magazines are adorned, a lithographed magazine from St. Mary's Convent, Wynberg, South Africa, pleases us best of all. It is called "Silver Leaves." Some of the most interesting pages are the work of very young writers, but S. M. C. helps them with the best Silver Jubilee Ode that we have seen. "Mary Clear, Standard IV.," explains for us two charming photographs of the convent grounds. "The second shows the garden, the fountain, and the long walk leading up to the wood. I think that now, when the white blossoms are lying on the walk and the trees are covered with fresh green leaves, this is the loveliest place in the whole world." So it is all over this wonderful little planet of ours—so many immortal souls living out their term of probation, and each thinking its own little spot the centre of the civilized world. May God bless them all, especially the young gathered into convents and colleges to be trained for the battle of life.

14. We end with an earnest word of praise for a two-penny book containing the first series of "Messenger Stories" which are reprinted from the English *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and may be had from the *Messenger* office, Wimbledon, six stories in forty compact pages: two by Father Bearne, S.J., and one each by "M. E. Francis," Frances Maitland, May Probyn, and Jessie Reader. All these except the last are happily no strangers to our readers. These little stories, short as they are, are worthy of them. How can such interesting little plots be deftly woven together within the compass of a few pages ?

SOME RECENT POETRY.

AN unusual number of poets have within the last month or two laid their new books of verse on our review-table. We shall name them at any rate, for we may not be able to introduce them separately to our readers this month. Next month we trust that at last Miss Alice Furlong's "Roses and Rue" will be in our hands. The authors of the dainty volumes that form a pyramid of poetry here before us are Eva Gore Booth, Marion Miller, Eleanor Donnelly, Emily Hickey, Father Michael Watson, S.J., Father Edmund Hill, C.P., Maurice Francis Egan, W. L. Shoemaker, and a syndicate of poets (Victor Plarr & Co.) who combine to form "The Garland of New Poetry by Various Writers."

Place aux Dames, especially to one who appeals to our tribunal from her far distant Australian home at Narbethong. Miss Marion Miller has been known to us for some years through her contributions to the excellent Melbourne magazine, "The Austral Light." She has gathered her poems into a goodly volume of 200 pages, under the title of "Songs from the Hills," handsomely produced by Melville, Mullen and Slade, of London and Melbourne. Very wisely Miss Miller has not thought it necessary—indeed this has gone out of fashion—to put a long poem in front, and though most of her pieces have a considerable number of stanzas, there are some seventy of them on a variety of themes—Ireland a little, Australia a great deal, and many of the moods of the soul that poets interpret all the world over, especially love of a rather unhappy sort. Miss Miller has plenty of thought and feeling and eloquent expression. She is an accomplished versifier; but she too often leaves the odd lines unrhymed, even when very long, and I hope that fine poem, "The Black Spur," is not supposed to be written in hexameters and pentameters. "The Cry of the Woman" in short unrhymed lines seems one of the very best; perhaps the strongest is "A Bush Tragedy." With so many merits one has perhaps no right to look now and then for a tenderer inspiration, a more intense simplicity, and those subtle felicities that thrill.

We wish that "Prince Ragnal and other Holiday Verses,"

by Eleanor C. Donnelly (Kilner and Co., Philadelphia) had reached us in time to be recommended for Christmas use, for it is all about Christmas. The title-poem is a Christian Legend of early Christian Ireland, and nearly all the others look towards Bethlehem and the Manger. The poet has thrown her whole heart and soul into those holy themes, and her well-known skill in her art has never been used more effectively. The Divine Infant has said again: *Bene scripsisti de Me*. The publishers have striven to make the casket worthy of the jewels. Some masterpieces of painting are beautifully reproduced; but even the unillustrated page is so dainty as to be almost a work of art.

Miss Eva Gore-Booth has not invented a special name for her first book but calls it simply "Poems" (Messrs. Longmans Green and Co.), and she begins by translating from the German of Lessing—

If, reader, for these poems you shall lack
All sense of gratitude, all words of praise,
At least you might be thankful for the lays
That I kept back.

With this verse we might link the prose dictum of another German, Schiller: "A master in art is judged by what he does; a master in style, by what he leaves unsaid." But really our new poetess might have kept back a good many other things. Though some of the shortest pieces, "A Storm," "Preoccupation," are exceedingly good, several very scantily furnished pages towards the beginning would be better if complete blanks. This is a pity, for there is very great merit in this book. "Joan of Arc" has here more of inspiration than the same theme calls forth in the Australian volume that we began with. There is freshness of thought in most of this book and distinction of style, and, while it displays a wholesome dread of the commonplace, there are no wild affectations of diction, there is sanity and self-restraint. But, as Goldsmith's judicious critic remarked, the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains. Apart from lax proof-reading which lets commas constantly take the place of full stops, the poet herself could have striven more earnestly after perfection. She ought to have omitted many things and changed many others. The very names of the poems seem to have got mixed. There are welcomes that welcome nothing; and the saying that "*la mort est le baiser*

de Dieu " seems to have hardly any connection with the stately sonnet at page 88 which is ignored in the table of contents. The fine poem at page 63 is certainly not "An Epitaph," and we do not quite understand its creed of immortality. Why are some lines allowed to have two extra syllables? In "A Soldier," with its terse, well-knit, and well-rhymed lines, the penultimate line of page 76 has two syllables too few, and the corresponding line of page 79 has two syllables too many. These are small things, but straws show how the wind blows, even the *divinus afflatus*. Miss Gore-Booth's name reveals something of her country and her surroundings to readers of Burke's Peerage and Baronetage; her Muse betrays a faint Irish accent only once. There is plenty of real poetry in her first book; but, if she have the patience and perseverance of a true vocation, she will give us much higher things when she has learned to draw her inspiration from faith and piety and patriotism and love and pity and the deeper feelings of the human heart.

Another Irish lady, who is not a *débutante*, seems to be her own publisher, for her little shilling book tells us that an additional halfpenny will procure it from the author, 100 King Henry's Road, London, N.W. Miss Emily Hickey is very favourably known to our readers. Though her "Hail Mary" substitutes "thou that art highly favoured" for our "full of grace"—which, however, occurs six times in the opening poem—her new publication, "Ancilla Domini: Thoughts in Verse on the Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary," entitles her to be ranked among the Laureates of the Madonna. This delicious little quarto is full of true poetry and true piety. Every line of it might, as far as doctrine goes, be translated from the *canzoncine* of St. Alphonsus Liguori, except where Miss Hickey supposes that our Blessed Lord certainly appeared first after His Resurrection to St. Mary Magdalen, because this is the first apparition mentioned by the Evangelists. Does she not see that this would prove that our Lord did not come to comfort His Mother at all? The apparitions recorded were to the appointed witnesses to the reality of the Resurrection; the visit to the Blessed Virgin was for her own sake, too sacred to be described by even an inspired pen.

Another Laureate of the Madonna is an English convert who has laboured for many years in South America and is now labouring in the United States. Father Edmund Hill, of the Congregation

of the Passion, is bringing out a complete collection of his poems in three handsome volumes published by Benziger of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. "Passion Flowers" we announced before; and now we have to welcome "*Mariae Corolla, a Wreath for Our Lady.*" It is the noblest tribute offered at Our Lady's shrine since Aubrey de Vere's "*May Carols.*" Father Hill's collection is larger than that exquisite volume. It consists of two parts, the first containing the poems written in the ten years after 1868, and the second those of the last twenty years; the last of all, "*Stella Matutina, or a Poet's Quest,*" is long enough and important enough to stand by itself. The poet looks at his holy theme from a vast number of different points of view, and only a very small number of these poems have been pressed in by force. I am not sure that Father Hill was wise in choosing this medium for his filial piety quite so often. He has employed a great variety of metres very deftly manipulated; and many rich gifts of nature and grace have combined in forming this *Mariae Corolla* which justifies the religious name which Benjamin Dionysius Hill chose when becoming a Passionist—Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary.

Yet another Laureate of the Madonna. Indeed the very name of the book is "*In Madonna's Praise: Sonnets and Lyrics,*" by Michael Watson, S.J. Father Watson has laboured for years in Australia, and his dainty little quarto is as prettily printed and illustrated as it could be in London or New York. He sings Madonna's praise in triolets, rondeaux, sonnets, and other lyrical measures, all very beautiful and pleasing whether as poems or as prayers.

To one or two of the books that we have appraised thus hastily we would fain devote several pages that would admit of illustrative extracts. Still more so with regard to Mr. Maurice F. Egan's "*Songs and Sonnets,*" of which Benziger Brothers of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago have lately published a new and enlarged edition. It opens with a score of songs and hymns followed by six narrative poems and some forty sonnets. The book winds up with six miscellaneous poems, the longest, and in some respects the best, being kept for the last. Some of the sonnets are excellent in thought and expression, but there is often a sort of rigidity and self-consciousness which seem to betray a lack of overmastering inspiration. Professor Egan is fond of pagan allusions,

but he is best when he is most Christian. We are not sure that verse is the best medium for conveying his message to souls. There seems to be more of grace and charm and real inspiration in some of those exquisite prose sketches, "In the Land of St. Laurence," than in most of his lyrics; and we have already singled out for praise that poem which approaches nearest to the pedestrian Muse. We called it indeed the last of the volume, but we find that it is followed by five poems that are not mentioned in the table of contents. "The Country Priest's Week" describes very charmingly in the plain direct metre of Crabbe's Tales or Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily" the simple events and duties of a priest's life in the country, the Sunday being minutely described, and then Monday in separate divisions, but the rest of the week is more summarily treated together. It is all very cleverly done with humour and with pathos, and it ought to have been placed in the forefront of the volume. The pleasantest part is the after-dinner talk of the P.P. and the neighbouring priest who comes to him on Monday. By-the-by the scansion of one line is astray where, in referring back to some story of their student days, the phrase "when Russell ruled at Maynooth" is used as the counterpart of the classical *Consule Planco*. The first syllable is evidently brought out as in *Maytime*, whereas in Ireland it is slurred over inarticulately, and the whole stress of the voice falls on the second syllable. Many who think poetry a bore would read "The Country Priest's Week" with the keenest pleasure.

Mr. Elkin Mathews is emphatically the poets' publisher. Amongst his latest are a second series of "London Visions," by Laurence Binyon (price one shilling), and "The Garland of New Poetry by Various Writers" (price 3/6). In this last joint-stock publication, Mr. Binyon also takes part with Mr. Victor Plarr and others. We have tried to find merit and charm in these small volumes, and have utterly failed, though we are not insensible to the stateliness and refinement of Mr. Binyon's poetic diction and the vividness of some of his conceptions. The meaning of many of the poems is not easy to see, and the rhymes in Mr. Binyon's odes are sometimes so far separated as to have none of the musical efficacy of rhyme. No doubt our want of sympathy with the newest literary fashions, and with the vague themes that our young poets affect, disqualifies us to judge of

these things; but we should be surprised if impartial criticism did not pronounce most of these pieces thin and poor, at least those by the junior members whom we have not named, belonging to this joint-stock company of poets.

"La Santa Yerba," by William L. Shoemaker, is a quaintly printed and soberly bound volume of verse in praise of tobacco which the Spaniards call the Holy Herb. Its get-up does credit to the taste of the Publishers, Copeland and Day of Boston. After three or four pleasant pages of encomiums extracted from many writers from Ben Jonson to W. E. Henley, Mr. Shoemaker sings the praises of tobacco in roundels, rondeaux, sonnets, quatrains, and other forms that have no special name. Great technical skill and much playful feeling and fancy are here enlisted in the service of the Divine Weed. The Author has been good enough to place in manuscript in front of his book this sonnet to the compiler of "Sonnets on the Sonnet":

Whether the plant tobacco seem to you
 Holy or the reverse, I do not know :
 Whether you praise or scorn the herb, although
 Many have loved it, poets good and true.
 Unto its magic vapor curling blue
 O'erhead, e'en I some inspiration owe,
 Though slight, and have in various verse to show
 My love essayed, and in some sonnets few.
 'Tis for these last this book to you I send,
 Who am a sonnet-lover like yourself,
 And witchcraft in her artful tones I hear.
 You, who to all that love her are a friend,
 May through these smoke-wreaths dimly see the elf,
 And her sweet music faintly reach your ear.

MARCH, 1899.

MRS. JACK GROGAN.

CHAPTER III.

THE clock had struck eight when Mrs. Grogan, dismissing her cab, ran up the steps of her uncle's house in Berkeley Square. The stolid butler received her, reproach in his face, as much as to say, "my master and I are not accustomed to be kept waiting."

Upstairs, the maids had done their best with the visitor's poor belongings; the wooden-backed brushes, over which they had laughed and wondered, were set out on the toilet table; dressing-gown and slippers were in their places; the one evening-dress was spread out, to best advantage, on the bed.

"Poor as a pauper," the women had whispered to each other, as they ran the cheap material through their fingers, and shrugged their shoulders over the often-darned pair of silk stockings.

The household knew more than all of Mrs. Grogan's history. Clerk, the valet, had entertained the housekeeper's room with it the night of her arrival, and from housekeeper's room, with varied additions, it had made its way to the servants' hall and kitchen.

Clerk enjoyed a new importance as he told his tale, as heard from the Wynbroke butler. How Dr. Grogan, and he only the village doctor, had had the impudence to ride up to the Hall one day and ask Sir John to give him his daughter, and how Sir John had listened in silence, and then, still in silence, had rung the bell and said to the footman, "show this person out." And

how, through it all, the Doctor had stuck like a man to Miss Wynbroke (as, for the matter of that, Miss Wynbroke had stuck to the Doctor), and how, at last, when Sir John had found there was no opposing the pair, he had sent his daughter up to town, and she had been married there, with the man of business in attendance to see that all was right, and on condition that she and her husband did not come back to the neighbourhood.

To the servants the tale was of absorbing interest, they had had their way too long to relish the prospect of a mistress, especially one who, in their opinion, was likely to have mean ways; Mrs. Grogan could not have been her own housekeeper, on a small scale, for years, without having gained experience. The housekeeper had already said, that if the new-comer interfered with her, she would *go*; and when Small, the butler, the night of the lady's arrival, had brought up a couple of bottles of his master's best champagne for their mutual consolation, he had said, with a shake of the head, that who knew these might not be the last of them.

It did not add to Small's appreciation of his future mistress that she should come in late, and not only spoil the entrée—destined later for his supper—but bring down a rebuke on himself from his master.

"Ten minutes past eight, Small," Mr. Wynbroke said with severity, when almost with Mrs. Grogan's entrance into the drawing-room, dinner was announced. Small was not to know that it was that gentleman's polite way of reprimanding his niece, nor did he hear the lady's apology—"I am afraid you must scold me, and not Small."

In the old-fashioned drawing-room, furnished when George the Fourth was king, a visitor stood beside Mr. Wynbroke on the hearthrug, a clean-shaven elderly man.

Twenty-one years brings its changes, but Mrs. Grogan recognised the visitor at once, Mr. Hammond, her father's and her uncle's man of business. The last time she had seen him had been on the morning of her wedding-day, and, with the recollection, the blood rushed to her face.

"I brought Hammond home with me, I wanted him to see the lad, to see the lad," Mr. Wynbroke said, as he offered his niece his arm, "you should have telegraphed as I advised, Gertrude, but you women think you never want advice." The old man

spoke testily; like his household, he was accustomed to his own way.

"Jack was—engaged," Mrs. Grogan said, it seemed to her as she crossed the hall on her uncle's arm, that she was walking in a dream.

"Engaged? Engaged? Now-a-days young men have too many engagements." There was no doubt Mr. Wynbroke was in a bad humour.

"Your son is at St. Anne's Hospital?" the lawyer asked. He had not yet looked at Mrs. Grogan, as if divining her embarrassment.

"We shall not leave him there," the old man in the same testy way answered for his niece.

"We'll make a man of him, Hammond, we'll make a man of him," he went on, and nodded as if to accentuate the resolution.

Not before Small, not before the footman, could Mrs. Grogan tell her tale. She eat and drank feverishly as a patient will, who feels he must gain strength.

Mr. Wynbroke was turning over the morsel on his plate. He turned to his niece, "you must speak to Cliffe, my dear, she has her faults, has her faults—over-cooked, over-cooked."

Small and his satellites exchanged glances.

"And when may we expect Master Jack, to-morrow?" the old man presently asked, his glass or two of dry sherry was beginning to mellow his heart, and he spoke with more graciousness.

"You must let me tell you about Jack afterwards," Mrs. Grogan said. No one could have guessed that the words were spoken with an effort.

Was she always as scanty of speech, the lawyer wondered, as he looked at her for the first time. A handsome woman still, but not a happy one, in spite of the madonna face, he told himself.

For the moment one idea alone possessed Mr. Wynbroke—the nephew who was to be his heir. He turned now to the lawyer. "If Master Jack had been a year or two older, we'd have put him up for the county, up for the county. It's time these d——d Tories were out."

"We'll give him a year or two," the lawyer said and smiled. But the old man's thoughts had flown off on another tack, but still connected with his nephew.

"Remember Miss Somerton, Hammond? Miss Somerton's Miss Somerton still. There's beauty for you, beauty," the old man chuckled. "See, if Master Jack doesn't go down before her like the rest of 'em. Wait till we get him down to the Court. What do you say to a beauty for a daughter-in-law, eh? A beauty for a daughter-in-law, eh?" he now appealed to his niece.

Was the dinner never to end? Mrs. Grogan's hand went nervously up to her throat.

"We must not marry Mr. Jack too soon," the lawyer said. (With his host he avoided the obnoxious Grogan). "In your grandfather's days, sir, he would be about starting off on the grand tour."

"So he would, so he would," Mr. Wynbroke acquiesced, "I have my grandfather's letters written home to his mother, and precious good reading they are. Those were the days of letters, sir, letters. What do you say, my dear?" Again he turned to his niece, "What do you say? Shall we pack Master Jack off on the grand tour, with Mr. Hammond as tutor?"—the old man laughed at his joke, "with Hammond to look after him, ha, ha."

At last the dinner was at an end, and Mrs. Grogan in the drawing-room, but not even there alone, a footman came to see if the windows were too far open, another came with the evening paper. Small, himself, brought coffee, and asked if she would have tea. The Square was very quiet, so quiet she could hear through the open window a piano next door, and voices and laughter from the balcony. A faint scent of tobacco rose from the street and mingled with the scent of the flowers that were sent up daily from the Court.

Mrs. Grogan drank her coffee, as she had eaten her dinner, greedily one would have said. She was sorry for herself, sorry for her boy, sorry for Mr. Wynbroke, but he would soon find a new toy. She repeated the word to herself almost bitterly. It was well to be old and able to forget.

The dining-room door opened and closed; her uncle was coming. She sat up, pulled herself together. The sooner what she had to tell was told the better. Then the drawing-room door, in its turn, opened, and Mr. Hammond alone crossed the room and drew a chair beside her.

"It is hardly a time for business," he said, "but Mr. Wynbroke was anxious I should make clear his intentions with

regard to both your son and yourself. If you would rather, however, wait till to-morrow when Mr. Grogan would be present, of course——” the lawyer paused. “It shall be as you wish,” he went on, when no answer came. “I am at your service, but I think I scarcely need to tell you that Mr. Grogan will have no cause to complain of his grand-uncle.”

Her tale had to be told, Mrs. Grogan took grip of herself, and told it in a couple of dozen of words.

A question or two followed, and the lawyer knew all he needed to know. “I cannot disguise from you,” he said, “that this will make a difference.”

“I understand,” Mrs. Grogan said; then she added, “it is only right.”

“You would like me to speak to Mr. Wynbroke?” the lawyer asked.

Mrs. Grogan bowed her head (it was all she could do) in acquiescence.

“The sooner the better, perhaps?”

Again the mother bowed her head.

“It might have been worse,” the lawyer said. “Respectable and of his own faith; believe me, Mrs. Grogan, it might have been worse. She is young, educated, perhaps?”

Mrs. Grogan shook her head. Clear as a picture, she saw Mrs. Jack Grogan standing before her as she had stood, holding tight to her husband’s arm, in Mrs. Tite’s parlour only a few hours before. How many hundreds of girls had she not seen of the same type, the undeveloped frame that told of unnourished childhood, perhaps ill-usage, the face that, innocent indeed, expressed little more than the intelligence of a child, the beauty that was but that of youth, of a pink and white complexion, doll-blue eyes and fair hair, twisted into the fashion of the moment, a fringe.

“We must hope for the best,” the lawyer said, after a pause, “and now I shall go to Mr. Wynbroke.” At the door he turned, “Mrs. Grogan, we, lawyers, come across such tales as ‘your son’s every day,’ and, believe me, across much worse.”

Mrs. Grogan did not answer, and Mr. Hammond left her as he had found her, sitting still and upright in her chair.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued).

NIGHT.

O THOU the Lord of love and power,
 In dark Gethsemane
 Alone, alone !
 Groping, I dare to follow Thee,
 Feeling my way from tree to tree
 In search of One
 Hath knowledge of my agony :
" Could ye not watch with me one hour ? "

Now those who loved Thee lie asleep
 In lone Gethsemane,
 O Lord forlorn !
 Let me forlorn come creeping nigh
 Who on Thy saving cross to die
 Mayhap was born.
 O patient Master, suffer me
 While Thou thy tears of blood dost weep !

O Lord, the drops wrung from Thy breast
 In dread Gethsemane,
 They all are shed :
 So shall my tears like that red rain
 That bled Thy heart be staunch'd again
 When I am dead,
 Upon Thy cross uplift with Thee.
" Sleep ye now and take your rest ! "

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

THE SUPERB CITY.

FEW places outside Rome are more worthy of a visit than Genoa, most deservedly styled "Genova la Superba." It is the most commercial port in Italy, and was once the capital of a celebrated republic, whose citizens were among the wealthiest and most public-spirited people in the world. The churches teem with riches in paintings, sculptures, tessellated pavements, and marbles. The quays are lined with palaces somewhat out of repair outside, but most gorgeous within. Quite common in these are marble stair-cases many feet wide, guarded with balustrades of polished brass, topped with rose-wood. Their walls are frescoed from cellar to attic. The Via Balbi is an avenue of modern palaces of great beauty.

There are splendid churches in Genoa. The Cathedral, built some nine centuries ago, contains the "Holy Grail." The façade is of alternate bands of black and white marble. The aisles are divided by Corinthian pillars. St. John the Baptist's Chapel contains the relics of that saint, in a gorgeous sarcophagus, supported on pillars of porphyry.

In the richest church of the "Superb City," called the "Nunziata," or Church of the Annunciation, is the tomb of Edward Mark Tobin, who is described as a Spanish duke. He died 1747, after grand services to the Republic. But though the name of the distinguished Irishman wanted only a vowel to turn it into Italian, it was not Tobini, but plain Tobin, the Italian sculptor carved over his grave.

This church glitters with gold and frescoes. Its mosaics in various kinds of marble are like rainbows in stone. The wealth lavished on it must have been of fabulous amount, though it is said to have been erected by one family. The dome is dazzling in the richness of its adornments. Screens of red marble veil the beauty of some of its side chapels.

Back from the quays, the streets are mostly narrow, and the majestic proportions of many imposing buildings are shorn of much of their grandeur, in streets seven to ten feet wide. Within, these elegant mansions have spacious vestibules, marble pillars, and some of the grandest staircases on earth. Behind them are

terraces high above the street, planted with orange and oleander, and beautiful climbing roses. Paintings by the Great Masters are everywhere.

If I mistake not, the elevator, called *lift* in England, and *ascenseur* on the Continent, originated in Genoa—not exactly as it is now, but a sort of armchair drawn up from storey to storey by machinery. It is certainly not a modern invention. There is, or recently was, in Windsor Castle, a machine of this kind which had been used in the sixteenth century by Henry VIII., and in the eighteenth century by his obese successor, Queen Anne. Many of the ancient palazzos are now hotels, the lower floors being lawyers' offices or shops.

In one of these, facing the Gulf of Genoa, the great Daniel O'Connell died, May 15, 1847. This palace (Palazzo de Asarta) is a magnificent mansion, situated on a corner of the quay, called "Maddalena," and the "Via del Ponte Reale" (Royal Bridge Street) and is in better preservation outside than most of the other palaces. Under the window of the room in which his great soul passed forth to God, is a marble monument giving some details of his stirring career, and crowned with a statue of the great Tribune himself. The present proprietors make no difficulty about allowing persons interested in this extraordinary man to visit the room in which he died, which, if we remember correctly, is on the second floor. There are some, too, who can recall that sad May day, and describe with the eloquence of their country, the resignation of the dying Liberator, the grief of his son, the close attendance of his chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Miley, the midnight procession through the silent streets, of the aged Cardinal Archbishop (his Eminence was 88 years old), and the chief dignitaries of the Church to comfort and strengthen with the Holy Viaticum, the dying champion of civil and religious liberty.

The Genoese profess much admiration for O'Connell. They have Italianized his name which, on his monument, on the Royal Bridge Street side of the palace, is given, "O'Connelllo." It is rather singular that this name should be Italianized, for the names of other great Irishmen connected with Genoa are not changed in any way, like the Edward Mark Tobin we have mentioned.

Irish visitors to Genoa invariably look for the house in which the great man died, and sometimes cannot find it. By asking

for the corner of the Quay Maddalena and Royal Bridge Street, it may be found without difficulty. This Via del Ponte Reale is wider than many other streets of Genoa, running at right angles to the quays. The O'Connell memorial faces the street.

Several papers were saying when we were in Genoa that a memorial should be put up to O'Connell on the house in which he died. They did not know that this had been done many lustrums ago. Another memorial, we thought, should be placed in the front of the palace, which faces the Mediterranean, and is a much more conspicuous position. For the handsome one already erected the position was chosen in order to bring it as near as possible to the spot where the renowned Liberator died. His memory is greatly revered in Genoa. The writer noticed that every man who passed the monument uncovered his head, while every woman curtsied.

Our wish was accomplished on the fiftieth anniversary of his death. A beautiful bronze medallion of Daniel O'Connell was unveiled on the façade of the Palazzo, May 15, 1897. The unveiling was preceded by a Solemn Mass and procession in the Cathedral of San Siro.

The church was crowded on this interesting occasion. Deputations from various associations swelled the throng. When Mass and orations were over, the people went in procession, preceded by three bands, and twenty flags to the Piazza Banchi, to see the unveiling of the likeness of O'Connell in the front of the Palazzo. The crowds adjourned to the oratory of St. Philip, where the eloquent lawyer, Signor Scala, delivered an address on O'Connell's life and work.

The golden jubilee of his death, the fiftieth anniversary of May 15, 1847, was celebrated in Rome, at the Irish College, by a Solemn Requiem Mass in the church where the heart of the great patriot is enshrined. Before the altar a rich catafalque bore the arms of O'Connell and Ireland. On the altar was the figure of an angel with a scroll bearing the word EMANCIPATION. Several cardinals, prelates, and a vast concourse were present. Archbishop Keane preached a magnificent sermon on the life-work of O'Connell.

There were celebrations indoors and outdoors in many parts of the world, and the sermons and panegyrics were of an unusually high order. The sermon that pleased the writer most was

preached by the Very Rev. Patrick Augustine Sheehan, Parish Priest of Doneraile, in the Cathedral of Queenstown, from the text II. Kings iii. 33, 38:—"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel? Not as cowards are wont to die, hath Abner died. Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet laden with fetters, but as men fall before the children of iniquity, so didst thou fall. And all the people repeating it, wept over him."

A wonderfully appropriate text, and most happily chosen; for truly a prince and a great man died that day in Israel.*

Another part of Genoa was very interesting to us, the hospital, (once the home) of St. Catherine of Genoa. This saint was famed for her love of the sick, and her wonderful writings on Purgatory. A church is attached to the hospital. Here, in a special chapel, raised high above the altar, her sacred body is enclosed in a glass coffin. It is robed in costly white satin, heavily embroidered with gold. A custodian will courteously open the shrine for anyone who asks the favour. In this instance the custodian was a woman.

The church is served by Franciscan monks, several of whom have splendid voices. Led by them, there is no trouble with congregational singing. A choir of nuns, in a separate side chapel, lead the women. When all sing in chorus, the effect is pleasing and very devotional. We did not hear better sacred music in any part of Italy. Many Genoese women wear very picturesque head-dresses of white lace and gauze. They are very graceful and well-mannered. We saw several Sisters on the street who wore costumes in which red and blue predominated, a rather glaring contrast.

In all parts of Italy—one might say, of Europe—one meets crowds of soldiers, mere boys, for the most part, with a very sad expression. I really pitied them. They should be in their humble homes for years yet. Standing armies are miserable institutions, and civilization seems but to increase them.

Few sights are more lovely than one sees from the quays, or the palaces that line them—ships, steamers, feluccas, coming and going for ever on the blue foam-crested waves of the "Sea of Memories." Greeks, Turks, Arabs, Neapolitans, in all manner of odd costumes, singing, gesticulating, sleeping, running to and

* This fine discourse is given in full in *The Irish Monthly*, July, 1897.

fro; sailors waddling towards their ships, boatmen carrying bundles to their little boats. The intense blue of the water, the bright clearness of the atmosphere, the azure sky, here and there veiled by gauzy clouds, make a picture never to be forgotten. From the moles or sea-walls, or from the deck of the steamer that bears you out of the "City of Palaces," may be seen the grand mansions along the quays, the terraced gardens behind them—houses, as in Queenstown, springing from the roofs of lower houses, the steeples, towers, and minarets, that rise out of the labyrinth of streets and alleys behind the quays, the old castles and frowning battlements on the distant hills, and the snowy peaks of the Apennines,

Almost every street in the rear is narrow, so that the people can move about, and the frisky children can play shielded from the fierce rays of the Italian sun. A celebrated Boston journalist who admired the narrow streets of European cities in summer, used to say that the broad streets of Philadelphia, in which he had often been "roasted" in the fierce heats of July, inclined him to believe all the hard things the Whig historian, Macaulay, said about the Jacobite Quaker, Willian Penn. Certainly there is comfort in meandering through narrow streets, bounded by eight storey houses, on a hot day.

High among the hills are public gardens filled with trees, flowers, statues, fountains, to which the poor are as welcome as the rich. To the credit of the Italians, be it said, that they never injure works of art or trees, or appropriate the flowers of the gardens where they roam at will. The same may be said of the churches which are always open, and are as second homes to the poor.

Genoa is particularly interesting as the birth-place of Columbus. His name and fame are held in reverence by his compatriots, and the font in which he was baptised is preserved in an ancient church. A handsome monument to his memory is one of the first interesting sights a traveller sees who enters Genoa by rail from Turin. A statue of the Discoverer stands on a sort of pedestal, supported by several allegorical figures, gracefully grouped. When first we saw the monument, it was prettily decorated for a Columbian celebration, with many wreaths and flags. The King and Queen of Italy were among the guests of the city. They visited the sights of Genoa, and sought, among

the treasures of the Cathedral, the "Holy Grail" which excites so much interest. But they are not popular in Genoa.

These royal personages are Catholics. The King is under sentence of excommunication, but the ban does not extend to Queen Margaret or to the heir, Prince Victor Emmanuel of Naples. The Queen was once a beautiful, graceful woman, but has aged very rapidly. Her pictures show her favourite ornament, ropes of pearls given her by her son. The pearl among jewels, and the daisy among flowers—both symbolic of her name—are her favourites. Persons brought into close relations with this royal lady describe her as very charitable and pious. She often visits churches, and kneels in prayer on the bare marble, like the poor. Many of her kind acts to the poor and imprisoned were related to us in cities where she sojourned. King Humbert, too, has often shown a benevolent spirit. Coming home one day, he met a poor boy who had been injured by an accident. He helped to place him comfortably in bed, and ordered an attendant to see every day that nourishment was sent him from the royal kitchen. This was not enough; he went himself to see that it was done, and when the boy died, he paid the expenses of his funeral.

Carrara, often mentioned in connection with its quarries, is near Genoa. Most of the men of Carrara are sculptors or marble workers. Lucca, once a sovereign state, is famous for its baths. This ancient, and still lovely, city is on the road from Genoa to Pisa. A visit to its exquisite churches, palaces, and convents will amply repay the visitor. Irish travellers will look for the church of St. Frediano, a prince of their country, who became Bishop of Lucca. And all will love to trace the story of the gentle St. Zita, the "Servant girl of Lucca," in her ancient haunts.

The country about these cities is rich and beautiful; groves of orange and lemon trees, gardens and vineyards abound. There are charming homes to which the wealthy withdraw, towards the summer solstice. It is almost universal in Italy to have a summer home, when people are even middling rich. No family of note is without one. Some of these homes are quite rich in associations, and the romance of the past invests them with charms which it is easier to appreciate than to describe. But to my mind the chief beauties of all Italian cities are the churches, and convents erected to the greater glory of God, for the good of souls.

M. A. C.

TO ST. PATRICK.

O SAINT, well honoured of the sons of Ireland,
 Whose love for God and home and thee is one,
 Look down to-day on thine adopted sire-land,
 As thou so long hast done.

These fourteen hundred years in restful glory
 Thou thankest God for sixty years of toil,
 And here on earth thy name in song and story
 No lapse of time can soil.

That promise made upon the Eagle* Mountain
 After thy sleepless Lent of fast and prayer,
 Is still inviolate ; truth's crystal fountain
 Wells up as pure as e'er.

So keep thy children's country through the ages—
 A land of faith and purity and grace,
 That men in far-off days on history's pages
 A blameless tale may trace :—

“ Her sons were true to God through hours of sadness,
 “ Trusting that joy would end their bitter pain,
 “ With scorn for scorn, with horror for the madness
 “ That sinned for her in vain :

“ They knew that righteous deeds of hands unspotted,
 “ And women's prayers, and little children's cries,
 “ Were stronger than the avenging steel blood-clotted
 “ To shape her destinies :

“ And so in hope they lived on, toiling, bearing,
 “ For her—their mother, stricken, wan, dark-stoled,
 “ Till morning broke and there they found her wearing
 “ The crown she wore of old.”

J. W. A.

DOROTHEA'S FRIEND.

IT was not till Dorothea was a widow that I knew her.

She and her husband Theodore (by an odd coincidence his name was her own reversed) had been, as should a Theodore and Dorothea, "God's gift" to one another; he temporally to her, she spiritually to him. But their beautiful married life, begun when the youth of both was past, was brief.

Only a few years after the marriage, Theodore died. He was French, Dorothea American; or, as she used to say, her body was American, her soul French.

Her father's appointment kept him in Paris, and there Dorothea grew up, spent most of her life, and married.

French was readier on her lips, when I knew her, than her native tongue. She spoke it charmingly; sympathetically, epigrammatically, and with a slight foreign intonation, and a persistent confusion of genders, that made it both piquant and fascinating.

Her English was its counterpart; the refined language of the *best* American, a quaint, pretty speech to which the British ear became fondly attuned.

It pleased her to say she had been the plain sister in a good-looking family. But I never believed it. At sixty, and in the close, unbecoming black cap of a French widow, she still was a pretty woman; the eyes large, limpid, blue, and lustrous with the light of faith, the complexion delicate, the small firm mouth well shaped, the tiny hands and feet beautiful.

She was a great reader, and had the true book-lover's faculty of attracting books. Everyone brought them to her and put themselves out of the way to get them for her. She was a chronic invalid with plenty of enforced leisure, and she turned it to good account. One listened to her witty, good-tempered encounters with non-Catholics, and thanked God that her well equipped mind was devoted to His service.

Her father had been given his appointment, I think, on account of his social and literary standing rather than for diplomatic or business capacity.

His mind was absorbed in literature, and in a big book he

never lived to finish or publish, on the "Native Races of America."

He was always surrounded by a chaos of manuscripts and books strewed over the chairs, tables, and even floor, of his study ; and the housemaid, allowed to enter only on sufferance, was under strict orders to leave everything just where she found it.

But there is a perversity in books and manuscripts under this kind of treatment, and Mr. C.'s were no exception. He might be as sure as he pleased of having put a thing down in some particular place, it never was there when he wanted it.

He was always calling for Dorothea to come and look for something for him, and it was, perhaps, the perpetual agitation he kept her in that first taught her to make St. Antony her friend.

In time, her father had such confidence in her, that he used even to let her make periodical tidying up in the study ; and just after these important functions, she could lay her hand on anything he asked for, without a moment's delay.

But, generally, the confusion was so appalling, that her heart used to sink a little when she heard the plaintive summons her ear grew so accustomed to. But she always flew gallantly to the rescue.

She was dressing one evening for a dinner party, when she heard the summons, the voice, she thought, unusually distressed, and, just as she was, in her dainty lace-frilled dressing jacket, her soft golden brown hair floating over her shoulders, she darted across the passage to the study. All the rooms were on one floor in a spacious flat.

"Where are all the papers I left strewed about?"

"Why, here, Papa ; see all tidied up."

"Not those, I saw those. But the one I want is not there. It is a letter in a thin blue envelope."

Dorothea meantime was shooting up appealing ejaculations to St. Antony. In the back of her brain she thought she had seen the envelope but she was not sure, and to say so in a vague way would only add to her father's nervousness.

"Was it valuable, Papa?"

"Irreplaceable," he said, "and part of it not mine. There were two notes in the envelope. One a memorandum of an extinct tribe, which has only just been sent to me. I have wanted it for

years and cannot possibly get it again. Fortunately I had just glanced at it. The other paper is one I had to hand to our Minister to-morrow. The French Government have been pressing us for it for months, and, if it is lost, they will doubt our good faith. Delay gives us suspicious advantages."

"Papa," said Dorothea, "can you, at all, remember where you left the envelope?"

"Left it?" he cried, not irritably, but in a nervous tremor infinitely more distressing to Dorothea than temper. "Left it! why of course I do. Both papers were so important that I slipped them into the same cover and looked them up in this drawer."

The drawer was open before him; he had evidently been diving into it, everything was topsy-turvy.

"Let me look, papa," said Dorothea, kneeling before the drawer.

"Not the least good—I have turned it out half a dozen times already."

He looked so dejected that Dorothea felt inclined to cry. But that would not help matters.

Patiently, methodically, she took out the contents, leaving nothing unturned and peeping into every open envelope in case the blue one had slipped into it, and all the time she "talked," as she called it, to St. Antony.

At last her search was rewarded. Inside a big official-looking packet, she found an envelope such as her father described.

"Is this it, Papa?" she said, holding it up.

He had been gloomily watching all her movements, and he sprang forward to take it.

"Yes," he said slowly, "it is the envelope and the government memorandum is in it. But the other note is gone."

A little pang of disappointment shot through Dorothea's breast. The private document was evidently the one he cared most about.

At that moment a servant knocked at the door.

"The carriage is waiting, sir. Mrs. C. is quite ready. She sent me to tell you dinner was at seven."

"Coming, coming," said poor Mr. C. There was no escape for him, and he was hurrying away to dress hastily, when Dorothea called.

"Papa, it's too late for me to dress. I can't go. Besides, I'd rather stay at home. I should be thinking of the paper all the evening, and the blue frock that mamma said I was to wear takes a quarter of an hour to lace."

"Well, well, settle it with her," said Mr. C.

No sooner had the carriage driven off, leaving Dorothea behind than, twisting her soft hair into a knot, she set to work, still in her loose jacket, to hunt again.

First, she tried to picture the study as it looked before she tidied it, invoking St. Antony to find her memory; then she tried to remember her own proceedings.

Ah! yes. It came back to her now. She had put those books into their places in the shelves. Papa had a habit of using anything that came to his hand as a marker.

She climbed up the steps, took down all the books she had put up, as well as many others. But the paper was not in any one.

Next, she turned up all the small carpets and mats on the polished floor, moved the chairs and sofa, the ornaments on the mantel-piece, went through the papers she had tidied, but all in vain.

Then she folded her little white hands, and, standing before the now cold hearth, first mused a little, then "talked" again to her saint.

Her eyes fell on the hearth, and suddenly she dropped on her knees, bent forward and looked up the chimney.

In another instant the little hand followed the eyes and came back black as it had never been before in its life, and in it a paper, a little charred but still legible.

Dorothea was not learned enough to be sure what it was, though she tried to make out. She remembered that, when she was burning the torn rubbish off the floor, something flew up the chimney and that it had passed through her mind she ought not to have let it fly up because of the danger of fire.

It was a Spanish note, she thought, certainly not any language she knew.

Well, she could only wait now till her father came home.

She was standing at her bed-room door when he came, the face very white, her eyes very large and shining, her small bare feet thrust into the daintiest of slippers.

"Papa, Papa, look, look! Is this *IT*?"

He was so nervous that she saw his hand shake as he put on his glasses and took the paper from her. But he said very little. He really was a disappointing father to get little miracles done for.

"Yes," he said simply.

"Go to bed, child," said Mrs. C., sweeping past them in her diamonds and lace, a little angry with them. "John, you must not keep that child up. Look at her eyes now. She is tired out."

But she was tired only in her body; and she wished she had the resolution to keep awake all night to thank her saint. But she did not thank him in that way.

MARGARET MAITLAND.

MARCH.

O MONTH of March! O Month that sees
 The daffodils dance in the breeze!
 You see the pale, sweet primrose spring,
 The larch's scented pendants swing:
 You bring the daisies to the leas,
 The bloom to the wild cherry trees,
 To woods the frail anemones.
 The days we love you to us bring,
 O Month of March!

You bring us solemn memories
 Of Nazareth beyond the seas,
 Of Her whose praise the angels sing,
 Of Joseph, guardian of a King,
 Of Patrick now in heaven with these,
 O Month of March.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

IMMORTALITY AND INCONSISTENCY.

The Spectator for December 10th, 1898, in an article on "Human Immortality," has the following:—"Our belief on this momentous subject will inevitably mould our lives. As Browning has it in 'Christmas Eve and Easter Day,' we shall, if we believe in the future life, treat this world, not as the palace, but as the vestibule to the palace; we shall not care for the bubble called fame, for what is the fame even of a thousand years compared with the endless ages of eternity? We shall not concern ourselves with the ordinary objects of earthly ambition, any more than a grown man would concern himself with the toys of a child. We shall not even worry ourselves over the evil and the crimes and the failures of the world, for we shall view things in a grand perspective, and shall understand that nothing can really be judged here. We shall not allow mere secular civilization to dominate us, as it dominates at the present moment a world which has lost for the most part its sense of the divine. So that not only our sublimest hopes, but even the course of our actual life, hangs largely on what is our view as to the scale on which our life is built, whether it is an ephemeral affair, a little gleam of consciousness between two black abysses, or whether there is that in us which will surmount the barrier of space and time, and which will escape corruption."

Nothing more contrary to experience could well be so well expressed. The unclouded certitude of vast millions in all ages as to another life of endless duration has been, and is, and always will be amazingly inefficient in producing such results. While having no doubt at all of the soul's immortality and of the awful sanctions of conduct here, men live for the most part, as if this life, so frail and fleeting, were the solid reality and the next not much more than "such stuff as dreams are made of." It is wonderful, but so is almost everything when we try to realize it. Mystery everywhere.

It is not intellectual conviction which moulds us, though that is necessary; it is something else altogether. Our will is the great factor, free to choose, making us masters of our eternal lot, and yet all but helpless, most capricious and even perverse,

unless we choose to be helped by a power external to ourselves.

Reason and faith make it certain that man was created by God to serve Him here by obeying His law, and consequently that all things else, everything we can use our free-will about, are the means at our disposal for doing our duty, and that in this way alone can we arrive at happiness, that great object of our desires, the necessary result of serving God. This is the great fundamental truth of all true religion. It is the first thing a child is taught in the catechism, it is constantly being insisted on in sermons, books, retreats, and missions. Those who hear or read assent to it unhesitatingly, and still we all see, know, feel how marvellously at variance with it is human conduct.

The longing for happiness is at the bottom and top of human action and pervades it through and through in all directions. As Coleridge says :—" We are poor querulous creatures, nothing less than all things will suffice to make us happy, and a little more than nothing is enough to make us miserable." We are not always consciously seeking to be happy, that is, to have all desire satisfied ; but, for all that, it is because such is the nature of human will, longing for perfect peace and satisfaction, that we act at all and always. To get some good, to avoid some evil—such ever are the motives we have when we use our free-wills. As the universal law of gravitation regulates and controls the motions of planets, projectiles, and falling apples, so does happiness, the longing for it, rule and limit our wills in great actions and small.

Men are not free with regard to whether they will wish to be happy or not. Such a state would be monstrous, contradictory, impossible. We must desire happiness, we must aim at some good in whatever we do. But we are free as to what we shall place our happiness in. St. Augustine says, happiness consists in having all that we desire and desiring nothing wrong. That is perfect happiness and cannot be had in this life, for we cannot have all that we desire, and we shall even against our wish crave for what is wrong. Happiness is not to be had here, therefore. If we would be happy indeed, we must look elsewhere for it, we can at the best have but some beginning of it here. This life for all is a mixture of good and evil, the proportions of which vary without limit.

Most men do not think about the matter at all. They simply try to get what they want or desire; we are full of desires, very often

complex and conflicting. Our rational nature seeks its satisfactions, the animal nature does the same. What is good any way and every way, such we crave—present, future, permanent, fleeting, high and noble, base and degrading. The world around us professes to be able to give us what we want; anyway men think it does, and so set about satisfying themselves.

Faith puts before us the true way to be happy. If we would have eternal life, we must keep God's commandments. The more perfectly we do so, the happier we shall be. This is believed by all Catholics, and moreover that, if we die in unrepented grievous sin, we shall be miserable for ever. But how often and how long we live as if this were not true at all! Commonly happiness is placed in the things of this world, its wealth, its enjoyments, its esteem and glory. Wishing we had all, we take what we can get and deliberately wish to find happiness where conscience tells us we should not seek it; we turn away from the higher good and fix our hearts on the lower. It seems natural for us to do so, it is certainly extremely hard not to do so, and we shall always do so, except God delivers us.

We are under a spell of some sort. Scripture calls it *fascinatio nugacitatis*, the bewitching of trifling or vanity; that is worldliness, loving and valuing the good things of this life for their own sake to the exclusion of higher and eternal goods. This spell has such a hold on many that they care for nothing else save this life's good things; others are not quite so bewitched, and others again are comparatively freed. Why have this world and its belongings such tremendous power over us? Why have the senses and their objects such a mastery that St. Paul cries out "Unhappy man that I am, who will deliver me?" Why is our spiritual nature so weak, our grasp of spiritual things so feeble? Why do we break our hearts over trifles and care not a straw for priceless treasures? Ah! why?

It is not only the worldly and the sinful who live and think and feel, often and long, as if this life were everything. One of the strangest phenomena of life is the struggles and inconsistencies of those who are believers and doers of the law of God. In the first place, it is only by constant effort and vigilance they can keep the spell of the world from mastering them so as to blind them to the true way to happiness and bring them to judge and act as if happiness could be had in the gratifications and distractions of

earth. In the second place, though they keep themselves from being fascinated and led astray generally and utterly, even the best are extraordinarily influenced by merely worldly things and principles. No doubt there is every kind of mixture in this influence, and every proportion of the components of this mixture. The exaggerated esteem of wealth, of social status, learning, all kinds of distinction and success—one may hear the best of people speak of such things as if they were all important, and the common experience is that all are marvellously impressed by them.

What Burns says of the field mouse, "the present only toucheth thee," is true of all animals, even the rational in a large degree. What is present, what is near, what affects our senses and passions, whatever is in any way part and parcel of this present life, *that* is what we are so terribly inclined to be fascinated by to the exclusion of what is spiritual, invisible, future, belonging to a state of things of which we have no true imagination and only incorporeal ideas. These ideas represent facts, and we are quite certain of their reality, but because they do not affect us like things we have real imagination of, hence we are as and what we are, "the glory, jest, and riddle of the world." What a mystery it all is! "Man can find no reason of all those works of God that are done under the sun; and the more he shall labour to seek, so much the less shall he find; yea, though the wise man should say that he knoweth it, he shall not be able to find it." (Eccles. viii. 17).

The fact is that the happiness God created us for is the greatest of all mysteries. It can only be apprehended by divine faith and earned by "faith that worketh by charity." It is so out of proportion with our natural faculties that we cannot of ourselves tend towards it at all. We must be raised and strengthened by the immediate action of God Himself on our minds and hearts, enlightened and moved by Him, by His divine grace, with which we must on our part freely co-operate. The truths of faith are of infinite value. To be able and willing to believe them is what is called the divine gift of faith. That it is most reasonable to submit our minds to it, that all which it teaches is absolutely real and true, every Catholic is absolutely convinced, and every one else would be, if it were put before him rightly, and if he could and would use his mind and will rightly.

What has been said throws some light on the strange state of

affairs in which we find ourselves. It throws some light on the facts of experience which are so bitterly opposed to the views of Browning and of the *Spectator* writer as to the effects of the certitude of human immortality on human conduct.

WILLIAM A. SUTTON, S.J.

THE WANDERING JEW.

A LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

WITH prick of spear and knotted cord
The soldiers follow up the road,
And drive their Saviour and their Lord,
As angry peasants oxen goad.
In purple robe with crown'd head
He slowly climbs the steep ascent,
At every step His blood is shed,
His shoulders 'neath the cross are bent ;
He twice hath fallen—and now hard-pressed
Amid the jeering crowd would fall
But that He gains a moment's rest
By leaning 'gainst a cobbler's stall.

A moment's rest !—He asks no more
Who gave us life, and earth, and heaven.
This last least boon shall God implore
And shall it not by man be given ?
The cobbler sees the mute appeal
Of Jesu's blood and Jesu's sighs ;
His sordid soul can only feel
In Jesu's presence danger lies.
For, if delayed, the angry bands
His paltry stall may overthrow
In haste, with sacrilegious hands,
He strikes the Christ and bids Him go.

And Jesus goes without a word,
But where His feet a moment stayed,
There stands an angel of the Lord
In all Jehovah's might arrayed—

An angel 'neath whose ample brows
 The scathing lights of heaven shine,
 And from whose lips of fire there flows
 The sentence of a wrath divine.

"O lowest, meanest of mankind!
 "God's curse is on thy coward head!
 "No bliss in living shalt thou find,
 "Nor peace among the peaceful dead.
 "All doors of joy to thee shall close,
 "E'en grief with thee shall fear to mate,
 "With no companion but thy woes
 "Thou shalt go forth and meet thy fate.
 "Thou evermore on earth shalt roam
 "And seeking death shalt never die;
 "Without a friend—without a home—
 "Immortal in thy misery.

In thickest fight,
 Where strives the might
 Of War's array,
 Where swords are flashing
 And brave men dashing
 Amid the fray,
 The wanderer hopeless, fearless, stands,
 And keenest swords, and strongest hands
 All turn away.
 While brave men die,
 While cowards fly,
 Among the wounded and the dead,
 Without a shield
 He meets the field
 With white uncovered head.

On heavy wings, with fetid breath,
 The plague has brought her loathsome death.
 From stricken men their brothers shrink,
 The wife comes not though husband cries;
 The child is moaning on the brink
 Of death—her mother trembling flies.
 But he—the Jew that God has cursed—
 A spectral shadow haunts the dead:

By him no helpless wretch is nursed,
No comfort brought to tainted bed.
The young, the blest, the happy die,
He watches them with envious eye,
He holds their hands, he drinks their breath,
And waits—but waits in vain—for death.

Loud sounds the music in the hall,
And louder still the children's laugh,
The maiden's feet in cadence fall,
Old men lean smiling on their staff.
The light of joy a moment steals
Across the pale, sad face of woe,
The stagnant heart awaking feels
The love and hope of long ago.
Amid the crowd the Jew has crept
To look on joy a little while;
Though long, long years his heart has wept,
Oh, may it not one moment smile!

The music wailing dies away,
The shrinking maiden silent stands,
The little children cease to play,
The old men raise forbidding hands.
“Go hence,” they cry—“Accurséd, go!—
“Nor change our mirth to grief and gloom.
“Thou harbinger of death and woe,
“Go hence—and bear thy doom!”

He must away, he dare not stay,
The angel's curse is on his head;
His tortured breast can find no rest
Among the living or the dead.
Where he goes by, stern looks are cast,
The women pale and whisper low,
As if they felt a northern blast
Athwart the summer sunshine blow.
The boys oft dog his weary feet
With mocking laugh and jeering cry,
But when he turns their scoffs to meet
Shrink from the evil of his eye.

If friendship's hands or pity's stretch
To help him on his lonely way,
He knows, alas, poor doom'd wretch,
That pain and grief their ruth repay.
Once in his arms a babe had slept
One little hour—and then it died ;
With loud lament the mother wept
With set grey face he turned aside.

Where are no happy homes of men
He wanders now, forlorn, alone,
And far from human aid or ken
To heaven sends his ceaseless moan.
Sometimes an Alpine hunter, lost
In mountain pass, an old man sees
With white hair by the wild wind tossed,
And bending back and trembling knees.

The snow is falling on his head,
He bares it to the icy pall ;
The avalanche leaps from its bed,
He goes to meet its fatal fall ;
The chasm widens 'neath his tread,
The hunted chamois fears to leap—
Without a pause, a thought of dread
He climbs the crumbling steep.

'Tis all in vain ! still, still, he lives !
And if the hunter asks the way
To where the valley safety gives,
He hears the weary wanderer say :
“ Oh, canst thou wish thy life to save
“ Who with thy kin at peace might be ?
“ Thank God who keeps for thee a grave ;
“ 'Tis only I
“ Can never die.”

FRANK PENTRILL.

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SWEETIE TO THE RESCUE.

Life is long; from time to time cordials are needed for the race. Some come to me from Heaven, some from earth. I take them all; they are all of use to me. It is God who gives them, Who gives life and dew.

Eugénie de Guérin.

“NEXT to a fine sunshiny day, or a hard black frost,” was the verdict of the Riddingdale boys, “give us a good, steady, driving, pelting rain.”

They knew what they were talking about, too. The northern region in which they lived, and which was so dear to them all, was a plentifully rain-visited one, and, as George said, “March, this year, had entered much more like Niobe than Leo.”

What matters rain when you have a hundred indoor things to do, and when even the going out is a keen delight, rain it ever so heavily, if you are properly clad and shod! Indeed, “storm walks,” as they were called, were always popular, and even Alfred and Gareth would return from one of these excursions with faces as bright as an August dawn, and tongues as chirpy as a nest of young starlings.

There had been one such walk, or run, on a certain afternoon between school and tea-time, and, as the custom was, they had gone round to the kitchen yard to exchange their wet clogs and stockings for dry ones, and to leave dripping oil-skin and mackintosh in an out-house. Their mother could see them from the kitchen where she was helping to prepare the tea. She thought their rosy rain-washed faces looked like so many big ripe apples upon which the storm had left its diamond drops.

“Jolly good thing they’ve got the roof on,” Harry was saying. (They had been to see how the new school was getting on).

“Yes,” replied Hilary, “the carpenters can go ahead now. Everything will be finished long before Easter.”

"Not everything," remarked George.

"Well, everything in that part of the building."

"And will it really be opened then?" enquired Alfred, "and shall we begin to go there, and will Dr. Byrse teach us just as usual, and shall I be in the same class as Lance?"

"Gently, young man," put in Hilary, while Willie Murrington ejaculated under his breath, "Poor old Lannie!"

"It will be opened a fortnight after Easter," Hilary continued, "and we shall go there, and Dr. Byrse will teach some of us—something, probably mathematics and music. The three new masters are to be here at the end of the month. But whether you will be in the same class as Lance is a question. I should say probably not."

What has been called "the continuous *now* of childhood" is only apparent to the child himself. To his elders, the passing of the month is but too real a fact, and just as Lance was rejoicing in the approach of his fourteenth birthday, so Alfred was congratulating himself upon being within hailing distance of his thirteenth. "Going in" thirteen had, in Alfred's opinion, been an affair of importance, even when eleven months had to be passed before the coveted age was reached. Did not his twelfth birthday lie behind him, and was he not already "in his teens?"

Alfred was a perky, merry youngster, sharp and quick at his school work, and such an ally of Lance that during the past year they had now and then found themselves partners in punishment as well as in mischief. No Ridingdale boy could be a candidate for the birch until he had turned twelve, and at first this did not, in Alfred's mind, discount the distinction of having reached that august age. Afterwards, however, and when he made a record Lance himself had scarcely surpassed, the younger boy changed his opinion; for if the same offence was repeated, father had a knack of slightly increasing the penalty.

"The cane we got as kids was bad enough," Alfred remarked ruefully to Lance one day when both were smarting from a recent chastigation; "but it's a joke compared to those beastly twigs. And you do feel so jolly helpless when your wrists and ankles are strapped."

"Oh," rejoined Lance trying to remove the very last traces of his tears, "I like being fastened down. In fact I always ask father to make the straps tight. Helps you no end. I, for one,

am jolly glad Hilly got 'em put on. Must be beastly having people to hold you."

"Anyhow," said Alfred to whom the strapping down was after all only a trifling detail. "I'm not going into that apple-chamber again."

"Nor I," Lance responded with blushing cheeks. "Disobedience and theft are ugly things. And mother gives us such a lot of apples as long as they last."

"Yes," said the younger boy with one of those long-drawn sighs that come after much weeping, "it's so beastly unfair to the others—having a gorge on your own account. Fancy taking apples from the girls!"

"And *Sweetie*," added Lance with a deeper blush.

"I never thought of that before. It's—it's awful."

"Glad we didn't take Gareth."

"Well, he wouldn't have been birched," reflected Alfred—to whom the advantages of being over twelve were beginning to appear more than doubtful.

Then the tea-bell had rung, and Lance's appetite, to say nothing of Alfred's, was as keen as ever.

On this rainy March morning, Lance (who had not accompanied his brothers in the storm-walk he was so fond of) listened to, much more than he took part in, the tea-table talk—mostly on the new building, and almost before the informal meal was over, he slipped away to the school-room fire.

There he sat looking straight into the hot coals, and beating a restless tattoo upon the hearthstone with his clogs.

He stopped, however, quite suddenly, and with an exclamation of impatience. Somebody was fumbling with the handle of the door.

"Are you here, Lannie?" called out a clear, childish voice.

"Is it you, Sweetie?" shouted Lance, springing to the door. "All right, old chap—come in! I'm all alone."

Lance reseated himself, and Sweetie lost no time in climbing on his brother's knee. "Mother said I might come to you."

"I'm so glad." Lance was already looking a little brighter. "I'm afraid there's hardly time for a tale, Sweetie—unless it's a very short one."

"There's the poetry you began to teach me last week. I can say the first four verses, Lanny."

"About the Holy Innocents, eh? Right, old boy. It's in the school-room somewhere. I'll soon spot it."

Partly no doubt through a certain spiritual instinct, and partly through the suggestions of a mother to whom eternal things were all important, Sweetie had developed a great love for sacred song. His memory was wonderfully retentive, and for several years he had been constantly adding to its store of holy hymns.

But as he grew older, he began to show a particular fondness for all poetry that contained any reference to Heaven. This was so well known in the household that whoever came across verses of this description lost no time in repeating them to the child, and what Father Horbury called "Sweetie's Anthology of Paradise" was already fairly extensive. Willie Murrington had shown great industry in collecting these sacred poems and, at his foster-father's suggestion, was copying them all into a big manuscript book. But the latest find had been made by Lance, and it was one that Sweetie greatly appreciated.

Ever since the blind boy had been a baby in arms, Lance had shown a special affection for him, and although Sweetie was the recipient of every sort of kindness from all his brothers and sisters, had taken a particular liking to his new foster-brother, and was very proud of so much notice from the big Hilary (that strong and steady steed that enabled him to win so many races)—it was to Lance that, failing mother and father, he would run for comfort in his little troubles, and for help in particular difficulties.

Mrs. Ridingdale knew all this very well, and it gave her great satisfaction to think that the most thoughtless and harum-scarum of his kind was always mindful of the afflicted one. It had been so when Sweetie was two years old and Lance himself only eight. "What about Sweetie, mother?" had been his enquiry, whenever a holiday arrangement was being made. And "I'll play with Sweetie, if you like, mother," he would always add.

So to-night, Lance forgot his troubles for a time. He was in the company of a child who thoroughly believed in him, and that was much; one who looked up to and trusted him, and that was more; a little one who truly loved him for his own sake, and that was most of all.

The magazine containing the verses was soon found. Lance read a line very slowly and Sweetie repeated it. The child had already learned three or four stanzas.

"Angel-darlings, in your mirth,
One sweet moment look to earth,
Bring all little children where
Their feet may touch the golden stair."

Sweetie repeated the last line two or three times, and afterwards the whole of the verse. Then Lance went back to the beginning, and the duet re-commenced—the big boy's rich, full monotone of line after line, and the child's clear sweet sing-song alternating.

Half-an-hour passed quickly in this exercise, and as Sweetie reached the concluding words, "Their feet may touch the golden stair," Lance had to struggle with two opposite inclinations. Sweetie's serious and pathetic recitation brought a lump to Lance's throat; on the other hand, when he caught sight of his clogs and thought of the "golden stair," he had some difficulty in suppressing a laugh.

"I think I can say it all now; thank you, Lanny dear, for teaching it to me."

Sweetie put up his face for Lance to kiss.

"I can learn quicker when I sit on your knee," the blind child continued.

"But you always learn things quickly, old chap," said Lance, returning the little fellow's kiss. "And that's just what I can't do. I've been in a difficulty three times since last Monday because I couldn't say these horrid jingles."

"What are they?" Sweetie asked.

Lance explained as well as he could, and repeated a line or two from Kennedy.

"O, but that's so different from nice poetry," said the child. "I don't think I could ever learn that."

"Where have you got to in Latin, old boy?" Lance enquired.

"I'm just starting the numerals. Mother repeats them over and over again, just like you do the poetry."

Lance sighed deeply as he reflected that to save his life he could not have repeated these same numerals.

Though he could not see Lance's troubled face, Sweetie heard the sigh, and took his brother's hard fist between his own soft little palms. It was a Friday night, and the week had been a stormy one for Lance. But it would never do to give Sweetie the opportunity of asking questions. There was a general under-

standing in the house that all news of a painful sort was to be kept from the sightless child.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Lance putting on a jocularly he did not feel. "Tell you what, Sweetie boy, you shall help me with my Latin."

"But how can I, Lanny?"

"Oh, in lots of ways. For instance, when I'm wheeling you in the park, or taking you down to the Colonel's, you can repeat your—well, the numerals and things, and I'll say them after you, Somehow, they don't seem to stick in my chump. Dr. Byrse told me the other day my memory was like a sieve."

"I don't think that was nice of him," Sweetie said with a certain emphasis.

"I'm afraid it's true, old chap. You see, George, and Willy, and the others are such tykes at Latin and Greek, and even Alfred does better than I do. I don't seem to have the head for it somehow."

"But Dr. Byrse doesn't punish you, does he?"

"Well," said Lance evasively, "he's very patient, I think. In fact he's jolly good sort all round."

"I wanted you so much—once or twice this week," the little boy went on, "but they told me you were *engaged*, Lanny."

"Yes," said Lance, his cheeks crimsoning, "I had a good many appointments this week. In fact it's been a very—busy time."

"I heard Harry say you were 'in quod' one day, and when I asked him what it meant he only said '*qui, quae, quod*;' but I thought you learnt that years ago."

"Oh, Harry is always talking rot, you know. Don't you bother about me, little brother. We shall always be chums—shan't we, old chap?"

Sweetie's only reply was to throw his arms round Lance's neck. The boy loved all his brothers and sisters with an affection that was both deep and demonstrative, but he held one corner of his warm little heart in special reserve for Lance.

("It's only my voice you care for," the singing-boy had once said teasingly to Sweetie, "and that will break in a year or two and then——")

"And then," the child had sobbed, "then I shall love you all the more, because I shall be so very, *very* sorry for you.")

Lance felt that his brother was a trifle suspicious, but nothing would induce the delinquent to speak of his personal pains. The little one's affection was very comforting on the present occasion; just now everybody's hand seemed to be against Lance—or upon him. The week had begun with a serious altercation with the Colonel at drill; and indeed if the truth must be told the gallant soldier was at fault. In the course of their evolutions the boys found themselves under a tree, and a falling bit of timber had hit George on the head. Now it so happened that on a previous occasion Lance *had* thrown an atom of stick at the boy in front of him, and had immediately been detected. In the present instance the Colonel who, though he would never admit the fact, was a little short-sighted, was perfectly certain that Lance had repeated the offence. The boy denied it with great heat, and the Colonel's wrath became great. The others were puzzled. Not one of them had seen Lance throw the thing, and they all knew that he was not in the habit of lying; yet it was just like him to lark in that way, and the Colonel was so very positive about the matter. To make things worse, both father and mother were spending the day at Timington. They would have believed him at once, Lance reflected, if he could have gone to them quietly and said:—"The Colonel is really mistaken; I did not throw anything."

So also would the old soldier have believed him if the good man had not chanced to be in a bad humour, and if his irascibility had not been increased by Lance's too vehement style of self-exculpation. As it was, the unfortunate boy found himself locked up during all the play-hours and free time of that day, and his soul grew heavy within him.

Next morning his lessons suffered exceedingly, and in the afternoon he grew so reckless that Dr Byrse threatened to call in Mr. Ridingdale. This sobered the boy a little, but when Wednesday came he did so badly in every subject that, for the first time since he had been at Ridingdale, the Doctor used his cane.

Thursday morning found Lance in a state absolutely mutinous, and the Doctor was puzzled. After morning school Hilary took his young brother on one side and tried to reason with him, but not one word would Lance utter. At dinner, the Squire, noticing that something was wrong, spoke to Hilary about it, and at the

beginning of afternoon school to the Doctor. No improvement was visible in class, and at half-past four Lance was sent for by his father.

"Have you anything to say for yourself, Lance?" the Squire asked.

The boy had much to say, but he thought that to complain of the Colonel's injustice *now* would be meanness itself. So he only said in a low tone:—

"I'm quite ready, father, and the boys are all out. If you could——"

"But do you know what you're asking for?"

"I know it's got to be severe this time, father, but I deserve it. I've done hardly any lessons for four days."

A few minutes later he followed his father upstairs.

It was the heaviest punishment he had ever received, and though twenty-four hours had passed since Lance had made the usual request to his father concerning the straps, the boy was still feeling the pain of it as well as the disgrace. For he was angry with himself much more than with the Colonel who had been the unwitting cause of all the trouble. Lance could reason about the whole affair now. He had not the smallest feeling of resentment against his father, who had punished him for perfectly palpable faults of gross laziness and rebellion in school.

But to-night as Lance heard the bell ring for the evening preparation of to-morrow's lessons he said to Sweetie as he kissed him:—

"Jolly glad you came, old chap. You've done me a heap of good. I shall do those rotten lessons to-night like anything."

He hoisted his little brother shoulder high and ran up to the nursery with him, and then flew back to the school-room not knowing yet whether to laugh or cry, but feeling altogether happy. And all the way down stairs he heard Sweetie chanting to an improvised melody:—

"God's dear choristers in white,
Singing at the Shrine of Light,
Laying in the lily-meads
Where your Kingly Lover leads."

CHAPTER XXXV.

A REVIEW OF THE HOUSEHOLD TROOP.

One would say that the whole creation rested on an inclined plane, so that all beings whatever bend down to those below them to love and to be beloved by them.

GERBET.

The first thing the Squire did when he found his circumstances slightly improving was to get more help for his wife, both in kitchen and nursery. The boys too were relieved of certain items of menial work, for besides the extra nurse and housemaid, a lad from the town came to the Hall daily. For, as Ridingle reflected, now that several of the boys were going to attend school, many little changes would have to be made in the home economy.

Relieved of the necessity (for some time past) of acting as tutor to his sons, and saved from the worry of looking closely after the farm by the engagement of a new and thoroughly trustworthy bailiff, the Squire was able to turn his increased leisure to excellent account. For, in addition to an increase of literary work, he had undertaken reviewing—a work for which he had a particular liking and considerable aptitude.

The harvests of last year had been exceptionally good, and both corn and hay sold well. Indeed the sum he had sent to Lord Dalesworth at Christmas was so much larger than usual that his Lordship insisted upon returning a handsome bonus. Yet for a man holding the Squire's position he was still pitifully poor.

Hilary was now seventeen, and as heir to the Hall and farm on the death of his great-uncle, his future position was secured. Still, there might be a long interval between the boy's coming of age and his succession to the little estate, and his father was very anxious that in a year's time Hilary should go to Oxford. The lad was not of a very literary turn, but he had always been a steady and conscientious student, and Dr. Byrse greatly wished that his eldest pupil might take a degree.

There was a certain balance of character in Hilary that gave great consolation both to mother and father.

"If anything should happen to me," the Squire said to him, "you would have very important duties to fulfil. Such a family

as ours would be a very big charge for you ; but, dear lad, I am not at all anxious. I know you will be equal to it when the time comes. God has blessed me with good children. As yet none of them are grown up ; but though pious boys and girls do not always develope into good men and women, I cannot but feel hopeful about every one of you."

He had, indeed, every reason to hope for the best. His second son, Harry, after being the pickle of the family from early childhood, had gradually grown comparatively sober and studious. The change was as slow as it was real, and during the past year his little scrapes had never once merited more than a rebuke. As a small boy, he had made up his mind to be a soldier—greatly helped, no doubt, by the Colonel who was going to send him to Sandhurst. To the satisfaction, too, of the Squire who dearly wanted to have two or three soldier sons, since for several centuries every generation of the Ridingdales and Dalesworths had given their best and bravest to the service of their country.

Yet the deepest longing in the heart both of father and mother, was that one or more of their boys might be blessed with a vocation either to the priesthood or the religious life. Day by day, from the early infancy of every one of their children, they had prayed for this. Never once, however, had they thought of speaking to anyone on the subject—least of all to the boys themselves.

George was the only one of the bigger lads who showed signs of inheriting his father's literary tastes. He was Dr. Byrse's favourite pupil—for many reasons. The quietest and steadiest of the family, he gave no trouble in school hours, and his power of application was considerable. Yet he had a great faculty for dreaming, and sometimes his work suffered a little in consequence ; but—unlike Lance who once he fell into a lazy mood found it hard to get back again into the proper attitude of mind—George could pull himself together with the minimum of effort. In features he resembled his mother very strikingly, and from childhood he had shown himself devoted to books and pictures. Though he was the least talkative member of the family, and, with the exception of Sweetie, the most thoughtful, he was full of good temper and gentle humour. He always gave one the impression that his mind was fixed upon some special matter, and the impression was generally a correct one ; but he was easily brought

down to the level of family life, and either Harry or Lance could dissipate his brown studies in double quick time.

Serio-comically he would complain that his brothers, particularly the two just mentioned, were constantly defrauding him of his "birch-rights." Not that he had reached the age of fifteen without punishment, any more than the rest; but he said that whereas it was almost a solitary event in his life—the only serious instance had been one in which he took the offence of another upon himself—Hilary, Harry, and Lance managed to get it regularly in some form or other. George firmly believed that he deserved more frequent chastisement, and now and then would actually ask for it on account of some offence, real or imaginary, although his dread of physical pain was great.

Willie Murrington was George's natural ally, and no amount of chaff from the rest, or calling of such nicknames as "The Twin Sages," and "The Brother Bards," could prevent their mutual reading of books that the others did not relish, or talking together on subjects caviare to the rest. Music and games, of course, brought them into daily touch with their brothers, of whose society both George and Willy showed as much appreciation as even Lance could desire.

Willie still suffered when the weather was very cold, for years of cruel treatment—often of downright torture—had made him, not only prematurely old in his thoughts and ways, and taken from him anything like an effervescence of spirits or excessive hilarity, but it had also left its mark upon his delicate body, and had affected his general health.

Hilary, the strong and robust, had great pity for his foster-brother, and would often say to him during a football match when strong east winds were blowing: "Don't you stay here, old fellow. We all know you wouldn't shirk. In fact it's your *shirkulation* that's not up to this kind of thing."

All the lads had a high opinion of Willie's goodness, and Mrs. Ridingdale had found out that her sons were in the habit of going to him, one by one, and unknown to each other, to ask him to pray for something or other—often a fine day, or success in an examination. Some times for other things.

"If I were only as good as you," Lance said to him once, very wistfully, "I might perhaps begin to think of being a monk, or a priest, or something; but I'm afraid it's no go. I shall

never be fit for anything of that sort, and I daren't say anything about it to Father Horbury. You see, he knows me too well. And I don't like to talk to mother and father about it, 'cause I feel how disappointed they'd be if it didn't come off. But if I can get you and them to pray——"

"O, Lannie!" cried Willie, full of sympathy for this "lump of contradiction" as the Doctor called him, "don't—*don't* give up the idea if you've got it seriously. Do have a talk to Father Horbury about it."

Lance shook his head dolefully. "Ah," he replied, "you didn't hear what Dr. Byrse said to me this morning. He told me I was an angel in church and an imp in the school-room."

"What had you been doing?"

"Nothing much. But I happened to pick up the blade of an old pen-knife as I was going into school, and I shoved it into the heel of my clog as a sort of spur, and when we sat down I just gave Alfred a prick with it, and he was so surprised he cried out, and then the Doctor spotted me."

"I remember," nodded Willie.

"And when you fellows had gone, he gave me 'handers' and a speech, and the speech hurt me more than the handers—at least, it does now."

Willie reasoned with his foster-brother long and earnestly, taking him far into the park so that they could have it out privately—the result being that Lance promised to speak to Father Horbury.

It was certainly a new and strange experience for, the at one time, despised and ill-treated Willie to find himself looked up to and consulted in this fashion, and at first he was rather frightened at being compelled to receive so many confidences and pledge himself to so many prayers. But the thought came to him that if, after receiving so much kindness and sympathy, he found himself able to return a little, it was certainly his duty to do it. Somebody has said that "kindness is not true unless it is special," and Willie acknowledged to himself that the kindness of the Ridingsdales had been of a very special character.

For the Squire saw from the beginning that in his foster-son he had a boy whose spirit had been thoroughly crushed, a boy it would be hard to spoil by showing him too much consideration.

"It's of no use your coming to ask me for a penance, Willie,"

Ridingdale had said to him when he came one day to report himself guilty of some breach of family law. "As for flogging you, I would as soon think of whipping a little bird. No, my dear, if you ever did anything very bad, and I know you never will, I might refuse to speak to you for a time, but your days of punishment are over, Willie. What is good for those great full-blooded fellows yonder is out of the question for you."

He had never from the beginning caused the least anxiety either to father or mother, and lately both began to see that his influence upon the other boys was of the greatest value. Yet he was very simple and direct in his speech, and though at first sight he looked too serious for his years, he was never melancholy. The ways and habits of the family he fell into most naturally, and he could not bear that any exception in food or dress should be made for him.

"We shan't put you in clogs, Willie," the Squire said the first time there was a question of foot-gear for the boy. "You have not been used to them and might not like them."

But Willie pleaded so hard that he might be shod like the rest, saying that he could not otherwise think himself one of them, that the Squire readily gave way.

When, however, it was a question of food, Mrs. Ridingdale was inexorable. He did not like to be the only boy who supplemented his breakfast bread and milk with two eggs, nor to be the only person in the house who drank a glass of port after dinner.

"You shall give up both, my darling," said his foster-mother, "as soon as you get strong and rosy like your brothers. They don't need these little things, but mother knows her Willie wants them badly."

Sometimes as he shared her good-night kiss with the rest, he wondered why God was so good to him, and in the little prayers with which, at his own bedside, he supplemented the family devotions, he would make a special act of thanksgiving and a particular promise.

"I will try to be worthy of all this loving care," he would sob, "and if I live to be a man, I will do all I can to make miserable boys happy."

Already the Squire found George and Willie useful to him in his work both of writing and reviewing, and nothing delighted

them more than the task of looking up a passage in some classic or verifying a quotation. Very often indeed their fresh young memories would produce the exact words he himself could only half remember, and then the delight of the lads was great. But when he gave them a book he was reviewing, one that he himself had read, but concerning which he could not quite make up his mind, they felt that a literary life had begun for them in real earnest. And their clear and unbiassed judgment often proved very serviceable to him. Not unfrequently they would point out some little inconsistency in treatment, or some defect in the development of a character or plot, that had escaped him in the reading of the book—generally a work of fiction—and he would say laughingly that he hoped they would never have a book of his to criticise. Once he allowed them to write a short notice of a boy's story-book, and on its appearance the author wrote to the reviewer to say that it was at once the most kindly and intelligent critique of his work he had met with.

Often and often the Squire longed to take the two lads on one side and say: "Well, now—what are you going to be? What are you going to do with these talents of yours?" He did not act thus for many reasons.

First of all, there was Mr. Kittleshot's offer to Willie—an offer made, the Squire did not doubt, partly because he saw the boy was very intelligent, and partly to relieve the foster-father of any difficulty he might have in regard to Willie's future. But above all other things Ridingdale was desirous that each of his sons should freely and spontaneously choose his own career—without help or suggestion of any kind from himself. He knew that however much the capacities of his sons might differ, there was at any rate sufficient character in each of them to make the choice of a future a personal and individual matter, and he shrank from letting fall a single word until the election was made.

The smaller boys, of course, declared their final and irrevocable resolves for the future, twenty times a day—resolves in many cases destined to be changed at bed-time. There was Alfred, for instance, whose oscillations between army and navy were the joke of the family. The Squire, however, thought Lance's great ally showed a good deal of firmness of purpose.

"You're going to wear her Majesty's uniform in some shape," the father said to him one morning at breakfast, when the boy

was being chaffed; "it is hard to say whether a man does more service on sea or on land. There's the chance of fighting in both cases, isn't there, Alf?—and I fancy that is the great attraction."

Alfred looked at his father curiously. Like his hero, Lance, he was much too fond of fighting, and he wondered if his father had witnessed a very recent little escapade in the kitchen-yard. The new knife and boot boy was well over thirteen, and quite able to defend himself. If, then, Master Alfred found him cheeky, it was his (Alfred's) duty to punish him, regardless of consequences. It never occurred to the Squire's fifth son that a new servant, and a boy from the town in which the Riddingdales were so much looked up to, had reason to pause before he accepted the challenge which, after two fairly hard blows with his fist, Alfred had flung at him.

The Squire saw that his remark had told upon the youngster, and hid his face in *the Times* in order to cover a smile. He had witnessed the little scene in all its details, and knew that his son was in the wrong. Alfred became suddenly silent and devoted himself to a big bowl of bread and milk, casting now and then uneasy glances at his father. There was honey on the table, but the boy reluctantly left it untasted when the Squire rose to leave the table.

"You see, father, Jim was rude," Alfred began as they left the room, and without any other preliminary explanation. He was certain his father knew all about the affair. "He was very rude," the small boy continued, "and so I gave him one."

"Wasn't it *two*?" asked the Squire, trying not to smile.

"Yes—I think it was, father. Fact, I'm sure."

"And what was it all about, Alf?"

"Well," began the youngster, putting his hands behind him, and taking three quick strides to his father's one, "you said we were only to clean one pair of clogs every day now Jim is here, and this morning I wanted these lace-up ones 'cause it's raining. I'd cleaned the other ones before Mass, and Jim ought to have had these ready before breakfast but he hadn't, father, and, when I rowed him, he said he couldn't be in two places at once, and that's cheek, so I just——"

"Hit him twice and asked him to fight, eh?" the Squire suggested as they entered the study.

"Yes, father," said the boy with his eyes upon the very strong and very muddy clogs.

"Very well," began his father, sitting down and surveying the perky little man from head to foot. "Now just try to commit these two or three commands to memory. First, you go at once and beg Jim's pardon. Then you immediately clean with your own hands those disreputable clogs. To-morrow morning you help Jim with the knives and boots. Lastly, never again let me hear of you 'rowing' (as you call it) Jim or any other servant, or something very unpleasant will happen."

Alfred retired with burning cheeks. It was very humiliating, but he would try and get the first thing over at once.

"Y' see, Master Alfred," said the knife and boot boy when Alfred had shaken hands with him—it was not in the bond, but a Ridingdale had to do things thoroughly—"yer didna gie me time to tell yer. I'd ony just come back from t' grocer's for missus, and I couldna be 'ere and theer at t' same toime—could I now?"

"You're quite right, Jim," said Alfred magnificently, "and I was altogether in the wrong. I'm beastly sorry!"

He would not let Jim help him in cleaning the clogs.

"I've got to do them myself, for punishment," he said after some hesitation, and as Jim persisted in trying to take them from him. But it cost him a good deal to add:—"And I've got to help you in the morning too. Father told me."

But he confided to Lance later in the day that he thought his father had let him off cheaply.

"Yes," the other agreed, "I think so. If it had been Jane or Sarah instead of Jim, you'd have gone upstairs, young man."

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(To be continued.)

A TRIOLET.

JESUS loves me—what care I
 More for passing cloud or rain?
 Let the wildering world go by,
 Jesus loves me, what care I?
 Whether now I live or die,
 All to me is equal gain.
 Jesus loves me—what care I
 More for passing cloud or rain?

A. G.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

COULD better poetry or more ingenious puns be drawn out of the words *scrip* and *stock* than Judge O'Hagan drew out of them in No. 42 of "Dublin Acrostics?" The lights are "S.S.," *court*, *Romeo*, *Isaac*, and *Puck*. The first of these is the S.S. collar worn by the Lord Mayor of London and the Lord Chief Justice of England, consisting of the letter S in gold on a blue and white ribbon. The letter S is said to stand for *souvenance*, "remembrance." Isaac who "bends for his captive daughter," is the father of Rebecca in Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*. Romeo is indicated darkly by an allusion to the strife between the Montagues and Capulets. The stanzas relating to *stock* begin with a reference perhaps to Marullus's speech to the mob:

"You stocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!"

What ingenious punning in the last stanza!

J. F. C. (London), P. D. (Dublin), and J. W. A. (Wales) have solved all difficulties, except that the last, with well-grounded misgiving, suggested *spurs* for the first light. M. G. W. (Isle of Wight) solved this and all the rest quite correctly, very much to her credit.

No. 43

I.

Within the compass of each madman's head,
I too go mad, when winter snows are fled.

II.

Sweet, sad, and merry, harsh, and loud, and low,
Instinct with feeling to the heart I go.

III.

With head low bowed while howls the blast in vain,
I wait in hope till sunshine come again.

1. The best place in winter to cower,
2. A quadrisyllabic flower.
3. The certain result of a shower.
4. What defies even time's fatal power.

M'D.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

I VENTURE to separate from their context the following pages of Father Sheehan's recently published "Triumph of Failure" in the hope that some will take this magnificent prayer to heart and perhaps learn it by heart as "an outcry" of sacred oratory. The passage runs from page 384 to page 387; but the concluding sentences are taken from page 439 and from the last page of all, the order of several words being altered to suit our present purpose.

* * *

"I know Thee, Alpha and Omega! the beginning and the end! I know Thee, the answer to every riddle, the key to every mystery, the term of all human knowledge, the beacon of all human hope, the fulfilling of all human desire. Thou that speakest, and all men should hear, art yet heard only in the silences and the midnight, when Thy whispers break on the bruised heart; and the thunders of Thy voice, ruling the rebellious spheres, break down into faint ripples of sound that wash on the sandy shores of deserted and desolate souls. Thou art the term of all philosophy, for Thou art the Wisdom and the Word; Thou art the end of charity, for from Thee is the spirit of love breathed; nor is there any vindication of the daring flights of faith, except that Thou art everywhere, and wherever the reason shoots its inquisitive rays, or the imagination poises its wings, they must needs touch Thee—the Immense—the Infinite! The finger of science is guided by Thy hand; and it is Thy hand that glides over the glowing canvas, and touches the ivory keys. It is Thou who makest eloquent the dumb of speech, and makest fertile the barren of mind, weaving out of the stammering of sucklings praises that rival the melodies of Thy thrones, and out of the babbling of human speech, adoration that makes envious the courts of Thy heaven. No mind can contemplate heaven without Thee, for Thou art heaven; and earth without Thy presence were a valley of desolation, a pit and slough of despair. The sun shines wherever Thou art; where Thou art not, are clouds and darkness, and the violence of tempests. And the magic of Thy name, and the burning of Thy words, and the strength of Thy example did not die with Thee on Calvary (though Thy Calvary too, to human eyes, spoke dismal failure), but down along the hoary centuries

have extended the sweet influences of light and healing and inspiration, that have made the young leap to Thy arms, and the old crouch at Thy feet. All the sweetness and light, all the mercy and charity, the straightening of bruised reeds, and the healing of broken hearts, flow from Thy hands, which so often distilled the miracles of Thy compassion in the days of Thy pilgrimage; and as the sea lifts up its hands to the sun, and the voices of many waters beat out their lamentations to the midnight skies, so are the hands of all Thy little ones and Thy afflicted lifted up to Thee, O Christus Consolator! and the cries of humanity surge around Thee to be echoed back from the recesses of Thy adorable heart in accents of a charity that is boundless, and a mercy that is omnipotent. Thou art the secret of all things—the loadstone of human hearts—the centre of all creation, without limit or circumference. Thou, the apex, where centre all the circles of the just, as the circles of Hell narrow down from abyss to abyss of wretchedness and despair, until they terminate in the slime and squalor of the dread Apollyon. The pens of philosophers have written Thee; the brushes of artists have limned Thee; the voices of virgins praised Thee; the thunder of organs hymned Thee; the fancies of poets dreamed Thee; the lips of orators explained Thee; and then, all have said in despair, that Thy majesty and beauty have escaped them. Thou alone canst understand Thyself; we best adore Thee when we are silent before Thee. Not that Thy wondrous attributes are fugitive and elusive, even as some vain men imagined that Thou wert honoured, when declared to be unknown. We know Thee, yet bow down our eyes before Thee, for we seek to measure none other of Thy attributes but Thy love, and that Love, immeasurable as it is, filleth to overflowing the broken and leaky cisterns of our hearts, for it is a ceaseless stream flowing from the smitten rock of Thy most holy heart. And now, Lord, I know Thee, but I have not seen Thee as yet. Thou hast veiled Thy face from me, whilst Thy hands did smite me. Thou hast conquered, O Christ! Every time I thought to soar into the high empyrean of thought, I felt the shadow of Thy wings hovering high above me, veiling the light, that I might see Thee, the true Light; and threatening to bear me wounded and bleeding to earth. And to earth I fell—for the vain systems of my philosophy were but the wings of Icarus, that melted away under the fierce sunlight of Thy love. Bit by bit,

the armour which I wore in my conflict with Thee, was hewn away by the sharp sword of thy power, and naked and subdued I stand before Thee to receive at Thy hands the final stroke that means eternal ruin, or the accolade, that will enlist me amongst Thy knights, sworn to do battle with Thee. But I must see Thee. In the majesty of Thy power, in the strength of perennial manhood, in the lustiness of Thy great prowess and vigour, Thine eyes—flames of fire; Thy feet, shod with brass; Thy mouth, breathing the two-edged sword; Thy breast cintured with beaten gold—even so, Lord, as Thy saint saw Thee in Patmos, do I desire to see Thee, even if mine eyes withered at the sight, for no man could see thus and live. But I *must* see Thee. Thou hast followed me through life, chasing me with persistence, as if Thy love were hatred; Thy name has flashed across me in unexpected places, blinding me with excess of light. I have shut the windows of my soul against Thee; but Thou has pierced them with the lightning of Thine eyes. I have hidden in dark places, and Thou hast found me. I have closed my ears against the soft breathing of Thy inspirations, only to hear the thunders of Thy threats. And now, run down, beaten, subdued, the rags of my nakedness not hiding my grievous sores, I stand before Thee, humbled and ashamed, confessing myself the least victim of Thy unwearying, Thy pitiless love. Yet let me see Thee, my Conqueror, my Master; and leave me the small meed of an all too stubborn fight—to know that I am conquered by the Prince of Ages, the Christ of the Transfiguration and the Apocalypse!—Christ with the heart of a mother and the strength of God.

O Thou persistent Lover! Thou tireless Seeker after souls! Thou, Eagle of the Skies, who didst drop me from Thy grasp, and let me fall plumb into the abysses, and then caughtest me up as my feet were touching the burning marl; and thus didst compel me to acknowledge Thy wisdom, Thy clemency, and Thy power—Behold, I see Thee now in the light of setting suns, and hear Thee in the whispers of the wind; and in the pealing of Thy organs, and the rhythmic thunders of Thy psalms. Thy voice comes to me. But most of all do I feel Thee in the sacred silence of Thy Tabernacles, and unutterable things breathe round about my soul from behind the mystic veils of Thy Sacramental Presence! Let the wearied and the broken-hearted creep, to Thy feet, dear Lord!

MEMORY'S CONSOLATION.

FOND spirit, oh forgive me! I forgot
 Thy faithful soul a moment in my need
 Of living love, but now I haste to weed
 Such tares from out my mind's clay, once the plot
 Where smiled thy lily bloom without a blot
 Save what it thence had taken. Give thou heed
 Unto my loneliness, and let me plead
 For sweet compassion on my hapless lot.

The seeds of thy firm faith and holy trust
 Shall perish not, like fitful passions here.
 Oh, share thy gain! Love, thou wilt not forget
 The promise uttered ere thy lips were dust
 To aid the way, with constant prayer sincere,
 Of him who through sin's snares must wander yet.

J. B.

AN IRISH BEGGAR.

I MET a poor man once, with form low bent,
 Slow wending from a solitary fane,
 Whose roof scarce screened its altar from the rain,
 Half church, half barn. Lean Poverty had spent
 Her last poor mite for use, not ornament,
 And still the western window lacked a pane.
 "My friend," I said, "your lot is hard, 'tis plain,
 And yet your features show a deep content."

"Good sir," said he, "this morn where have you been?"
 "Oh," I replied, "while basking in the sun,
 I turned the pages of a magazine
 To end a task but yesternight begun."
 The beggar smiled like one who wealth has won:
 "I, sir, have fed upon my God unseen."

T. H. WRIGHT.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Poems*. By Olive Katherine Parr. London: R. and T. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row. [Price 2s. net].

We quoted some months ago, not in these pages, a poem which we met in an American magazine, and we called the author "an American maiden." From the present volume we find that Miss Olive Parr is an English maiden. The poem which attracted our attention is placed first, and it has a good claim to the premiership, with its depth of pious thought and feeling and its sonorous rhythm. Not one of the eighteen items that make up this dainty collection is commonplace. Even within this small compass Miss Parr has cultivated variety in theme and metre. That perilous measure, blank verse, is with her a success, as in those very interesting and beautiful lines "To my Mother on her Birthday." And in the stately heroic couplets in which Cowper addressed his mother's picture, Miss Parr is very effective in the fine poem "Dead Sea Fruits," which fills the last pages and is evidently placed there of set purpose, as "last, not least." Four sonnets, scattered through the volume, are grouped together under this special title in the table of contents: but alas, they are not according to the strictest sect of this little Pharisee of song. They neglect that most desirable and almost necessary pause after the octave, and, very strangely, they all with perverse consistency make the eighth line rhyme with the third, which is too far away for the ear to retain the sound distinctly, even if otherwise any grace or blessing could fall on such an infringement of the orthodox laws of the sonnet. Miss Parr's poetical diction is throughout pure and fresh and at the same time chastened and restrained. The publishers have brought out the little volume with great care and taste, as regards both printing and binding, except that commas and even full stops have dropped out in several places. We join with Father Reginald Buckler, O.P., in praying that Olive Parr may long continue to add to the store of true religious poetry that we have already from such writers as Adelaide Procter, Augusta Drane, and Ellen Downing—to name only the holy dead.

2. *Peasants in Exile*. From the Polish of Henryk Sienkiewicz. By C. O'Connor Eccles. (The Ave Maria: Notre Dame, Indiana).

This story is by the author of *Quo Vadis?* which has gained such vogue, especially in the United States. It is an interesting and pathetic tale, describing the hard fortunes of the Polish farmer and his daughter who have rashly emigrated to the United States. Their

ignorance of English must often make such emigrants more homeless and more awkward in America than even our own poor people, at their first landing. The story has plenty of incident, and Miss O'Connor Eccles has done her work so well, that the translation reads most naturally and pleasantly, never reminding us that it is a translation.

3. Boys and girls in the United States are to be congratulated on having such a magazine specially published for themselves as "Our Boys' and Girls' Own." (Benziger Brothers, 36 Barclay Street New York). It has only lately been started. On the 15th of each month a supplement is published, containing a complete story. No. 2 (November 15, 1898) has come into our hands, and we have read it carefully through with great pleasure. "Fred's Little Daughter," by Miss Sara Trainer Smith, is as pretty a story as we should wish to read, and it is told most charmingly.

4 The following paragraph, which appeared in *The Daily Express* of February 5th, will have some interest for a limited section of our readers:—

"None of the reviewers of a recent anthology, 'Sonnets on the Sonnet,' edited by the Rev. M. Russell, S.J., seems to have noticed a curious circumstance which it exemplifies—the prevalence of the clerical element in sonnet literature. Besides the numerous contributions of the reverend editor himself, this collection contains two excellent sonnets by Dr. Alexander, the Primate of Ireland, and one by another member of the Episcopal Bench, the late Dr. Fitzgerald of Killaloe. There are also in this interesting collection sonnets by the Rev. Richard Wilton, Rev. Mosse MacDonald, Rev. Dr. Kolbe, and other clergymen. From the past history of the sonnet in England we shall specify only two incidents in support of our present point. The strange influence which the very moderate sonnets of the Rev. William Lisle Bowles exercised over Coleridge could not be believed if Coleridge himself were not the authority for it; and the sonnet which Coleridge and others have called the finest sonnet in the English language is by the Rev. Joseph Blanco White."

5. Father Sheehan's "Triumph of Failure" continues its triumphant progress through the Reviews. The Rev. William Barry, D.D., author of "The Two Standards," signs his distinguished name to two columns of brilliant criticism in *The Catholic Times*, appreciating Father Sheehan's work with generous warmth; and an anonymous critic in *The Tablet* of January 28 devotes a long article to a highly appreciative analysis of the book. *The Catholic World*, the large magazine edited by the Paulist Fathers of New York, concludes a long and careful review with these words:—"We recognize uncommon

power throughout this work. If Father Sheehan, instead of being a priest in a country district of Ireland, had brought his talents to the London market; if, instead of adhering to the dictates of a high and authoritative morality, he bowed before the shrine of a heartless expediency, he would take a place with the foremost writers of fiction in our time." Coming back to Europe, we are not surprised to find a column of enthusiastic praise in *The Cork Herald*, for Father Sheehan is a prophet in his own warm-hearted South; but *The New Ireland Review* lends still more effective aid towards the canonization of the book by undertaking the difficult role of Promoter Fidei or Devil's Advocate, discovering as many flaws as possible in "this admirable work." *The embarras de richesses*, the excessive wealth of materials, "the display of multiform erudition," "the mismanagement of strength," is the chief grievance of this fastidious critic, who withal is emphatic in recognizing that "the aims of *The Triumph of Failure* are of the highest and widest," and that "the same epithets may be applied to its author's thought and culture, while his gifts of imagination and style are hardly less remarkable."

6. *St. John Damascene on Holy Images and on the Assumption*. Translated from the Greek by Mary H. Allies. London: Thomas Baker.

We forget who it is that Horace apostrophises as *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*; Miss Allies is the learned daughter of a learned father, the historian of "The Formation of Christendom." This treatise and these sermons of St. John Damascene are almost as timely now as in the eighth century. Miss Allies has translated them very ably, making an almost literal version very readable. The specially hard or doubtful phrases are frequently given in the original also. The book is particularly well produced, in almost too good and large a type, by a publisher who is not before the public so prominently as Messrs. Burns and Oates or the Art and Book Company, but whose catalogue of publications contains many excellent Catholic works with none of those valueless items that swell such lists.

7. *Has the Reformation reformed anything?* By the Rev. T. Malachy, Passionist. R and T. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London. [Price 1s 6d. net, post free.]

This is a very effective course of ten lectures on the Protestant Reformation. The lectures treat of the Reformation Fathers, the Royal Supremacy, the English Inquisition, Building upon Sand, Protestant Infallibility, No Popery Christianity, the Holy Eucharist, Prayers for the Dead, Confession and National Churches. These subjects are discussed clearly and calmly, in a popular and yet solid manner.

8. *Cambridge Conferences.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. London: Burns and Oates. [Price 1s.]

These eight short conferences were addressed to the Catholic Undergraduates of the University of Cambridge in the Chapel of St. Edmund's House, Michaelmas Term, 1898. Father Rickaby discusses with much freshness and originality, and in a tone suited to his peculiar audience, the aims, objects, and ideals of a Christian's life—a practically possible ideal, a rational ideal, a spiritual ideal, a glorious ideal, an historical ideal, a social ideal, the likeness of the Son of Man, and the final realisation in Heaven."

9. The character of the books and pamphlets issued by the Catholic Truth Society is such that it will be recommendation enough to enumerate their recent publications. The names of the authors will also be a sufficient guarantee of solid merit, when such men as Dom Gasquet and Mr. C. S. Devas give us, respectively, penny tracts on "Christian Democracy in Pre-Reformation Times" and on "the Meaning and Aim of Christian Democracy." Mr. James Britten exposes very convincingly "The Methods of a Protestant Controversialist" (Dr. Horton). The same gentleman is the subject of Father Sydney Smith's "Dr. Horton on Truthfulness." "Lady Herbert's Wayside Tales" are given in penny numbers and in shilling volumes; and to the same indefatigable pen we owe the "The Priest of the Eucharist," a sketch of Father Eymard, Founder of the Society of the Most Holy Sacrament. Nos. 38 and 39 of the shilling volumes of U. T. S. Publications contain each an interesting miscellany of story, sketch, controversial tract, etc. A neat little penny book gives "Maxims of the Blessed Sebastian Valfré of the Turin Oratory," arranged for every day of the year. Aunt Marcia's Conversion, by Frances Noble, is a very good little story of its kind. It is brightly written and not much too edifying.

10. Messrs. Benziger Brothers (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago) have published an excellent book "Pious Preparations for First Holy Communion," compiled by the Rev. F. X. Lasance. The Art and Book Company of London and Leamington have issued a very carefully composed "Cereimonial for Servers at Low Mass."

11. *Why, When, How, and What we ought to Read.* By the Rev. J. L. O'Neill, O.P. Boston: Marlier, Callanan and Co. [Price 2s.]

This excellent and very stimulating book has reached its third edition. It is very interesting and especially full of striking and often novel quotations which are woven very aptly together. We wish that young people could be got to read in the way that is here counselled. The proof-reader has not been quite vigilant enough about the marks of quotation which are often bungled.

12. Another book from the United States is "The Tales Tim told us" by Mary E. Mannix. The readers of *The Ave Maria* know Mrs. Mannix, and this book is issued from the office of that magazine, Notre Dame, Indiana. The eleven stories contained within these handsome covers are good and bright and pleasant.

13. It is almost an impertinence for us to repeat what we have often said in praise of certain periodicals that are brought under our notice. *Nature Notes* under its new editor, Professor G. S. Boulger, is as bright and full and well arranged as during Mr. James Britten's reign. And here are three American publications, each wonderful in its way—*The Ave Maria*, the Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia (with its valuable old documents and its numerous portraits of Catholic interest), and the Georgetown College Journal so large and so frequent. Many Catholic sections and centres in the United States are showing great literary activity, though there are complaints there as there are at home. Both there and here many persons find it easier to be economical in the purchase of books than in the purchase of cigars, whiskey, millinery, or confectionery.

14. When the disestablishment of the Irish Church was a burning question, Aubrey de Vere published a pamphlet advocating a levelling-up policy: he proposed that, instead of levelling down the Episcopalians, the Catholic Church should be in a certain sense endowed. Both policies have been applied by Burns and Oates to the two Eucharistic books by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., each of which five thousand copies have been sold. "Moments before the Tabernacle" reappears with a handsome binding, and "At Home near the Altar," while retaining its attractive exterior, is lowered in price. Each of them is now to be had for a shilling.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

Pharmaceutical.

Some time ago, in the Four Courts, Dublin, a discussion took place incidentally in the Queen's Bench, as to the pronunciation of "pharmaceutical." Chief Baron Palles said the *c* ought to get its soft sound, as that is the usage in English when *c* comes before *e* and *i*. Mr. Justice William O'Brien held the contrary but seems to have given way to the other opinion which is certainly supported by the Dictionaries, perhaps because the word does not come to us quite directly from the Greek *pharmakeutikos* but through the French *pharmaceutique* which softens the *c*. Worcester gives as authority for the hard *c* only Sheridan and Knowles, while for the soft sound he gives Walker, Enfield, Jameson, Smart, and Webster. The *Irish Figaro* referred the matter lately to Mr. Downes, President of the Irish Pharmaceutical Society, asking whether he was a *soot* or a *cute* boy. Mr. Downes said that the hard *C* was more usual among them; but he called attention to the following passage in page 33 of "The Pharmacy and Poison Laws of the United Kingdom:"—

"It was in an early stage of an action under the 1852 Act that a decision was given in regard to the pronunciation of the word 'pharmaceutical.' The Attorney-General, who led for the Registrar, was asked by Lord Campbell, why he pronounced the 'o' soft. He replied that it came from the Greek, but when it became English it must be subject to English rules. He had, however, been cautioned, he said, by some of his learned friends as to the pronunciation. Sir Fitzroy Kelly said he would bow to the opinion of his learned friends, who were so much superior to him in learning as in everything else. The Attorney-General said that was rather too bad, as it was Sir F. Kelly himself who had cautioned him. Sir F. Kelly said whatever his lordship should say the pronunciation should be the mode to be adopted. Lord Campbell replied, 'Then let it be soft. Be it so.'"

Cheese-mites.

Unless they have lost the use of their reason, I cannot believe in the honesty or sincerity of those wretched men who pretend to

deny God their Creator, who pretend to be able to dispense with God, to account for themselves and everything else without making the fundamental act of faith, "I believe in God." Against these self-styled and self-conceited philosophers Dr. Conan Doyle directs the following parable:—

The cheese-mites asked how the cheese got there,
And warmly debated the matter:
The Orthodox said it came from the air,
And the Heretics said from the platter.
They argued it long and they argued it strong,
And I hear they are arguing now:
But of all the choice spirits who lived in the cheese
Not one of them thought of a cow.

The Secret of Perfection.

The importance of attending to little things as a means of attaining perfection in the science of sanctity, and in other arts and sciences, has often been illustrated by the following little anecdote which comes from the country that places the *ben trovato* almost on a par with the *vero*.

A friend once called on Michael Angelo, one of the greatest geniuses Italy has ever produced, and found him finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculpture was still at work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed—"You have been very idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied Michael Angelo, "I have retouched this part and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out that muscle: I have given greater expression to the lip and more energy to that limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but these are trifles." "It may be so," answered Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

A New Use for a Calendar.

Will any one act on the suggestion that I am going to make? These calendars for 1899, which are to be had so cheap and sometimes for nothing, are supposed to be torn off, leaf after leaf, according as each month comes to an end. When on the first of the new month you tear off the leaf that marked the days of the month just over, kneel down and thank God for all the good that happened to you, all the graces that were given to you, all the dangers you were saved from on each of the days of that month, naming those days one after another; and then tell God that you

are sorry and wish to be very sorry for any faults or shortcomings or sins of which you were guilty on any of those days—for instance, for anything wrong that you did on Wednesday the first of February, Thursday the 2nd, Friday the 3rd, etc. And then pray for grace to do better on each day of the month now begun. What shall be the month that we shall begin and never end?

Mere Peevish Contrition.

An humble effort at amendment, immediate amendment, is the best atonement for the sins and shortcomings for which we blame ourselves. This is far better and truer contrition than any melodramatic self-accusation and self-upbraiding, any peevish snarling at ourselves, especially if it is not really directed against ourselves but against certain dead-and-gone parties who were once ourselves. People can be very bitter in denouncing their follies in the past while at the present moment behaving in a fashion that they will hereafter regret. Mrs. Poyser said there was no use in watering last year's crops; and the wisdom of many generations of Poyzers declares the futility of crying over spilt milk. "Act, act in the living present!"

*A Taste for Books.**

It is with literature as with education. Those who are most in need of each are the very persons whom it is most difficult to convince of their need; and, in consequence, there are two classes of men among us at present who are forced to labour, in season and out of season, to seem importunate, men of but one idea, hobby-riders, and the like, because they are also forced to dun into ears more than half deaf the necessity of very great and united exertions on behalf of both the causes they have at heart. These two classes contain the few who are fully alive to our deficiencies in Catholic literature and to our deficiencies in Catholic education. We speak at present only of the former. The cause of Catholic literature is not hopeless: but few are aware of the difficulties which beset those who try to serve that cause—difficulties which would be more than half removed by a hearty co-operation from Catholics themselves, which is now wanting mainly on account, not of want of power, but want of heartiness and zeal. The flourishing state of the literature of Protestantism in general, and

*These paragraphs are supposed to be original; but the following we probably owe to Father Coleridge who did so much to carry out the view here set forth.

of many various divisions and sects among Protestants in particular, who are in many cases not to be compared to Catholics in influence or numbers in this country, is the result of many combined causes. It is the result of a taste for reading, and reading not merely of the lightest and most frivolous kind, which taste is carefully formed and promoted by those who have the education of the young. There can hardly be a better test of the good quality of the education given to the younger members of any body whatsoever, than that which is furnished by the answer to the question, "Do the boys and girls leave their schoolrooms and go out into life with a real taste for reading, with some sort of thirst for knowledge, with some power of selecting subjects of interest, with some habits of digesting and assimilating what they read, and of giving an account of it to themselves and theirs?" And yet how is this question to be answered with regard to a great number of Catholic educators, who are in other respects deserving of all praise? How many young men and young women grow up to what seems, but is not, an age beyond childhood, with the idea that no day is well spent which has not seen some time devoted to mental improvement and the acquirement of knowledge, and that it might be a possibly laudable action to go without an extra pair or two of gloves, a superfluous bonnet, or a box of cigars, for the sake of buying a Catholic periodical or a new book? We have here touched upon one only of the many sources of that prosperity of literature which exists even among the members of various "denominations" not by any means coextensive with the nation, as the Evangelicals or the Ritualists. There are of course many more: an *esprit de corps* which makes them support their own organs, their own booksellers, their own publishers, and so makes it incumbent upon Messrs. Mudie, W. H. Smith, Eason, and other potentates of the same class to beware of inflicting upon their magazines and other publications that ostracism to which Catholics tamely submit in the case of their own, and the like. It costs in reality very little to guarantee to a Catholic writer or a Catholic book a sufficient remuneration to let the labourer have the reward he deserves, and in many cases grievously wants; and among the good works open to the men of our generation this is certainly not the last nor the least useful to society and Church.

APRIL, 1899.

A RUSTIC SUNDAY.

BY A YOUNG WRITER.

A WELL-KNOWN London evening newspaper, which has undergone some violent changes of proprietorship and politics, professed in its original prospectus to be "written by gentlemen for gentlemen." The following sketch was written for schoolboys, not by a schoolboy but by a youthful professor who was not much older than some of his pupils. But alas! that is now twice twenty golden years ago, and our Young Writer must by this time be very emphatically a *ci-devant jeune homme*. The sketch was soon after translated into Spenserian stanzas under the title of "The Irish Farmer's Sunday Morning," which appeared in *The Month* in one of the early years of Father Coleridge's long editorial reign, and has often reappeared since. Its prose original follows it into print after an interval of thirty four years.

* * *

The division of time into years and months, and days and hours, and minutes and seconds, besides measuring how time passes, helps to make it pass. A life of polar summers and winters, one day and one night for every year, instead of our three hundred and sixty odd days and nights, would be dismally tedious, if the poor poles knew anything better. Sleep and waking, again, with their occasional intrusions into each other's province, relieve the tameness and diversify the sameness of

human existence. Or who, in the present state of society, would willingly be rendered so far superior to the ordinary wants of humanity as not to stand in need of breakfast, dinner, supper, and the intermediate meals? These frequently recurring events, besides several other spiritual and corporal advantages, serve to break in on the monotony of the day.

But there is another division of time more arbitrary than any of those which we have enumerated, and more useful also, perhaps, for the object here referred to. The moon goes round the earth in a month, the earth goes round the sun in a year, and round itself in a day. Neither sun nor earth nor moon goes round anything in a week; but it is the weeks chiefly that make the time go round. Is not this a frequent exclamation?—"I declare to-morrow is Sunday, and it hardly seems a day since last Sunday." Sunday! Sunday! Ah, who does not sympathise with the simple observation of the old vulgar ditty:—

"Of all the days within the week,
I dearly love but *one* day,
And that's the day that comes between
The Saturday and Monday."

Now, it is about Sunday, a special sort of Sunday, a rustic Sunday, Sunday in the country, that we are going to talk.

What a grace, what a comfort, what a blessing—what a source of manifold graces and comforts and blessings—is the Sunday! Anywhere, but especially Sunday in a Catholic country-parish—in an unsophisticated, rural place, where neither Puritan gloom nor the progress of enlightenment has dulled the genial old Catholic spirit. The Sunday sky, and the Sunday air, and the Sunday sun, are there very different from the common week-day sun, air, and sky.

There: remember I speak of the country. In a town, Sunday is quite another matter. In a town next-door neighbours often do not know each other, and those you *do* know you have seen several times in the week; whereas in the country everybody knows everybody, and nobody sees anybody on week-days, confined as each family republic is to its own scanty territory. Town-life, too, affords many week-day recreations which Sunday rather diminishes than increases; and of professional labour is not such a constant strain every day in the week, nor

does the Third Commandment prescribe for it such an absolute rest on the Sunday. The meeting, then, at the chapel is not in towns as in the country, the one great social event of the week. And that, again, suggests a new reason for the difference. In towns pious people (and others, if they choose) may hear Mass every morning; while in the country the single Sunday Mass is generally all they have to sanctify the whole after week for them. Finally—to omit many other reasons which might readily be adduced to explain the great difference between a town and a country Sunday—the daily newspapers diffuse over the week for townspeople that news mongering *quintessence* which with the rustic might is all concentrated into one burning focus—the chapel-meeting with its antecedents and consequents—where all the fashion and piety and learning and intellect of the parish, converging together from their scattered homesteads, discuss eagerly in their respective coteries that grand absorbing question, of perpetual and world-wide interest—"What is the newest thing afloat?"

Let us individualise our speculations somewhat by selecting one peasant from the throng and conjecturing some of the phases of feeling which he and his may fairly be supposed to pass through in the course of the sacred day of prayer and rest. He, farmer of a few acres, has been working hard on his little holding, from dawn to dark, from Monday morning early till late on Saturday night. No "Early Closing Movement" for *him*: for the bread of "Her and six childre" depends on his constant exertions; and even without a pause in his six days' toil, he finds it hard enough to make ends meet. No stolen leisure, then, for *him*. No leaning with his chin on spade-supported hands like to "the hireling whose own the [fields] are not." Steady, dogged toil each day from dawn to dark, often before the dawn, oftener after dark—hardest of all on Saturday, latest of all on Saturday night; but very cheerfully, at least on that day, with greater briskness and energy: for *to-morrow is Sunday*. Even when his work is over outside, there are sundry little household preparations going on within doors which remind me pleasantly of the same enlivening fact—things to be arranged about Sunday's dinner, and Sunday's shirt, and Sunday's coat, and Sunday's bonnet. But we must not let ourselves be distracted from the theme of our choice by the charms of Saturday night, especially

as a Scottish gauger has already paid it its full meed of praise—

“O Sleep! thou art a blessed thing
Beloved from pole to pole”—

and dear to many a poll besides the two referred to by the Ancient Mariner. No sounder or healthier slumbers are enjoyed anywhere than in a snug Catholic cabin in the country on the night preceding Sunday. They get a little more of it on that morning, besides. Some of them said, when they turned off to bed on Saturday: “Well, thank God, to-morrow isn’t black Monday morning.” Yet they are up betimes. Is there in fact any such character as a sluggard in the country, one real native, not imported, lie-abed? Reserving most of their prayers for the chapel by-and-bye, extra washing and spotless linen occupy their thoughts till breakfast. The “good man of the house,” indeed, and the eldest son go out, before the youngsters are up, to water the cattle, see to the fences and gaps, and make some other little Sabbath arrangements which do not at all interfere with the third precept of the Decalogue. Before their return, the eldest sister has the breakfast ready, the kettle piping hot, the tea *uet*, the table duly adorned. The “old woman” herself—as one privileged individual calls her rather prematurely—has not yet made her appearance: for, between the remote preparation for the dinner and darning stockings and repairing the ravages made by time and chance in jackets and trousers, and putting essential buttons on shirts—in fact, as Burns has it, making “auld claes look amaisht as weel’s the new”—all these cares had brought her on to so late an hour on Saturday night that she exclaimed more than once in a whisper before the kitchen fire (so as not to waken the envied slumberers in the room inside), “Lord bless us! it ’ill be Sunday afore we’re done.” Having indemnified herself sufficiently for this protracted vigil, at last she makes her appearance with a Sunday smile upon her face and a Sunday cap upon her head: and they all sit down to breakfast, in easy undress, shirt sleeves and week-day frocks; for a more elaborate toilet would hamper their movements at the breakfast-table. A substantial meal, where quantity is more remarkable than quality, prepares them for the pleasant fatigues of the day of holy leisure. The white
ht at the huckster’s shop, up at the Cross Roads, is
slices somewhat after the fashion of ham, and a

coarser sort home-made—not like that home-made bread which Hood defined to be “a pleasant compound of putty and lead,” but really good solid stuff made by the eldest sister before referred to—acts the part of Quintus Curtius in filling up the gulf that still yawns below. I am afraid that chubby little fellow whose legs are dangling in the air through his rush-bottomed chair is not very tall—I fear he is indulging in the heathenish regret that the eating can’t go on for ever. But alas! it cannot. The father rises, and all disperse in different directions in order to concentrate their energies on the elaboration of the remaining details of the Sunday toilet. The young ones, not yet come to the use of reason in such matters, are seized upon by their elders under the superintendence of the ubiquitous *eldest sister* (God bless her): and *ei et armis* the little brats are forced to succumb to a most laborious ablution. The operation is wholesome but somewhat painful. The sensation of soap in the eyes is not agreeable. If a grievance of this nature tempted Georgie to rebel, a vigorous sisterly hand—

“ Would seize him by the collar
(Cruel only to be kind),
And to his exceeding dolour
Give him several slaps behind.”

This treatment is confined to the babies. The boys and girls take a sufficient interest in their personal appearance to be left for their self-adornment to their unaided resources. How tedious some are! Of course *Materfamilias* is quite certain the young people will be late for Mass: and, after several mild expostulations and objurgations and a few gentle imprecations, she starts forth alone in all her grandeur, or flanked on either hand by the youngest folk of all, little George and Bridget, screaming back energetically from the distance one final adjuration to “come along out of that, will you? It’s the Curate’s Sunday.”

Ten to one, however, the youthful loiterers arrive at the chapel long before their parent, after all; for she meets some of her old cronies at the head of the lane, and they have many things to give and take in the way of news, and one cannot well walk fast and talk fast at the same time. The chatty stroll to and from the House of God is not the least pleasant part of the day. Small fear of cold toes in a country chapel, even in the

winter-time, for they have all been stirring about in the open air, and some have come many miles down rough mountain roads. However, it is summer now, remember : but the sun has not yet had time to dry up the dewy freshness of the morning. The hedges along the road, the corn-fields over there to your right, and that gay-blossomed field of potatoes beyond, and the clumps of trees out of which the whitewashed chapel is now beginning to gleam in the distance, are all, as Jenny Lind with good reason said of Ireland, " very, very green."

And now, as you approach the chapel (a late comer as usual), you have to pass between two lanes of talking groups which line both sides of the public road for a hundred yards or so above and below the churchyard gate. Inside the gate are many more such groups leaning against the trees or sitting on the grass. Most of the old men have regular places of rendezvous, fixed quarters on which no strange party would think of intruding. For instance, that pock-marked old fellow with the ruddy nose and waistcoat is always to be seen lolling against the pillar of the gate in the midst of a reverential body-guard : whilst the other hero in the knee-breeches and yellow comforter holds his levée on the heap of stones collected to build or repair something or other, years ago. Don't blame the good souls for making this quiet confab their preparation for so solemn an act of religion. Sunday's Mass in the country, with the confessions to be heard and the cases to be settled beforehand, and the Acts of Contrition, Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the prayer before the Acts, and the prayer before Mass to be read aloud by the priest ; these, with the *Asperges* tour round all the congregation, and the Angelus, and then finally the Mass itself interrupted by the sermon and the reading of parochial announcements and lists of all sorts—all these constant accompaniments of the parish Mass in a rustic chapel make it by itself alone quite a sufficient trial of the piety, patience, trousers, and knees of most people. The saints of the congregation, however, think differently ; and, while the chapel seems girded without by battalions that could hardly find room within, the interior presents to our view a pretty full gathering already, with the female element largely predominant. One of the men, who, from repute of sanctity, strength of lungs, and command over small print, has been elected to the office of r., reads out the Rosary-prayers to an admiring audience

very consequentially, in a loud nasal drawl; and, before he has reached the fourth last word of the First Mystery, one of the more obstreperous of the old women is already half-way down the Our Father. The others in turn scramble for a decade a-piece, which the successful candidates rattle forth with a sanctimonious volubility a little amusing and very edifying.

Meanwhile there is a lull in the buzz of the profane herd without: for a stir among the furthest outposts has announced that the priest has come at last. Whereupon the venerable dame who presides over the sacristy rushes to the crazy old bell that seems to suffer from a chronic catarrh. The chapel-bell sounding briskly out through the summer air for miles, borne on the tranquil sunny breezes of a rustic Sunday morning, goading the laggard on to frantic speed, making the poor heathen cattle in the fields look up and shake their heads and then fall to again at the never-ending meal with a contented face, as if congratulating themselves on being superior to such troublesome superstitions—but alas! saddening the poor bed-ridden creature at home (how lonely home is when they are all at Mass!), saddening her pious heart with a sweet sanctifying melancholy as the broken brass screams out far and wide, in its hoarse monotonous tones—“Come to Mass, the priest is coming! Come to Mass, the priest is coming! Come!” Oh! this is far finer music to the angels than the grandest burst in Mendelssohn or Mozart.

The priest is coming. He drives along on a hack-car from the town a few miles distant, which is the head-quarters of the parish and the place of his residence. The priest has come. The hale, hoary-headed saint (old saints are generally pretty hale as well as hoary-headed) drives down the lane opened for him by his saluting parishioners. He seems in no hurry at all, though nearly half an hour late. He has a smile for all and a word or two for some of the more important members of his flock. And so through many interruptions cut short, not at all rudely but with a certain rough fatherly politeness, he succeeds in forcing his way round to the little square room stuck on to the rear of the chapel, serving as a confessional before Mass, a breakfast parlour after it, and a sacristy both before and after. A row of penitents lines the wall near the vestry door; and any attempt to interfere with the rights of preoccupation is very properly resented, the

more bitterly that the good creatures are fasting before Communion, and know that there is a good deal of praying still between them and their breakfast. The mere physical hardship of *going to their duty*, of "getting done" as they call it, is really penance enough for most of the country folk. But they sometimes get a very stiff one into the bargain.

By this time the ground floor of the sacred edifice is filled to repletion. Some are forced to kneel outside. Well, they are not so much to be pitied in this summer weather. The pebbles to kneel on, softened by the interposition of a thick red handkerchief, and the fresh air playing round their hair, are just as good as the hot stifling atmosphere and the cold clay floor inside, pounded into dust and scooped into holes in places, and rugged and musty everywhere. But some are better off than either. The aristocracy of the congregation occupy with due dignity their hereditary seats in the gallery overhead, which is accessible by a steep flight of stone steps from the front of the building. I suspect that the Tempters to whom the care of this parish is committed by the Enemy have less trouble putting distractions into the heads of the patrician occupants of the gallery than in doing the same kind office for the poor plebeians down below; for certainly some of the grandees are very remarkably attired and well deserve inspection. In such inspection many do actually employ the interval before the priest is ready to emerge: while most of the male commonalty beneath, with a view to reserving their strength for more solemn parts of the service, kneel with one knee only on the earthen floor, the other supporting gracefully its corresponding elbow.

The vested priest comes forth at length, heralded by two surpliced lads, the foremost ringing a little bell grandly if not pompously. Why does that little wretch persist in splitting our ears with such provoking perseverance and energy? Is it that unconsciously he has come to regard the din as a species of vicarious eloquence, in which he takes something of that pride and pleasure which an orator feels in the sonorous echoes of his voice?

Ah, many a good prayer makes its way from that rustic chapel to the Throne of the Eternal on that sunny Sunday morning. faith is there—simple faith and plenty of it. He whose to be with the children of men is nothing loth to come

down among them. None feels the time too long. Yet, between the coming and the going along the roads, hours elapse: so that it is not very far from the primitive dinner-hour when the crowds are at liberty to troop homeward. How contented everybody looks! Here a band of young fellows starting off, evidently with some definite object in view—perhaps to take a swim in that broad bay now glistening so smoothly in the sun a dozen fields away, as if there was not a ripple even out in the Channel; which our young friends will find by-and-bye to be not at all the case if they take a row across. Perhaps a climb up the mountain will please their fancy better, or a less laudable but more attractive enterprise will be to go a-nutting in the wood without obtaining permission from the proprietor. That other troop there of more youthful Christians are evidently bent on injuring (very slightly, almost imperceptibly) their appetite for dinner by prowling round the hedges and lunching on blackberries. Mothers and elder sisters (God bless them again) hurry home to look after the dinner; while the men talk politics or hear the newspapers six days old, read aloud in a very emphatic and sublime manner by a stumpy asthmatic tailor seated on a low stone wall. Occasional variations from the original text, which would scarcely edify Lindley Murray or Noah Webster, do not in the least disturb the equanimity of the reader or impair the admiration of his listeners.

But what joyous faces there are in every group you meet or pass! The young men and the maidens—the old men and the matrons—boys and girls—and all the little children so neat and clean, or who were neat and clean a few hours ago, and still bear the marks of careful irrigation. How happy they all are, to be sure! If you wish to reduce all these gay countenances to a common denominator, what shall it be? Is it that hot sun that burns their cheek, or the soothing breeze that fans it, or is it the new frock, or that immaculate pair of *ducks*? No! Though the sensation of new clothes and a clean face is among the keenest pleasures of youth, it is not that; it is the blessed spirit of the Sunday. *That* is the genial influence that bubbles over into those laughs and jokes, and that breaks out into those dimpling smiles and beaming faces. Sunday with good clothes on (they think so)—Sunday with faces well washed and blooming—Sunday with the mysterious power of the Mass still pervading every her-

and soul in all that simple place—Sunday with a good dinner (they think so, almost waiting for them this moment—Sunday with a long Sunday summer's evening before them still. No wonder they look happy, for they feel so, God bless them! And oh! God be blessed for giving us the Sunday. He calls it His own day, the Lord's Day, *Dies Dominica*. But in reality it is far more our day than God's—meant more, or at least serving more, for our repose than for God's honour. In this our Heavenly Father acts as a kind father does on earth, who makes his birthday be kept as a feast in his family, providing himself the feasting fare, not to give himself honour, as he half pretends, but taking this thoughtful, delicate way of affording the little ones pleasure.

But many, many pages more would not hold even an abridged history of half the merry doings which make the afternoon of a rustic Sunday spin away with such envious speed. The cool of the evening is the finest part of all. The crowd lounging at the cross roads, a position giving them a command of all that comes and goes by both highways; the spirited lads pitching buttons or, if rich enough, half-pence in the schoolhouse lane, those contraband games subsiding very skilfully into innocent shoulder-stone or hop-step-and-jump, should the priest or the master heave in sight; the more quiet and genteel strollers along the public road, generally in discreet parties of four; others going on a cayley* among the neighbours, that is, a round of gossiping visits from house to house, in the scattered hamlets of which a well-populated district consists. These are a few among the thousand pleasant nothings that cram the tranquil Sunday evening most delightfully, till the sun goes down, and the clouds fade, and the air cools gradually to chillness, and the stars come out, and the holy moon reigns serenely over a mellow summer night.

Then round its own cozy hearth each family republic meets in social conclave, with, perhaps, occasional visitors to a specially attractive fireside. Confined space, scanty furniture, biting smoke, and odorous tallow, don't make the hospitable little hole uncomfortable. So with story and song and simple jest and cheerful talk, and at last a frugal supper, the Sunday closes genially, and, pretty late, they all go, tired out, to bed.

The sole drawback on the glorious Sunday is that Monday follows it. Who does not feel a little downhearted when, waking

* Probably a phonetic spelling of some Irish word.

up on Monday morning, the very first thought that the Tempter puts into his head is: "Ah! here we go again at the same eternal round of old humdrum duties that grind us down in this hardworking, week-day world." Strike the fifty-two Sundays out of the calendar—put nothing in their stead—would the year be shorter thus? No! but ten times longer. The Republicans in France tried to abolish the Christian Sunday, and to make men content with a heathen play-day once in every ten days. The impious experiment failed. The very cattle refused to stand it. We must have all our Sundays, every one of them. Ah! would rather that there never were a Monday at all, but only Sunday, Sunday, Sunday, the entire twelvemonth round! Yet no—Sunday would not be Sunday if it came oftener. God has managed best. Mondays, too, are good and useful in their way. And so every Sunday has its Monday, and shall have till we reach the one true everlasting Sunday, the Sabbath-rest of God.

LOVE MADE PERFECT.

BY many devious paths through weary days
Have I sought Love made perfect; in the spring
When wakening birds and hawthorn blossoming
Made glad at dawn the dewy woodland ways;
In summer noonday, when a golden haze
Broods on the murmurous reaches of the tide;
In autumn twilight on the mountain side
Lulled by the dirges the wet hill-winds sing.

Now in the winter midnight, as alone
I mourn a life expended in vain quest,
And listen to the fir-wood's fitful moan,
One steals beside me—an unbidden guest—
And murmurs in mine ear with icy breath:
"In me is Love made perfect: I am Death."

CHARLES CHASE PARR.

MRS. JACK GROGAN.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. Tite was lamenting the fate of her fowl, once a fowl, but now, according to her, a cinder, when she was summoned by her lodger's voice.

"Mrs. Tite! Mrs. Tite! Have you any tea handy?"

"Tea, Mr. Jack? In a second, sir. Shall I fetch it up with the dinner?"

"Hang the dinner! Bring the tea as fast as you can. Mrs. Grogan"—the unaccustomed title lingered on the young fellow's lips—"Mrs. Grogan's tired."

"Bread and butter, sir?"

Mrs. Tite was already clattering among her cups and saucers.

"Confound the bread and butter, didn't I say tea?" was Mr. Jack Grogan's answer sent back in a shout, and Mrs. Tite, as she filled her kettle, congratulated herself on her "ladies'" absence. Mr. Jack might have his faults, but it was the first time he had used such language. He shook her head as she glanced, with expression, at her husband.

John Tite, a heavy-looking man, who was enjoying his pipe by the hearth, took it out of his mouth to say, with a wink, "Mr. Jack's found out like the rest of us, that, 'when a man marries his troubles begin.'"

"I've heard you sing to another tune," his wife retorted—"when a man marries, his comforts begin."

Mr. Tite grinned.

"You men have a lot to say about us women," Mrs. Tite went on, as she bustled about, "but many's the time I wonder what you'd do wanting us? There's few things, to my certain knowledge, a man can do a woman can't do, too, if she pleases; but I haven't seen the man yet—and I've seen plenty of them—could do the things a woman can and not make a fool of himself, and you'll not deny that, Tite."

Mr. Tite, unprepared for an argument, contented himself with a reply.

ne mess a man 'd make over—clear-starching, now,"

Mrs. Tite went on as she measured out the tea, "or——," but her sentence was never to be finished, for, at that moment, her lodger's voice was heard again demanding if that tea were never to be ready, and, catching up her tray, Mrs. Tite hurried upstairs as fast as her legs would take her.

It was a disconsolate enough looking young couple she found in possession of her drawingroom ("for all the world they made her think of the Babes of the Wood," she told Miss Amelia later). Jack Grogan, his curly hair dishevelled, tears (Mrs. Tite could have sworn it) swimming in his own eyes, was leaning over his wife, who, her face swollen with crying, sat sobbing in one of the armchairs, hat and gloves where they had fallen on the floor beside her.

"Here's the tea, Kit. A cup will do you good."

Mrs. Jack Grogan pushed the proffered cup away.

"Why, Kitty, you said tea was the only thing you could take," the young husband remonstrated.

"Take a cup, there's a dear," Mrs. Tite chimed in.

"See, Kit, I've sugared it well; and, see, here's a maccaroni—you were always fond of maccaroni," Mr. Jack Grogan coaxed, in desperation.

The answer was a shake of the head, followed by a fresh burst of crying.

"What am I to do with her, Mrs. Tite?" the husband demanded, as he thrust his hands through his curly hair. "She'll make herself ill; she's never stopped going on like that since——" he stopped.

Since his mother had given them a bit of her mind, Mrs. Tite said to herself, but aloud she said: "She's tired out, that's what it is, Mr. Jack, and who's to wonder? Why, one time, Tite and me went down a jaunt to Exeter, by the express. I thought (begging your pardon, Mr. Jack) the very inside of me would have been shaken out. 'Flying Dutchman,' indeed! Shaking Dutchman it was that day, and three ladies in the carriage seasick! Leave her to me, Mr. Jack, and I'll get her to bed, and to-morrow you'll find she'll be as right as a trivet."

"Shall I leave you with Mrs. Tite, Kit?" the husband asked.

"No, no, no." Mrs. Jack held out imploring arms.

"Yes, yes, yes," Mrs. Tite said, as if she had been replying to a child. "Away downstairs with you, if you please, Mr. Jack ;

there's the ladies' room, or, excusing the liberty, you'll find Tite, with his pipe, in the kitchen ; just you leave her to me, sir."

"Now, my dear, you'll drink your tea," Mrs. Tite said, when she had shut the door on the unwilling husband, "and then you'll get to your bed, the best place for you." And Mrs. Jack, still sobbing, meekly acquiesced.

"There now, there now," Mrs. Tite said presently, "have your sleep, and to-morrow you'll be jaunting with your husband all over the place as fresh as paint, as Tite would say."

At the sound of her husband's name Mrs. Jack began to sob again. "It was my fault ; I shouldn't have done it, I shouldn't have done it, and he a gentleman." She caught hold of Mrs. Tite's hands.

"Shouldn't have married Mr. Grogan, is it, my dear ?" Mrs. Tite asked. "Well, I'd not blame myself too much for that, or I'd put the half of it on him. It wasn't *you* asked Mr. Jack, I'll warrant that."

"I shouldn't have done it, I shouldn't have done it," the unhappy bride repeated, and buried her head in the pillow.

"What's done can't be undone, and there's no truer word than that in the Gospels." Mrs. Tite did her best to comfort. "You make him a good wife, my dear, and there'll be no need of repenting."

"You know *she* was here ?" Mrs. Grogan whispered under her breath.

Mrs. Tite, stealing a glance through the half-open bedroom door at the Angel's portrait over the mantelpiece, nodded.

"He didn't tell me she was like that," still in a whisper.

"Never you bother your head about what she's like," was the rejoinder. "She's flesh and blood any way ; she'll not be too hard on Mr. Jack, and him her only one." Mrs. Tite said the word bravely, but, remembering the interview in the ladies' parlour, she was not so sanguine in her heart.

"I shouldn't have done it, I shouldn't have done it," was still the bride's refrain.

"You can't put old heads on young shoulders ; comfort yourself with that, my dear. Come now, come now, what'll Mr. Jack do if you make yourself ill ?"

"I wasn't half good enough for him."

"Well, isn't half better than a quarter any day ?" Mrs. Tite

demanded.

"I knew he was a gentleman—I shouldn't have done it," the girl repeated.

"We'll do what we shouldn't do till we get to heaven, so you may put that in your pocket," Mrs. Tite returned with cheerfulness; "but you haven't told me how you came across him, my dear."

"He came like the rest of them for his luncheon," Mrs. Jack said between her sobs, "a sandwich, and a bun or two, and a milk-and-soda."

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Tite said, "and you were serving, my dear?"

Mrs. Jack Grogan nodded. "He always waited till I could come to him, and he wasn't like some of them, free, but polite as polite." Another burst of sobs.

"There now, there now," Mrs. Tite repeated. "Young folk will be young folk."

"He'd say 'thank you,' over the counter, as polite as could be. And when summer came, he'd sometimes bring me a flower, a rose maybe, or a bit of lemon-geranium. He knew I liked a flower with a scent, it made one forget the shop, and the flies, and the heat, and the smell that came from the bakehouse; and sometimes he'd buy a box of the best chocolates, the 'very best, Miss Kitty,' he'd say, and give them back to me over the counter, or drop them into my apron pocket when none of the others were looking. And if on Sunday he saw me coming out of the chapel, he'd lift his hat to me, as if I'd been a lady; never give me a nod or pass a joke to me like the others."

"Yes," Mrs. Tite said, "and afterwards, my dear?"

"It was one bank holiday"—Mrs. Jack raised herself on the pillow—"Auntie and me was in the tram, and next to Auntie was Mr. Jack. He knew her in a minute, from her always sitting in the shop at the desk, and 'Good morning, Mrs. MacFarlane,' he says, 'You and I ought to be friends, as we meet every day.' 'Every day!' says Auntie, surprised like (she's always at the books, and doesn't take much stock of the College gentlemen), 'yes,' says he, 'every day, and I'm surprised at you,' he says, 'not recognizing me, when I've the honour of lunching with you every day.' So Auntie was pleased at his jokey way, and by-and-bye she asked him if she might take the liberty of asking his

name, and when he said it was 'Mr. John Grogan' at her service, she says, 'not Dr. Peter Grogan's son?' 'No less,' says he. 'Dr. Peter Grogan had the honour of being my father,' he said, and that made her laugh, and then she told him how Dr. Grogan had saved her life one time, the other doctors had given her up, and when we got out of the tram, he got out too, and walked with us down the street to the very house-door, and Auntie said if it wasn't a liberty she'd like to offer him a cup of tea, and after that—after that" (the colour came back to Mrs. Jack's cheek), "there wasn't a Sunday he wouldn't call, and Uncle and Auntie came to think a lot of him, and he'd bring me a book or a paper, the picture ones, he found out I liked *them*, and then, and then"—Mrs. Jack burrowed her face again in the pillow.

"Yes," Mrs. Tite said, this tale was as interesting to her as any novel.

"I never thought of one of the others, never as much as looked at one of them, but with Mr. Jack"—the voice faltered—"it was different."

"When the right one comes it's always different," Mrs. Tite said with decision. "I know what it is, my dear; there was a policeman and a postman both after me when I was with Mrs. Lynch up at Connaught Square—but there, after Tite came I never looked at them, neither one or t'other."

The bride nodded her head, understanding.

"And afterwards, my dear?" Mrs. Tite was not going to lose her story.

Again the colour came to the girl's face. "Uncle and Auntie went for their holiday; and he'd come in the evening, when the shop was shut, to take me out for a walk, and wait for me on Sundays after chapel, and—and—he said there was so many of them after me he'd make sure of me, and so—and so—we got married."

"Yes," Mrs. Tite acquiesced. "I don't doubt you'd your sweethearts, my dear." The fair hair, the doll blue eyes appealed to the landlady's sense of beauty.

"No, no!" the girl justified herself. "The College gentlemen are full of their fun; but I'd promised Uncle, and I'd promised Father MacDonald, I'd never let one of them speak to me, if"—the words came faltering—"it wasn't Jack."

"That's right enough," was Mrs. Tite's response; "but there's

no harm in a sweetheart, my dear."

At this lax morality the girl shook her head. "You don't know the College gentlemen," she said.

"I've known some of them in my time," Mrs. Tite replied, with truth. She was burning to hear the end of the tale. "And so, at last, you got married, my dear?"

The bride nodded. "But I shouldn't have done it, I shouldn't have done it." Again the tears ran down her cheeks.

Mrs. Tite paid no attention to this often-repeated protest. "And then you thought you'd come to him?"

"He wasn't like some of them—it wasn't out of sight and out of mind with him," the girl cried as she raised herself on her pillows again. "He wrote to me regular" [that was where the borrowed stamps went to—Mrs. Tite nodded her head], "and Uncle got hold of one of the letters, and—he wouldn't listen to me. He said I was to be out of the house that very day, and—and—one of the girls gave me a bed for the night, and, next morning, I came away."

"To your own lawful husband," (Mrs. Tite finished the sentence), "and quite right, my dear."

"I shouldn't have married him, and him a gentleman" The girl's mouth quivered.

"It's not for me to judge," Mrs. Tite replied, "no gentleman ever looked at me, and if he had, I'd not have given Tite for fifty of him, and that's the truth, my dear. But don't you worry yourself; gentleman or no gentleman, make him a good wife, that's what you've got to look to now."

"I'll be no charge to him." The girl sat up again. "I'll look out for work to-morrow. There's plenty of Scotch bakers in London, and I'll try them everyone before I'm beat. I can serve as well as any of them, and—Uncle said it himself—I can keep the books near about as well as Auntie, and set out the window too. He needn't be afraid; I'll not cost him a penny; and wage 'll be high in London?"

"I wouldn't say the streets was altogether paved with gold," Mrs. Tite answered with discretion.

"You heard what she said?" This question came in a whisper.

"Mrs. Grogan, my dear?"

Again Mrs. Tite stole a peep at that lady's photograph.

"Not me. I'm none of your listeners, as too many are. What I'm told I hears, and that's enough for me."

"She said"—Mrs. Grogan's daughter-in-law paused, and at the sight of the pitiful face Mrs. Tite's heart went out in sympathy.

"Never mind what she said," she cried. "You've got Mr. Jack, and that's more than she has, and who knows? she was, maybe, none so wise herself when she was young."

The girl swallowed down her sobs. "She said, he was his father's son, and what he needed for his eddication he'd have, but never a penny more."

"Come now, that's not so bad," Mrs. Tite interrupted cheerfully. "You teach Mr. Jack to be careful, and you'll do first-rate, my dear."

The bride shook her head. "She said, he'd—he'd ruined himself."

"Ruined his fiddlesticks," Mrs. Tite protested with vigour. "You get Mr. Jack to stick to his books, and you'll see, before you know where you are, he'll be driving his carriage and pair with the best of them."

Again the girl shook her head.

"You take my word for it," Mrs. Tite went on, "Mr. Jack has his wits about him, when he pleases."

Perhaps Mrs. Tite, herself, did not see the discouragement of the last clause of her sentence, but Mrs. Jack Grogan did. "Gentlemen like him aren't used to work," she said in piteous enough fashion. "But I'll not cost him a penny, you'll see that."

"Well, I wouldn't fret if I were you," Mrs. Tite repeated. "Go to sleep—there's a dear, and I'll run down and get Mr. Jack a bit of supper, and see if the Ladies have come home."

It may be that the telling of her story, or Mrs. Tite's sympathy, had soothed Mrs. Jack Grogan's heart. By-and-bye the sobs came slower and slower, and at last the landlady, lowering the gas, left her, as she hoped, asleep.

It was not often her Ladies were so late. Mrs. Tite looked with anxiety at the passage clock; well, she would bring up Miss Charlotte's supper, a glass of water and a biscuit, and mix Miss Amelia's cocoa ready for the boiling milk.

What would the Ladies say when they heard of the events of the day, Mrs. Tite wondered. Of Miss Amelia's sympathy with young couple she felt indeed sure; but with Miss Charlotte

right was right (and right enough to be sure) ; but human beings would be human beings to the end of the chapter, and when young things fell in love !——

Miss Amelia had had hersweethearts in her youth (their mother's old maid who came to see the sisters sometimes had let Mrs. Tite into that secret), and Miss Charlotte, though many people had counted her the handsome one of the twins, ne'er a one. But there!—Miss Charlotte had a "put you down" way with the men-folk, and men, in nurse Sarah's opinion (and Mrs. Tite's, too, if it came to that), were a conceited race, and could stand, as all the world knew, anything but *that*.

From the little front garden came the scent of Mr. Jack Grogan's cigar ; Mrs. Tite, as she pulled down the parlour blinds, could see its glowing point. What had he paid for these cigars, now ? (experience of the Drawingrooms had made Mrs. Tite a judge of tobacco) or were they paid for at all ? Well, he would have to pull up and set to work.

To think of him wasting, and spending, and idling, when he had a young wife like that on his back, and so fond of her too as he seemed ! Did he expect a fortune was to fall at his feet, Mrs. Tite asked herself.

The wonder was how a talky young gentleman like him had kept his own counsel so long ; but he had. It was always his "Mater, Mater, Mater," he had been talking about ; never a whisper of the wife. Well, there was no understanding men unless, indeed, they were men like Tite (many a time she had said it) a child might make a fool of *him*.

Mr. Jack's mother had not shaken him altogether off, as she had feared, that was one good thing ; and, if it had been anybody but Mr. Jack, the pair of them might have lived. Anyhow, it would never do for the girl to go back to a shop ; she must make a lady of herself, so that she wouldn't by-and-by put her husband to shame ; but she hadn't the makings of it in her, Mrs. Tite feared—not a bit of the "dash" heaps of the girls she saw about had. That Mrs. Jack Grogan would be what she was to the end of the chapter was Mrs. Tite's shrewd conviction.

The bell that hung on the garden gate tinkled as it was pushed open. Her "Ladies !" Mrs. Tite hurried to the door to meet them.

If she only could get hold of Miss Amelia, what a deal she would have to tell her !

THALASSA! O THALASSA!

CAN you see the spine of yonder crest
 Curved o'er the hillside lea?
 Well, there the sun halts as he creeps to rest;
 And beyond is the sea.
 And beyond is the sea! Have you seen the sea?
 Never! Dear Lord, you were never born—
 Never seen the sea, and its mystery,
 And the gates of the Night and the Morn!

Ay, I have seen it, and memory,
 (For I was not always blind),
 Paints on my darkened eyes the sea;
 Here hath my God been kind.
 Here hath my God been kind, for a wish
 Summons the magic view,
 And my ears lean down to the thunder and swish,
 And the scream of the wild sea-mew.

Over the breakers that curl and toss
 Their manes as they sweep along,
 Till the foam of their crests is a silken floss,
 Green valleys among,
 Green valleys among the white gull flits,
 And his strong grey pinion dips,
 And rocked on the breakers the diver sits,
 The spume of the sea on his lips.

Do I dream, or is that the music of life
 That bids me look up and rejoice?
 For Nature's at best is a silent strife,
 Yet she needs a voice.
 She needs a voice, else why does she draw
 The bolts of the caverned wind,
 And let it sweep on, without leash or law,
 Trailing the seas behind?

Hark ! to the thunder that shakes the ground,
Where the speckled sand-larks flee ;
Were I dead, my heart would leap at the sound
And the scents of the sea.
And the scents of the sea, borne inland afar
Over the gorse and the heath,
My soul would leap through the gates ajar,
And the grey, grim portals of death.

Can you see aught yet ? "Nought yet !" Look afar,
For the sea is alive and strong ;
"Nought but the spray of one bright star
Its peers among.
Its peers among, and set in the curve
Where the sun sinks to rest ;
And a long, lone line with never a swerve
From the East to the West."

You must be deceived, for the sounds and the scents
Of the great baptismal wave,
Poured from the Godhead's affluence,
My senses lave.
My senses lave. If mine eyes are blind,
My veins are filled as with wine,
My hair is teased by the salt sea wind,
And my lips are kissed with his brine.

Look again and long, for I feel as a friend
Hath his hand locked in mine ;
Look long, where the shadows gather and blend
At the day's decline.
"At the day's decline, vast meadows are green,
White swallows over them flee ;"
Child, O my child, thine eyes are keen !
Meadows ? Why, that's the Sea.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LANCE'S CHOICE.

'Tis an assured good
To seek the noblest ; 'tis your only good
Now you have seen it, for that higher vision
Poisons all meaner choice for evermore.

GEO. ELIOT.

"To London, mother! And with the Colonel!!"

The laugh that had fixed itself on Lance's face for so many years—always excepting those seasons of sadness which, as a rule, were of the briefest—died completely away. Incredulity was in every line of his countenance.

"Yes, dear, and there's no time to lose," said Mrs. Ridingle, smiling at her son's astonishment. "The Colonel goes by the 8.10 train to-morrow morning."

"But—but are you *sure* mother he really wants *me*?"

"Quite, Lannie. And the best thing you can do is to pack a little portmanteau at once," said Mrs. Ridingle, putting down her sewing and taking Lance's arm. "Let us do it now."

Grown men have been far less excited at the prospect of starting for the North Pole than was Lance at the idea of finding himself in London. He had been to Lord Dalesworth's two or three times, and he had once spent a few days at Scarborough; but London was as strange to him as St. Petersburg.

What could be the meaning of it?—he asked himself as he went upstairs with his mother, too full of thought to ask further questions of her. Of course the Colonel had been quite friendly ever since that little affair—in which he really had been mistaken. Was this trip—could it be a sort of reparation? Had the Colonel found out his mistake in some unaccountable way? Or had somebody been talking to him?

Well, somebody had, and the somebody was Willie Murrington; but it was long afterwards, and only by accident, that Lance found it out.

was a very happy boy that stood on the Ridingle plat-

form the next morning, his tall hat and Eton suit well brushed, and the light shoes he so seldom wore shining like two little mirrors. The journey was one long delight. The boy did not feel hungry in the least, but whenever there was a stoppage the Colonel took in such a supply of dainties (under the mistaken impression that Lance had had no breakfast) that the lad had to create an appetite by eating.

The season had barely begun, but the Colonel's sister-in-law and her family had already arrived at their town house, and Lance received from the old lady a warm and motherly welcome.

Lance's wonder and surprise was a constant delight to the Colonel, who had long ago found London all but intolerable, saving for a few days now and then, and he smiled much oftener and more affectionately than he was wont when the boy lifted his rosy, eager, laughing face in gratitude for every fresh pleasure provided for him.

"Ought to have thought of it before," the old man said as they left the Lyceum after seeing Sir Henry in "The Vicar of Wakefield," and the boy showed that he could hardly contain himself for sheer delight at the performance. "Must bring up a brace of you at a time, now and then. Ought to see a bit of London while you're young. Won't care much for it afterwards."

The next night it was the opera, and Lance was actually going to dine with the Colonel at his club.

"One of Jack Ridgingdale's lads," was the title his host gave him as he was introduced to two old warriors who were invited to join them. "Awful young rip—as you can see." And then *sotto voce*—"Finest young beggar you ever met. Nobody like him—except his brothers."

So the old soldiers made much of him and told him such stories of brave deeds and fierce fighting that, if the Colonel had not interposed, the boy, sitting panting and breathless, and only half-conscious of the dainties on his plate, would have had no dinner.

The opera was *La Sonnambula*, and at the end of it the Colonel decided within himself that one performance of this sort would be quite enough for Lance, at any rate during the present visit. For the boy had spent nearly the whole time in such a condition of half-suppressed excitement, alternating with sobs and tears he could not hide, that a lady in the stall next to him became filled with motherly alarm, and plied him (to his lasting shame) with

a smelling-bottle and much eau-de-Cologne, as well as endearing words.

"I'm so sorry," he said when the opera was over and they got into the cab—for he was not at all sure how the Colonel would view this demonstration—"but I really could not help it. And I did try *so* hard."

But to his relief his host only replied:—

"All right, old boy. Opera's a bit too much for you. Tomorrow we'll have a good laugh to make up for it."

They had several good laughs, as a matter of fact, for after seeing the conjuring and the mysteries, as well as the funny men, at the Egyptian Hall, they assisted in the evening at the Savoy, where Lance easily led the laughter at a performance of "The Mikado."

It was a golden week, and when Lance got back home on Saturday afternoon, he entertained the family for hours with a detailed account of his doings in London.

"I only wanted *you* there, mammy," he said to his mother as soon as they were alone. "I did miss you so much."

"And don't you think I missed you, darling?"

"Did you *really*, mother dear, and—and with all the others at home?"

"Ever so much, Lannie."

He was silent for a time—"thinking hard," as he would have said. Suddenly he knelt in his favourite attitude at his mother's knee and lifted his face to hers.

"But, mammy dear, someday—someday——" he could not go on: something hindered speech.

"Someday?" she began very gently as she stroked his hair. "Someday, my darling, I must part with all of you—was that what you were going to say, Lannie?"

"Ye-es, mother."

"It is partly because of that, that when one of my darlings is away, I miss him so much now. Do you understand, dear?"

"I think so, mother. But—but——"

He could not bring it out—that secret of his, known only to Father Horbury and Willie Murrington, and yet he did want so much to utter it now. For like many another healthy-minded lad with a capacity for enjoyment that is worth an empire, and a simple piety that is worth infinitely more, his week of pleasure,

intensely delightful while it lasted, was now causing a reaction that drove him back first to his mother's arms—the only earthly Paradise that exists—and through that easy route to the Heart of God Himself.

Lance took his mother's hands and hid his face in them, and she felt his hot tears trickling upon her palms.

"What is it, darling?" she asked soothingly. "I don't think you are in trouble, Lannie, are you? Nothing has gone wrong, I'm sure, for I have just received such a charming little note from the Colonel about you."

Lance lifted his tear-stained face rather quickly.

"Have you really, mother? What does he say?"

Mrs. Ridingdale took the letter from her pocket and read it aloud.

"Afraid I can't come up to-night: rather too late. But I wanted to tell you, what you already know, that Lance is a perfect little gentleman, and has acted as such throughout. Better look after him carefully. My sister-in-law declares she will kidnap him at the first opportunity."

Lance's face was radiant, and "It's awfully good of him," he said.

"Very thoughtful of him," Mrs. Ridingdale admitted, "though of course I could trust my boy to behave well under any circumstances—couldn't I dear?"

"Yes, mammy," said Lance, returning her kiss, and then lapsing again into silence.

"But it's so rummy, mother, I can't understand it," he broke out suddenly. "You see, I thought—I mean I was afraid that I was a bit of a scamp; though, of course," he added eagerly, "I didn't mean to be and—and, I won't."

She knew something was coming and drew him closer towards her.

"Only the other day when we dined at his club, the Colonel told those two old gentlemen I was 'a regular rip;' but, you know, mother he didn't really seem to mean it, and now he writes you that note. Then there's Father Horbury"—Lance hesitated a little here—"he—he—well, of course, mammy, he knows me through and through, and has known me ever since I was a tiny brat; and the other day when I—when I asked him—Oh, mother darling!" the boy wailed, "I didn't think it would be so hard to tell you."

It was not necessary, for, as she threw her arms about him, she told him all that was in his mind.

"You know, my love, that I have the same affection for you all," she said; "but my Lanny has had a harder struggle than some of the others, and his failures have caused him suffering of various sorts. But the point is, my darling, you have *never* given up trying, and so there has always been a certain understanding between us, and a love that is in some degree peculiar. Of course, I am only guessing; but am I not right in supposing that you have been asking Father Horbury a very important question and that it concerns your vocation? And did not my saying how much I missed you make you think of that 'some day' when I shall be asked to give you up to God—for ever?"

It was so like her, Lance thought, to anticipate him in that way. There never had been a time in his life when she could not read his thoughts, once he had given her the smallest clue to them.

"Of course, mother, I should have told you long ago, only I was afraid of myself, and I thought what an awful thing it would be if I failed after speaking to you about it. Because I knew it would make you so happy to think I wanted to be a priest, even though, when the time came, you felt the pull of it awfully."

"God gives a special grace to mothers at such times, my darling, and next to the favoured souls themselves, the happiest people in the world are the near and dear ones of a religious."

"It is nice to hear you say that, mother, for Father Horbury said something very like it. Fact, he said a lot of things that astonished me. I quite expected he would ask me what I meant by talking about entering religion, and instead of that he said—'Bravo! you're just the kind of fellow. Thank God!'"

Lance could laugh now at the reminiscence, and his mother laughed too, as he added:

"And you see, mammy, he really *does* know me—down to the ground!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DOCTOR NUTTLEBIG'S OPINION.

" My boys beside me tripped, so slim
 And graceful in their rustic dress.

 NB'er was seen
 Such garb with such a noble mien."

WORDSWORTH.

A fortnight after Easter, Mr. Kittleshot's school opened with thirty-nine day-boys, of whom seven were Ridingdales. There was no ceremony of any kind, for the building was not yet half finished, and the boys who came from a distance had to take their dinner in one of the class-rooms.

"Six minutes' easy riding," said Hilary in reply to his father's question as to the time it took to bicycle to the new school. "You see, father, it's all on the level."

"And how do you like your new masters," asked Mrs. Ridingdale from her end of the dinner-table.

"Well, mother," said Lance speaking for the rest, "I think they'll be all right when we know 'em. They're a bit stiff just now, and the mathematical man is sarcastic, I think."

The boys all laughed together, and Harry hurried to explain.

"He was asking one of the boys a question—'twasn't Lance—and the lad hesitated. So the master said, 'Don't hurry!' It was the funny way he said it that made us all laugh."

"And resolve not to offend *that* gentleman," added George.

"I suppose they're awful swells," Lance went on, "but they've got a quiet way about 'em I rather like. Only you don't seem to know when they're serious and when they're chaffing you."

Mrs. Ridingdale said something to her husband about calling upon these new residents, for though the Squire had interviewed them all, she had not seen them; and the boys continued to compare notes and generally to discuss the three university men with whom they would now have so much to do. Sad to say, they had already given each of their preceptors a nickname.

"'Poker' asked me if we'd begun cricket," Lance was saying to Willie, "and when I said 'Rather, sir,' he very nearly smiled.

Of course, he never has smiled in his life and never will, but I think he tries sometimes."

"Perhaps he plays," suggested Willie; "he's got the cricket arm, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Lance a little doubtfully, "but *the* athletic man is 'Clearly.'"

It was the unfortunate man's favourite adverb, and the boys had unanimously bestowed it upon him as a sobriquet.

"Oh, but," Harry interrupted, "the tip-topper is 'Cuffs'."—The young man's wristbands were, perhaps, a trifle pronounced.—"He asked me as we were coming out if there was any cricket in the Dale, and I couldn't help asking him if he played. Then Dr. Byrse came up and told me that 'Cuffs' was once in the 'Varsity eleven.'"

Harry's announcement was received with great enthusiasm, and the general verdict was that Messrs. Poker, Clearly, and Cuffs—names, however, carefully suppressed within father's hearing—were very good fellows.

A similar pronouncement was made upon the lads themselves that same night when the three masters met for conference and tobacco.

It was soon discovered that, though Mr. "Cuffs" was a tip-top bat, the others were good and enthusiastic players, and Lance soon found out that, however stiff Mr. "Poker's" school-room movements might be, a slow steady ball from that gentleman was not a thing to trifle with. Very soon "Cuffs' eleven" and "Pokers' eleven" became realities, and Lance was not sorry to find himself in the latter.

Before April was out the number of boys had increased to fifty-one. They came from all parts of the Dale—some by train, some on bicycles, while a few walked from Hardlow and villages within easy distance. Mr. Kittleshot was delighted with the prospect of affairs, and the completion of the main building went on rapidly.

Very little change took place in the daily life of Ridingdale Hall, for school hours were now what they had always been, and the time spent in bicycling to and from school was trifling enough. Hilary was appointed prefect of home-lessons, and took care that none of his brothers wasted a moment of the hour and a-half set apart for this most important duty.

Mrs. Ridingle had had her periodical wardrobe difficulty—less hard to surmount now than formerly, but still serious enough to cause anxiety. The question of a school uniform had, indeed, been discussed again and again, but it remained a question for the reason that members of the committee were equally divided on the subject, and Mr. Kittleshot—only awaiting the completion of the building to withdraw from the management—refused to give his casting vote. The Squire and Father Horbury were against it; Dr. Byrse and the Colonel in favour of it—the latter so much so that he never met the others at dinner, or elsewhere, without arguing the matter fiercely and long.

“Let us take Dr. Nuttlebig’s opinion,” said the Squire one night as they were all dining together at the Chantry. “You are an unprejudiced outsider, Doctor, and besides you might give us some valuable hygienic hints on the general question of clothing.”

“Yes, yes,” returned the Doctor, laughing merrily, “I should think so, I should just think so. I’m always giving hints, am I not? And people take them—sometimes. But I’m astonished at you, Squire, asking me for hints, when you know that for ever so long you have reduced my income by several hundreds a-year. Here’s a man,” the Doctor continued jovially, “who has been in Ridingle nearly twenty years and, except for mumps and measles, I have never attended lad or lass of his from the moment they were born into the world. Asking me for hints, indeed! Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Two men like you in one town would ruin a doctor; for it’s not only what you do at home with your cold bathing, and clogs, and fresh air, it’s the influence you have upon all sorts of people in the same direction.”

“This is a very old joke of yours, Doctor,” laughed the Squire.

“Upon my word, sir,” cried the Surgeon, “the joke is altogether on your side. And long may it remain there! I am speaking seriously when I say that your courage and common-sense, together with your absolute indifference as to what people will say, has not only saved your own children from all sorts of ailments, but the children of many poor and middle-class families in this town. ‘What’s good enough for the Squire’s sons is surely good enough for you,’ is the argument I have heard over

and over again when some snobbish son of a farmer or tradesman was objecting to the nice, warm, neat-looking clogs his mother had provided him with."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Kittleshot, "a very proper sentiment that; though, perhaps, as a Lancashire man bred and born, I have a prejudice in favour of my country's foot-gear."

"Well," said the Squire, "with us it was simply a matter of ways and means in the beginning, though afterwards we soon discovered the many other excellent properties of English *sabots*; but I simply could not otherwise have kept my boys decently shod."

"Nor can thousands of people in this country," said the Doctor with much warmth, "nor do they. And what is the consequence? The consequence is disease, and very frequently death. If children went barefoot from their birth, many of them would escape the dangers of a climate like ours; but in one of the rainiest countries on earth, and (even where there is no actual rainfall), one of the dampest, to allow boys and girls to walk and sit all day long in things that are only made to soak up and retain the wet, is the most direct incentive to consumption that any doctor could suggest. It's all very well to say that good boots *can* be made. Of course they can; but the very people who need them most, whose bodies are imperfectly nourished, and yet who have the most walking to do, are the very ones who cannot afford to buy them. They cannot go to a practical maker and be measured for a pair of hand-sewn boots made of real honest leather: even ready-made brown paper substitutes are, in too many cases, only obtained by belly-pinching. No wonder that consumption continues to be the scourge of one of the hardest races God has made."

The Doctor's tone had become very earnest and solemn, and the conversation drifted for some time to the general question of the disease—its treatment and the possibility of its cure.

"Well," said the Surgeon, "if I talk shop, it is because you force me to do so," and he proceeded to give his questioners a long and interesting account of the recent proceedings of a learned medical society to which he belonged, and whose meetings he generally contrived to attend.

"But, Doctor," interposed Mr. Kittleshot at length, "you are a greater believer in prevention than in cure, I can see."

"I believe in both, but very specially in prevention. However, a dootor has frequently to deal with fools, and his preventive methods are scouted as often as not. Let me give you an instance that happened in this very town only a month or two ago.

"I was leaving a certain cottage one evening when somebody stopped to ask me how my patient was. I said, 'the lad is dying fast.' 'What's he dying of?' the man asked. 'Of his mother's stupid pride,' I answered. But I made haste to add. 'Don't you report to her what I say, particularly at a time like this; but the simple fact is, the poor silly woman has been the direct cause of her son's illness.' 'How's that?' the man enquired. I replied: 'She's sent him to school day after day in all this rain and snow and slush, in thin shoes, and the poor boy has sat hour after hour with icy-cold poultices on his feet. The result, of course, is inflammation of the lungs.' 'And you think he'll die?' my questioner said. 'I know he will,' I returned. 'Well,' said the fellow, 'it's the will of God.' 'It's no such thing,' I rapped out sharply. 'You might as well say that murder or suicide is God's will because He does not actively interpose to prevent such crimes. That lad is dying solely and sheerly of his mother's wicked pride.' Well, he was dead before morning—as bright a little chap as ever ran about Ridingdale. His father and mother, I may add, had just come in for a legacy or something and so, among other follies, they must needs show their gentility by depriving the boy of his comfortable, wet-resisting clogs, and substituting brown paper shoes. It's only one of many similar cases, though, as a rule, such fools are outsiders. Dale folk are generally too sensible to act in that way. But this is not by any means the whole of my story.

"Of course, I couldn't go to the mother, or father either, and say: 'your idiocy is responsible for your son's death.' But when, from time to time, I met the dead boy's younger brother wading through snow and slush and mud in shoes that were little better than slippers, I thought it time to remonstrate. So I went to the father and said: 'You will see that I am disinterested, I hope. You have lost one son, and I'm sure you don't want to lose another.' He said, 'God forbid!' 'Then,' I exclaimed, 'get that little lad a pair of clogs as soon as ever you can.' The fellow was downright savage. 'I shall do nothing of the sort!'

he answered. 'Very well,' I rejoined, 'I've done my duty.' Three weeks later he sent for Brown of Hardlow—it was not likely he would call me in. Brown looked round the room and spotted the cause of the sickness in no time. 'You don't mean to say that in weather like this you allowed a weak-chested boy to go out in those shoes? Why, you ought to be tried for manslaughter!' he said.

"Within a week the child was laid beside his brother, and the father came to me on the day of the funeral, sobbing as if his heart would break. I couldn't reproach him at such a time: but how could I console him? He realised then that—— but enough of this! It makes me too angry even to think of it!"

"Ah," said Mr. Kittleshot, "Yorkshire is not quite equal to its sister county, I fear—except, perhaps, in the excellence of its medical men."

"And its squires," added Dr. Byrse.

"And I was going to say its musicians," laughed the old Surgeon," but I've had my verbal innings, and for the rest of the evening I am going to be a listener."

But though every chance was thus given to the committee, they talked upon every possible subject save that of the school uniform.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MR. NELSON'S TASK.

And dost thou credit one cup-bearer's tale,
False, very like, and futile certainly,
Yet hesitate to trust what many tongues
Combine to testify was beautiful
In deed as well as word?

BROWNING.

It was now two months since Mr. Nelson first undertook the management, as well as the tuition, of Bertie and Horace Kittleshot. He had had a trying time. Again and again he had been on the point of giving up a task that he could not but consider hopeless; however, the father of the boys had not only given him a free hand, but had also ordered all the servants in the house to help the tutor in every possible way.

Mr. Kittleshot junior himself refused either to see his sons or to answer the letters that, in the beginning, they constantly sent to him through their tutor. The father declared that under no circumstances whatsoever would he speak to them until Mr. Nelson could assure him of their thorough reformation.

Mr. Nelson smiled secretly at the suggestion his employer made from time to time for the taming of his sons. Corporal punishment the young Cantab feared he would have to inflict from time to time, but he did not quite relish the last century methods that the angry and disgusted father ventured to propose.

"It will be time for me to resign my charge," he said "when I find it necessary to resort to leg-irons and strait-waistcoats." For Mr. Kittleshot junior had suggested that the tutor should measure the lads for these articles of punishment and restraint, but seeing Mr. Wilson's unwillingness the father did not insist.

A week or two later both boys declared themselves ill and they certainly looked it.

"Give them plenty of plain food," privately said the doctor, "a fair amount of exercise, lots of work, and a cold bath daily. I know them well, and I know what treatment they need."

Exercise was the difficulty. Hitherto they had been confined to the Hardlow grounds and park—big enough as a matter of fact for purposes of exercise; but they now began to complain bitterly of this restriction. Mr. Nelson pretended to take no notice of the complaint; secretly, however, he was trying to devise some safe means of taking them out. A football match at Ridingle Hall gave him the opportunity.

For some days before the match they had worked well and given very little trouble; in fact their going to Ridingle had been made conditional upon their general behaviour.

Starting soon after dinner—they now dined at one o'clock—Mr. Nelson and his two pupils rode their bicycles into Ridingle, and the tutor dismounted at Miss Rippell's.

"Wait one minute," he said to the lads as he ran into the shop; he was scarcely absent sixty seconds. But when he came out they had disappeared.

It is to be feared that Mr. Nelson "scorched" that afternoon.

Riding first in the direction of the Hall, he made enquiries of every person he met; but nobody had seen two boys on bicycles, and when he found himself at that part of the road which gave a

clear view for almost a mile, seeing no cyclists on the horizon he turned back. He had not ridden far before he met the carriage of Mr. Kittleshot, senior.

"Thought you were going to the match," said the old gentleman stopping at sight of the tutor for whom he had a liking, and under recent circumstances—for the grandfather knew of everything that had happened—very great sympathy.

Mr. Nelson explained the position in a very few words.

"Why," exclaimed Mr. Kittleshot, "I've just spoken to them. They were coming out of Simpkit's and told me you had sent them on an errand there."

"Were they going in the direction of Hardlow?"

"Certainly, and you may catch them up if you ride hard."

Mr. Nelson "scorched," but he did not catch them up for the reason that they had turned aside into a field, and as he rode past were, unseen by him, engaged in emptying a bottle of whiskey. Arrived at Hardlow, he sent men-servants in different directions, and himself spent several hours in fruitless riding and useless enquiries.

An hour or so after sunset they were brought back by the coachman, fast asleep in a cart. Their bicycles were nowhere to be found.

Very late into the night Mr. Nelson sat pondering upon what he should say and do upon the morrow. The incident was a very sad one and seemed to point to the fact that the lads were confirmed dysmaniacs. The vice was certainly not in their case an inherited one, but it was easily accounted for.

"From their earliest childhood," the family doctor said to Mr. Nelson, "they have had everything they asked for. I have told Mrs. Kittleshot again and again that she was ruining their digestion, and inducing a habit of self-indulgence that would not always be satisfied by chocolate and nougat. Unlimited sweets at five means unlimited something else at fifteen. Some mothers seem bent upon the destruction of their children's bodies and the damnation of their souls."

Mr. Kittleshot junior knew nothing of the day's escapade, for he had begged of the tutor to report nothing—saving improvement in his sons' conduct.

When morning came, Mr. Nelson interviewed the two lads separately. He had decided not to flog them, and indeed they

were hardly in a condition for such punishment. Nor did he say very much to them beyond telling them to remain in bed for the day.

On the morrow, however, he changed their quarters, placing Bertie in the disused nursery at the top of the house and Horace some distance away. They had already been made to give up their jewellery to him, for it disgusted him to see such young lads with ring-covered fingers, and he feared also they might be tempted to dispose of them in order to get the drink and tobacco they were always craving for. To their new rooms he would allow them to carry nothing that he had not thoroughly overhauled.

"I am sorry to tell you," he said to Bertie, taking a glance at the barred nursery windows, "that you will have to be locked in for the present. It is a pity you abused my kindness the other day."

The boy made no answer. Mr. Nelson thought he looked miserably white and nervous.

"I shall look in frequently, and you must tell me what I can do for you; but it is only right I should let you know that I cannot, for some time to come, allow you out of my sight."

It was weary work both for tutor and boys.

"And it all might have been prevented so easily," Mr. Nelson said to Dr. Brown one day. "If they had been sent to school, or even if a decent tutor had been permitted to do his duty by them, they could not have been the dissipated and blasé youngsters they are at this moment. Here is a father who has systematically neglected his children since they were babies, and a mother who has done her best to ruin them by self-indulgence from the time they left the cradle. Happily, the woman is not on the spot. The man is, and in his unreasoning rage he would have me revert to the savage methods of a nigger-driver. The miserable effects of years of neglect are to be removed in a week."

"I fear they never will be removed," said the Doctor. "I am not saying you won't succeed up to a certain point. You have already made them work and that in itself is a great matter; but no earthly power will ever change the character of those two lads. If I were a sceptic, and thank God, I am not, I should be converted by seeing what religion, and religion alone, can do and, to my certain knowledge, *does*, in these abnormal cases. Not, of

course, that I would divorce natural means from the supernatural.

"Unhappily," sighed the tutor, "I've nothing to work upon. I question if either of them has said a prayer since he left the nursery. To them religion is only a thing to make fun of. You know how seldom father or mother ever entered church, and when the lads went with me they behaved so shockingly that at last I gave up asking them to go."

"Have they no sentiment of love for their invalid mother," suggested the Doctor.

"It is cupboard love of the most animal kind," rejoined the tutor bitterly. "I tried only yesterday and used all the gentle eloquence I could command; but all that Bertie said was: 'Well, if she loves me, why doesn't she send me some money?'"

"May God help you, and the lads also," said the good Doctor as he shook the tutor's hand.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(To be continued.)

FAITH.

A MID the worlds I looked for God,
And in each sun could see
A golden wheel whereon He rode
Throughout Eternity.

I saw Him not, and weeping cried
On Him to point the place,
The secret realm where He may hide,
To speak and show His face.

No answer comes, He will not speak;
Yet in my soul, by faith
I see Him and one day shall break
A way to Him through death.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

FATHER BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R.

IN MEMORIAM.

IT is a duty of gratitude to pay some tribute in these pages to the holy and amiable memory of the distinguished man whom the Redemptorist Order has recently lost. His religious brethren will, doubtless, lose as little time as possible in publishing a fitting memorial of him. We have ourselves preserved several of his letters, some of which will be quoted presently.

The Tablet of February 25th, 1899—eight days after Father Bridgett's death—was allowed to print extracts from a short account that the holy man in his last years had written of his life, in order (as he said) to spare trouble to the "chronista" who would be charged with the duty of writing an obituary notice of him according to the custom of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

He was born January 20th, 1829, in a house attached to his father's silk mill in Derby. He notes with pleasure that the Christian names of his parents were Joseph and Mary. His father belonged to a Baptist family, his mother was a Unitarian, and none of their children were baptized in infancy. Thomas Edward Bridgett was not baptized till his fourteenth year, in the Rev. Dr. Weldon's School, in Tonbridge, in Kent. After that, he was a strict Anglican. A schoolfellow of his at Tonbridge, now a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. A. H. Hore, who has recently published a very anti-Roman "History of the Greek Church," says, in a letter to *The Tablet*, March 4th, 1899, that Father Bridgett was "one that could do everything; one of the best at all games at school, a wonderful swimmer." He adds that he did not at that time excel in Latin and Greek, or hold a high place in class, because he was already an omnivorous "reader of other kinds of literature, books of a deep character." Mr. Hore says, with a candour that does him honour: "He was

a thoroughly conscientious man, and I have no doubt that his conversion to the Catholic Church was founded on firm conviction, and was the result of the learning which he began to acquire, and of which I remember now he gave proof, in his early years." It was in August, 1846, at a party at the house of Mr. Hore's father that Thomas Bridgett, then a lad of seventeen, received the telegram (the word was not yet invented) announcing that his father had been struck dead by a flash of lightning in a fearful storm that passed over London.

In spite of reduced circumstances Mrs. Bridgett contrived to send her son to Cambridge in October, 1847. His intention was to become a clergyman; but the controversy of the time engaged him in reading which soon convinced him that he could not conscientiously be a minister of the English Church. He was greatly influenced by the writings of Kenelm Digby, author of *Mores Catholici or Ages of Faith*. "From that day my heart was with the Church of the Saints; I hated the isolation and insularity of the Church of England, and felt it was a mere sham." At the end of his third year at Cambridge he felt that he could not take his degree because he could not conscientiously take the Oath of Supremacy repudiating the spiritual power of the Pope. He left the University, and after further study and following Dr. Newman's famous course of Lectures on the Difficulties of Anglicans at the London Oratory, King William Street, London, he was received into the Church by the Oratorian, Father Stanton, on the 12th of June, 1850, being twenty-one years of age. In the short sketch that we are following, he describes himself as going forth in a sort of ecstasy and inclined to say to every one: "Now I am no longer a member of your petty Anglican religion. I belong to the Church of the Apostles, the Fathers and the Saints. St. Francis and St. Dominic would not disown me; and, when I cross the sea, I shall not be a stranger in Christendom." Shortly before his death he added: "More than forty years have passed since then, and the same thought and joy are as fresh as ever."

"Having become a Catholic, I felt at once that I could most directly and effectively attain the end of life by entering a religious Order." He joined the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, of which St. Alphonsus Liguori was the founder, his noviceship and five years in the House of Studies at

Wittem, in Holland, he was ordained priest on the 4th of August, 1856.

His work as a priest was, besides some eighty missions, chiefly as a preacher and confessor at Limerick, Liverpool, and London, besides discharging the onerous duties of Rector for more than thirty years. He made it an inviolable custom to write all his sermons even for the most ordinary occasions; and these filled some twenty-seven volumes at his death.

I think I can claim the merit of being the first to induce Father Bridgett to print some of his writings, about the year 1870, when we lived near each other in Limerick. Father William Maher, S.J., of Farm Street, London, was then editing the English "*Messenger of the Sacred Heart*," which at that time was a sixpenny magazine. Father Maher was one of those editors, generally the most efficient, who never write a line themselves; and he allowed an Irish confrère to fill a good deal of his space each month, with his own prose and verse, or with the prose and verse that he induced friends to place at his disposal. The many contributions which in the first eleven half-yearly volumes bore the signatures W.L., M.R., T.A.F., P.F., R.M., A.D., J.M.M., and W.H., came from and through the Crescent, Limerick; and to these were added through the same medium T.E.B., F.H., and E.V., for Father Bridgett, besides his own, communicated some very devotional pieces by his confrères, Father Hall and Father Vaughan, C.S.S.R. His first contribution to the *Messenger* seems to be "Brother Giles and the Theologian" (April, 1870), which, under the title "Daily Grace," is the second last in his volume, "Sonnets and Epigrams on Sacred Subjects," published in the last year of his life. But he has left many beautiful poems of this series uncollected. He seems to have gathered by preference his shorter pieces, as if to justify a remark he makes in one of his letters to me: "Like the fat little robin, my muse has a very short song and very short flight, but not so pretty a note." Some of his prose contributions before 1873 were "The Two Mothers" (so beautiful that I could not refrain from using it again in *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. xxi., p. 28), "Protestant Testimony in Favour of Prayers to the Saints" (*Messenger*, vol. vii., p. 164), and "Good Friday in England," at page 259 of the same volume.

Father Bridgett's contributions to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* ceased in 1873, for the summer of that year saw the birth of *The Irish Monthly*, on which he was so good as to bestow his shorter pieces from time to time ever after. At this time he had been removed from Limerick to London, whence came the following letter of encouragement :—

St. Mary's, Clapham,
London, S.W.,

Aug. 11th, 1873.

Dear Father Russell,

Your periodical does indeed open with much promise. It is just what we wanted. I confess I have not read the Dean's contribution. Aubrey de Vere has quite caught the sententious style of the ancients, but I doubt much that any eremite of the 5th century would have taken the view of marriage in the paper, "Human Affections." I cannot find Ambrosius in the *Bibliotheca Maxima*. I greatly suspect the eremite dates from Co. Limerick rather than from the Apennines.

May I enclose for your perusal a letter I received from the late Father Cogan, who wrote with so much industry the history of the diocese of Meath? I think I had mentioned to him a scheme of this sort: the history of Irish Martyrs or Confessors, belonging to a Diocese, to be printed in very cheap form—the Bishop to speak on the subject to his clergy—each priest to speak to his own people, and distribute the lives, or sell them. Then a collection to be made towards a monument to be erected in the Cathedral to the martyrs of the diocese.

Major O'Reilly has already compiled materials for the whole of Ireland. Such parts as belong to a diocese could be printed separately and cheaply.

The people now know nothing of the sufferings of their predecessors. I found that in Limerick the Creaghs knew nothing of their glorious relative Archbishop Creagh.

By the way, do you know Father (commonly called Abbé) Sullivan, curate at Kingstown? I think he could and would contribute to your pages. I can say nothing as yet, as to whether I may be able to do something. I suppose you are flooded with suggestions as to what you should do, rather than with assistance to do it.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

T. E. BRIDGETT, O.S.S.R.

Father Bridgett's last appearance in our pages was so late as last September, but then only in a letter giving a most interesting account of some of Cardinal Newman's motives for writing "Loss and Gain" (*IRISH MONTHLY*, xxvi., 554). His earliest contribution seems to be "Knowing and Doing," at page 315 of our third volume (1875), a cleverly rhymed homily on our Lord's words, "If you know these things, you shall be blessed if you do them" (John xiii., 17). As Father Bridgett did not reprint this

piece, we may do so now as a sample of his verse, his kindly letters serving the same purpose for his prose.

Some Fathers in the recreation room
 Were gaily chatting in the evening's gloom,
 When, asking silence, thus the Rector said :
 " To-day in St. Augustine's book I read—
 ' *De monachorum opere* : ' and found
 What strange delusions everywhere abound.
 It seems that some lay brothers, in their zeal
 For high perfection, from their work would steal
 Into the library, to study there
 What Holy Scripture says on constant prayer :
 And when the Abbot called them to account,
 They used to quote the Sermon on the Mount ;
 How birds of air will neither sow nor reap,
 Nor gather into barns ; yet, while they keep
 From earth's low toils, by God's own hand are fed.
 ' And such should be our state,' these brethren said ;
 ' For who are those designed by birds of air
 But such as give themselves to constant prayer ?
 Let worldlings till the ground, 'tis fit that they
 Should work for us, while we for them will pray.'
 Now St. Augustine also was a bird
 Who higher soared than they ; so when he heard
 These famous reasons, he began to laugh,
 For birds like him are never caught with chaff.
 And he, too, quoted Scripture, how St. Paul
 Both worked himself, and gave this rule to all :
 ' If any work not, neither let him eat.'
 Then, after thus exposing their deceit,
 The saint exclaims : ' What folly thus to shirk
 For reading's sake your heaven-appointed work ;
 And thus neglect the Scriptures to obey,
 For greater leisure to learn what they say.'
 " Now, Fathers," cried the Rector, " I declare
 More birds than those are taken in this snare ;
 We think or dream, speak, listen, read and write
 On vice and virtue with so great delight
 That oft our very joy makes us forget
 To do the thing on which our thoughts are set.
 Let each one tell the truth for candour's sake,
 And I the first will *mea culpa* make.

- In Chapter once I spoke so feelingly
 Upon our Blessed Lord's humility,
 And on his *hidden* life, that, shame to say !
 I felt a glow of pride at my *display*.
 What say you, Father John, can you deny
 Such folly ever took you on the sly ? ”
- “ Indeed it did,” said John, “ not long ago
 My spirit burned so eagerly to know
 Our Lord's submissive life at Nazareth,
 And how he was ‘ obedient unto death,’
 That I stood heedless of the signal bell
 Which called me thence, and stopped to ponder well
 If I possess'd the mystery—but, be'sure,
 Such weakness Father Charles would ne'er endure.’ ”
- “ Don't be too sure,” said Charles : “ I was so vexed
 At being called, when writing on the text—
 ‘ And they *immediately* their nets forsook
 And followed Jesus’—that, with angry look,
 I bade the porter say it was too soon,
 I could not leave until the afternoon.
 But, Father James, 'tis your turn now to say
 Did your calm soul thus ever go astray ? ”
- “ Ask, then,” said James, “ in Adam did I sin !
 ‘ One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.’
 The other day at dinner, when they read
 How certain hermits scarcely tasted bread,
 I was so lost in wonder at their fast
 That I kept eating on till I was last.”
- “ And I,” said Father Mark, “ read in the life
 Of India's great Apostle, of his strife
 Against a world of pagans, and the hope
 That gave him strength with such a world to cope,
 Till at such *hope* amazed, my heart grew faint,
 And quite *despaired* that I should be a saint.”
- “ Enough ! ” the Rector cried, “ 'tis clear to me
 We all are sailing on the self-same sea,
 And in the self-same boat ; so let us pray
 For grace our lights more promptly to obey.
 ‘ Not those who *know*,’ says Jesus Christ, ‘ are blest,
 But those who *do* what they have reckoned best.’ ”

The two following letters refer to one of the finest literary
 performances of our time, Judge O'Hagan's translation of

"The Song of Roland."

Bishop Eton, Wavertree,

Liverpool, Jan. 26th, 1880.

Dear Father Russell,

I am much flattered by the proposal you make that I should review Mr. O'Hagan's book, but I must really decline the honour. It requires a very different hand from mine. It must be reviewed by one who has made literature, and especially poetry, a study. Mr. de Vere or Mr. MacCarthy could do such a book justice. As for me, I can enjoy poetry, and I think I know when it is good; but I have never learnt to analyse the source of my impressions. Besides that, the poem in question to be properly criticised demands a critic will conversant with the original and with that species of literature, and, of course, I know nothing whatever about it. I have far too great a regard for Mr. O'Hagan (with whom I have long been acquainted, though only at long intervals) to let his merits be obscured by my clumsy praise.

You will see by the superscription to this note that I have left London. I have just been appointed to reside here.

Believe me, dear Father Russell,

Yours most sincerely,

T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS.R.

Bishop Eton, Liverpool,

22nd July, 1880.

Dear Father Russell,

I sent "Roland" to a friend of mine, Miss Agnes Lambert, youngest daughter of Sir John Lambert, K.C.B. You may have seen her article on Flowers in *The Nineteenth Century*. There is one by her (*entre nous*) in the *Dublin* of January last on the authorship of "The Imitation." I enclose her answer to me. May I ask you to reply to her? You will see her address on the letter. In doing so, please send back to her *The Edinburgh Review* Editor's letter.

I suppose you saw the notice of "Roland" in *The Athenaeum* of July 3rd.

In great haste,

Yours most sincerely,

T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS.R.

You need not send back to me Miss Lambert's letter, nor reply to mine.

"The kind need kindness most of all," Sister Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy says in one of her beautiful poems. If Father Bridgett had consented to write the review requested from him, it would have been sure to have been a kind, thoughtful, and adequate review, and far more deserving of an author's gratitude than the slight notice which called forth the following genial acknowledgement:—

Bishop Etk, Wavertree,

Liverpool, May 6th, 1881.

Dear Father Russell,

I forgive you, but it is a heroic act. If faint praise damns, exaggerated praise makes its object either ridiculous or odious. How could you say all those things about me and my books? I have little enough humility, God knows; yet even the love of my own literary offspring, which is a potent form of self-love, can only make me accept as belonging to me "patient accuracy of research and careful moderation of statement," and of these two the former is mine only in the sense of "patient research after accuracy." But "refined style!" Something like that of my old coat or my own obese personage.

However, I do not mean to accuse you of blarney. But you are too good-natured, and I am very grateful to you personally, though a little bit ashamed and awkward at such mighty eulogy. I am so glad that Mr. de Vere has written those beautiful lines *Filia Mariæ*, and the appreciative note about Sister Mary Alphonsus.

Believe me, dear Father Russell,

Yours very sincerely,

T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R.

The last letter for which we can make room at present refers evidently to my little prayer-book in verse, "The Harp of Jesus," which was published in 1890; for the preface contains these words, which Father Bridgett alludes to: "The metrical form of these prayers may help children—and perhaps, too, some children of a larger growth"—to learn a few of them by heart; and they may occur to the memory in moments when ordinary prayers would not be available."

St. Mary's, Clapham, London, S.W.,

February 9th, 1890.

Dear Father Russell,

As self is sure to be the first thing to occur to my mind, your little book at once reminded me that in a notice in *The Dublin Review* of Canon Simmonds' "Lay Folks Mass Book," I expressed a wish that the usage of our ancestors of rhymed prayers might be restored by some one; and again I returned to the subject in the 5th chapter of the 2nd volume of my "History of the Holy Eucharist;" and again in the 6th, giving a few specimens in Norman-French, Old English, and Gaelic.

I dare say you know what is called "The Childrens' Mass." I think it is in use in Marlborough Street. I think it was in the first year of my priesthood that Father Furniss and I concocted those rhymed prayers. He wrote it in prose and I had to put it into rhyme; but he would allow no inversions, no hard words, and though it has done good service it might well be improved. I see you have not written prayers for Mass. Perhaps you have reserved them for a second volume. You will do it.

I shall certainly be one of the "children of a larger growth"—(very much larger)—who will get by heart and use many of your beautiful lines.

Did you ever read the "Tale of Tintern" by the late Father Caswall? If not, ask Father Rector to get it at once (Burns and Oates, only 2s., I think). It is one of the most charming poems in the language as a poem, and quite unique as being about our Lady. If you get it at once, it will inspire you with a beautiful article for May. They will, of course, send you the second edition; but it is a curious fact that the first edition was written in ten-syllable lines. The second is in eight syllables. But though it is entirely re-written, not one word is said by the author regarding the change. (The second edition is greatly improved).

Yours most sincerely,

T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS.R.

We can only refer the reader to *The Tablet* of February 25th, 1899, for some account of the terrible and lingering disease which God sent to finish the work of his sanctification; and an account of his various admirable writings will be found in the same journal, March 4th.

This slight memorial sketch of a holy and devoted and eminently useful servant of God may end by addressing to the reader the entreaty contained in the mortuary card issued by the mourning brethren of Father Bridgett. "Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of the Very Rev. Thomas Edward Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, who, fortified by all the rites of Holy Church and the special blessing of our Holy Father the Pope, and surrounded by his religious brethren, departed this life at St. Mary's, Clapham, on the 17th of February, 1899, in the 71st year of his age, the 48th of his religious profession, and the 43rd of his priesthood. *He sought profitable words, and wrote words most right and full of truth* (Eccles. xii., 10). May he rest in peace."

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

THIS page will fall under the eyes of some hundred new subscribers who have just joined our ranks and who will need to be told (what we have more than once mentioned) that "Dublin Acrostics" is a dainty little quarto containing the best double acrostics produced more than thirty years ago by a brilliant clique who met occasionally and compared and criticised each other's performances in this department of literature which was then very popular. I had inserted in the preceding sentence "if literature it can be called," but I erase the words: for certainly some of the authors of "Dublin Acrostics" raised the acrostic to the level of literature; for instance, Judge O'Hagan's treatment of *scrip* and *stock*, No. 42 in our February part. For this select band of Acrosticians was gathered from the highest ranks of the Bar and even from the Bench. The late Baron Fitzgerald was one of them, and Dr. Fitzgerald, the Protestant Bishop of Killaloe, another; nay, strange to say, Dr. C. W. Russell, President of Maynooth, contributed to the collection. We may venture to name one illustrious survivor, Lord Justice Fitzgibbon.

For the sake of the new-comers, to whom I have just alluded, I may explain the construction of a double acrostic by solving No. 44 of this series, which is signed "K"—namely John J. Kirby, a very clever barrister who died early in his career: for I should have added that a key to all the authors' names and to the solutions was furnished to me by one of the accomplices, the late Robert Reeves, Q.C. Mr. Kirby's acrostic runs thus:

I.

A noble race and puny line
 In me mysteriouly combine.
 A puny line and little noted,
 Although above all others voted.
 Men dub me great, and, vastly prized,
 In every creed I'm canonized.

II.

They're gleaming up the far-off hill—
Fond hopes, blank fears the concourse thrill ;
Down sweeps tumultuous and compact,
The variegated cataract !
Loud hopes, shrill fears, together soar
Upon the May-breeze—all is o'er.

1. They cast me off the lowest depths who seek.
2. Me Sunday gives mechanics once a week.
3. A hero I, of thrilling lordly rhyme.
4. When taken at the flood then comes my time.
5. O More I crave, then name a cheerful chime.

A double acrostic like this is a riddle, the answer to which is to be found in two kindred words of an equal number of letters, like *pen* and *ink*, or in a single word consisting of two equal significant parts, like *nutmeg* or *catsup*. When we are puzzled too much, we get the help of certain "lights"—namely, words described with ingenious obscurity, the initials of which, placed in order, spell one of the acrostic words, while their final letters spell the other. In the present case the lights show that the words have five letters each. Many sharp folk will guess that there is question of two horse-races, Leger and Derby, the first of which, as the poet subtly notices, is called the Great St. Leger. Why "puny line?" This refers to "leger lines," in music, short lines added above or below the staff for the reception of any note too high or too low to be written within it. Even a merchant's principal account book can, according to Worcester, be spelled *leger* as well as *ledger*. In the second stanza Mr. Kirby describes very spiritedly the Derby. Is it always run in May? The answer is given in this form, from their position in which the acrostic words are sometimes called "uprights":—

L e a D
E a s E
G i a o u R
E b B
R o r Y

The manner of taking soundings at sea is ingeniously expressed in the first of the "lights." We are supposed to know Lord Byron's "Giaour" and Samuel Lover's pleasant song, "Rory O'More."

Let us now turn to the Acrostic which was left unanswered :

our last Number. The answer is "Harebell," with an allusion to "Mad as a March hare," and the lights are *hob*, *anemone*, *rainfall*, and (according to Mr. Reeves) *enamel*. The last of these lights seems very doubtful. Does enamel "defy time's fatal power?" Though Mr. Reeves kept a record of the solutions intended by the various authors, he is not altogether infallible.

P. D., who is correct on all points, is the only one who suggests *Enamel*. J. C. (Dublin), M. G. W. (Isle of Wight) and J. G. give *Evil*, while J. W. A. prefers *Eternal*, as does also a clever *débutant*, J. R., who is right in all the others. A. C. agrees on other points, but is original in choosing *entail* as the last light. Instead of *Rainfall*, J. W. A. proposes *Runnel* and J. C. "Rill;" but is a rill or a runnel "the certain result of a shower?"

Passing over No. 45 as long, out of date, and unsigned, and No. 46 very long and not very good, we leave to the ruminations of our clients—

No. 47.

From abstract riddles riddled all,
I turn, despairing, to concrete,
My first alone disjoined fall,
And all the owner's plans defeat.

My second too, a shapeless thing,
Hath by itself been riddled oft.
Let each to other firmly cling
And both together rise aloft.

1. Home of the angel of industry bright.
2. Regions rebellious without us.
3. I, whilst this idle acrostic I write.
4. A circle at length drawn about us.
5. All silently marking the statesman's address.
6. Nor waves can appal me, nor tempests oppress.

F.

A CRY.

I HATE this dark, foggy town, with its miles of hard, hot streets, and its tall stacks of chimneys shutting out the blue sky and the bright sun. And there are the people—ever hurrying on—with their grave, cold faces and weary eyes.

Here in all this big town no one loves me except the little white-faced baby whom it is my duty to mind, when I am not scrubbing or sweeping or running errands.

For a long time I have been thinking, and now I have made up my mind, I will run away early in the grey morning before the sun is up.

I cannot stay. I want my beautiful Glenmore.

I want the purple heather and the dark firwood. I want to hear the lark singing in the blue sky, and to see the little mountain-sheep picking their steps among the daisies. I want the big dark caves where the winds moan and the owls nest. I want the deep lake with its fringe of yellow flag-lilies. I want to smell the burning turf and to see the blue smoke curling in the air above our little white home.

I want to sit in the old chimney corner and watch the red flames leaping on the wall, and to hear Grannie telling her stories of fairies and leprechauns. I want to rest in my own little bed and feel my Mother's kiss warm on my lips. I want to see the moon rise beyond the hills and flood my room with light.

Yes, to-morrow I will go. I cannot stay—I cannot stay! My heart cannot be content.

But hark, what is that? A baby's cry. My little white-faced baby!

Ah! I will not go.

H. L.

APRIL YEARNINGS.

MAKE haste, sweet April, with thy balmy morns !
 My heart wails for thee as a strayèd child
 Moans for its mother's face so kindly mild.
 Though birds are singing, I can see the thorns
 Around their bosoms; the wind veering warns
 With muttered threats it may wax harsh and wild.
 Gay March is but a stranger chance-beguiled—
 Earth seems not homely till *thy* robe adorns.

But oh! to feel again those heavenly eyes
 Thou once didst bring me, when my joyous bride
 Shared thy soft presence!—Yet, if memory grieves
 When thou once more art with me, rainbow'd showers
 Will figure forth the hope, my pain to chide,
 Life's temporal tears will bring eternal flowers.

J. B.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Roses and Rue*. By Alice Furlong. London; Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street. [Price 2s. 6d.].

Many have been expecting for a considerable time this first collection of Miss Alice Furlong's poems. The young poet has wisely limited her choice at first to a modest and slender volume which the favourite publisher of poets has produced with faultless taste. Very judiciously, there is no attempt at a long poem—such as it used to be the fashion to place in front of a gathering like this—but only “short swallow-flights of song.” Some of these lyrics indeed “dip their wings in tears,” and to this mingling of mournful and joyous the pretty title of the book alludes. We do not know how Miss Furlong would succeed in a narrative or dramatic poem, but at present song and ballad express with complete effectiveness the thoughts that she feels impelled to turn into music for the listening world. She has a genuine lyrical faculty, and her diction is simply and purely poetical, without any of the mannerisms affected by most of the rhymesters of the day. She is, moreover, intensely Irish, and in some pieces such as the keen over Owen Roe O'Neill, she uses very skilfully the subtle interlacing of rhymes cultivated in

some Celtic metres. Those readers especially who have come under the Celtic spell will appreciate highly poems like the strikingly original "Rann of Norna;" but our own sympathies are attracted more powerfully to the almost sacred strains, "God's Poem" and "At Nazareth." One of Miss Furlong's characteristics is the great variety of her themes and her metres. She possesses a very musical ear; yet she will be accused of harsh lines—the harshness of which was no doubt premeditated, though sometimes, we think, injudicious. One of the strongest poems in the volume is "Ireland in America," about which we may venture to mention that, when it appeared first in this Magazine, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was so much struck by it that he sent it to Richard O'Gorman in New York, just before he died, as expressing what Sir Charles suspected would be O'Gorman's sentiments with regard to his new home and his old. *Roses and Rue* is full of the truest and purest poetry that has been published for many a day; and it far exceeds in worth many of the more pretentious volumes that are talked about in literary cliques and boomed in the London reviews.

2. *The Life of the Hon. Mrs. Petre (Laura Stafford-Jerningham) in Religion Sister Mary of St. Francis, of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur.* By A. M. Clarke. With a Preface by the Right Hon. Lord Clifford. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company. [Price, bound in cloth, 5s. 6d. net].

We have thought it mere justice to this excellent biography to begin by quoting its title at full length, which by the way does not crowd the ample page so much as might be feared. No one can read Lord Clifford's Preface without being drawn to a careful perusal of the whole volume, of which indeed it is an admirable summary. Miss Clarke has described very gracefully the various phases of this most interesting and edifying life; and probably her present work will be pronounced the best that we have had yet from her skilful pen. Laura Jerningham, daughter of Lord Stafford, became the wife of the Hon. Mr. Petre; and at the age of thirty-seven was left a widow with a large fortune; yet after that mature age she became a novice in the Congregation of Notre Dame, and soon Mistress of Novices, Mother Superior, and Foundress of many Convents of her Order in England, where their success in the great work of teaching the young has been very remarkable. This far from monotonous story is told with full detail by Miss Clarke in this fine royal octavo. When we add that it contains twenty whole-page illustrations, including five photogravure portraits, the reader will share our astonishment at the smallness of the price that we have mentioned above.

3. We shall be happy to have the opportunity of supplying in a new edition the omission to which *The Tablet* of March 18th calls attention in the following notice of "St. Joseph of Jesus and Mary":—

"Since the appearance of the late Mr. Healy Thompson's *Life of St. Joseph* eleven years ago, we have had no more welcome tribute to the ever-growing devotion of the faithful to St. Joseph than Father Russell's volume with its somewhat fanciful title. It calls for no detailed notice; and the author's name is a guarantee of orthodoxy and piety, and his borrowings from other writers are well deserving of the increased popularity which their inclusion in these pages secures for them. 'St. Joseph's Aftermath' is a charming supplement to the *Anthology* in honour of the great saint which Father Russell published not long since. On one point only do we feel inclined to withhold our praise; in his historical study of the development of devotion to St. Joseph Father Russell has overlooked the documentary and other evidence in support of an early English cultus of the saint to which the columns of *The Tablet* have given hospitality (November 9 and 16, 1895). The earliest Latin evidence so far adduced seems to be that furnished by a calendar of the Benedictine Cathedral Priory of Winchester of the days before the Norman Conquest (Cotton MSS., Vitellius E. xviii.)."

4. *Life of Henry Benedict Stuart, Cardinal, Duke of York. With a notice of Rome in his time.* By Bernard W. Kelly. London: R. & T. Washbourne. [Price 3s. 6d.].

Mr. Kelly has made as interesting a book as we can well conceive capable of being constructed out of the materials available for a biography of Henry IX., the last of the Stuarts. He has interwoven with his narrative many cognate subjects besides the one mentioned on the title-page, and has shown very commendable diligence in consulting numerous works, of which a list is given in the appendix. In this list, however, we notice the omission of the fine quarto volume published by Sir John Gilbert in 1894, "Narrative of Mary Clementina Stuart, 1719-1735," which would have furnished Mr. Kelly with more accurate particulars concerning the elopement of the Princess Clementina than the first work on his list. A good index occupies very usefully the last fifteen pages of this meritorious book.

5. *The Dominican Star. A New Zealand Year-Book. Papers Literary, Artistic, Scientific, Entertaining.* Dunedin: The Caxton Company.

This is the first volume of a series which we hope will be continued for a great many years. It has truthfully described itself as consisting of literary, artistic, and scientific papers, all of them entertaining; for we refuse to follow the example of the title-page in setting this epithet apart as if it characterised only a single department. Sketches of travel, a long gossiping letter from Paris, a musical essay on "Quivers and Quavers," a story of early Christian times, and another of our own day, good notices of books, and some lively verses—these are only some items of the varied menu served up by this "New

Zealand Year-Book" on its first appearance. The Dominican Nuns of Dunedin, to whom we owe it, have secured eager and efficient help from many friends and keep themselves in the background. The paper, printing, and binding are excellent, and do the utmost credit to the Caxton Company. The illustrations are admirably reproduced, some of the little vignettes and tailpieces are quite works of art; but there is a full-page illustration labelled "Glenariff, Co. Antrim," which is perhaps rashly pronounced to be a blunder and impossibility by one who has no more recent evidence on the subject than the vivid memory of two happy months spent at Red Bay in the midmost summer of this poor old dying Nineteenth Century.

6. *The Catholic High School Bible History. For the use of Junior Classes.* By Sister F. Isabelle Kershaw. London: R. and T. Washbourne. [Price 1s. 3d.]

Sister Isabelle, who is known to many readers as Miss Kershaw, has condensed a vast quantity of matter into 186 pages with the help of good type, which, however, seems too small even for youthful eyes. All the facts of the Old Testament from Genesis to Machabees are given in considerable detail in thirty chapters. This is called Part I., the New Testament being probably reserved for Part II.

7. *Ten Sermons on the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.* By the Rev. Henry Banckaert, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Bruges: Desclée, De Brouwer and Co.

The reader has already formed a wrong idea of this book. We are sure that he has not before his mind a small duodecimo, costing probably the same as the subject of the preceding notice. But the use of type equally economical has enabled Father Banckaert to compress into the little book an immense quantity of edifying and solid matter on his sacred theme. A clear and methodical division of the subject is prefixed to each discourse, and the paragraphs are marked off by distinguishing titles. There are hardly any indications of foreign printing except "Blessed Raymond of Capoue." Father Banckaert shows himself a true son of St. Alphonsus.

8. We can only greet with a cordial word No. 11 of *Sancta Maria*, published by the Belfast Catholic Truth Society, *The Austral Light* of Melbourne, *Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate*, and the extremely interesting Report for 1898 of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. *The Boston Stylus* and the *Georgetown College Journal* have each its own character, and both are instructive and entertaining. The discussion among the Boston youths "Shall I study for Honours?" is particularly useful. A negative answer is given by some.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

LXIII.

Ritualism and Catholic Faith.

Mr. W. T. Stead, in *The Review of Reviews* for February, 1899, writing of the article contributed by Viscount Halifax to *The Nineteenth Century* on "The Present Crisis in the Church of England," says that "perhaps the passage most designed to promote peace and allay misrepresentation is the writer's emphatic statement of what Ritualism is *not*." Mr. Stead considers himself to be perfectly free from prejudice, but probably in his mind there is a fixed idea that Romanism holds all that is here repudiated by Ritualism. Yet the fact is that Lord Halifax merely sets forth our Catholic doctrine. Would that the pious Viscount would also pay due heed to those words of our Divine Master, "Thou art Rock, and upon this Rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth it shall be loosed also in heaven" (Matthew xvi., 18-19). What divine authority, what Rule of Faith, determines for Lord Halifax, as a member of the same church with Mr. John Kensit and Sir William Harcourt, all the following points of doctrine which he holds with such earnest sincerity?

"There is no one, among those who insist most strenuously on the necessity of the Sacraments, who denies that the Christian soul has direct and immediate access to God, or believes that the Sacraments will save us as mere mechanical instruments with no moral correspondence on our part. There is no one who is in the habit of going to confession who thinks that he thereby acquires a greater facility to sin with impunity, or that he is able to divest himself of his personal responsibility towards God. There is no one in the habit of attending the daily Eucharist, morning by morning, to the infinite happiness and benefit of his soul, who believes that such attendance at the memorial of Christ's Death and Passion will profit him anything except in so far as he associates himself in heart and soul with the

offering which our great High Priest once made on the Cross, and now pleads at the Altars of His Church. There is no one who asks the prayers of those brought near to Christ within the veil, who confuses their intercession with the mediation of our Lord and only Saviour. There is no one who prays for the dead who does not know that this life is the one period of probation allotted to us. There is no one who rejoices in the fulness of grace and glory granted to her whose correspondence with the Divine Will entitles her to the unique glory of being called the 'Mother of God' who does not know that Mary is what she is in virtue of the merits of her Son. There is no one who believes the bread and wine in the Eucharist to be what our Lord calls them—'His Body and Blood'—but believes also that the manner of our Lord's presence in the holy Sacrament is not according to the natural manner of bodies, but is sacramental, after the manner of a spirit, an absolute mystery, to be apprehended by faith."

A Good Use for Old Books.

It is exactly seven years since the Mother Superior of a Convent of Mercy wrote the letter from which I am going to give an extract. The zealous Vincentian Father whom she names has meanwhile been laid to rest in the beautiful little cemetery of his beloved Convent of the Holy Faith, Glasnevin, Dublin. "We are going to take a leaf out of good, holy, and wise Father Gowan's book. I see in his Report of the Schools of the Sisters of the Holy Faith that every Friday they lend books to the deserving children of the schools who return them on Monday. Now this ought to hinder many a sin, and many a good thought it would suggest in the homes of those children. Well, it is not easy for us who have so many orphans and girls, besides the sick poor, to get money for books; and I think there is many a book lying in well-to-do houses, without a back and dirty, that we could get settled up, such as story-books for children with pictures, any kind of travels or pious books, &c. If you come across such, you might put in a word for us. No matter how torn they were, we could make something of them."

Perhaps some of our readers will act upon this hint, for the advantage of the Convent of Mercy, Catherine Street, Newry, or of some convent or hospital nearer to them.

When does this Century end ?

Many writers seem to think that we are getting through the last year of the century ; but surely they are wrong. The first century of the Christian Era, like every other since, did not consist of ninety-nine years, but of a hundred, and was not completed till December 31st, A.D. 100 ; and, therefore, January, A.D. 101, was the first month of the second century ; for, as far as the present question is concerned, we may suppose the year to have always begun as it begins now. And so for every century since then ; and 1899 is not the last year of the nineteenth century—not the ultimate but the penultimate, *pene ultimus*, almost the last, the last but one. Nearly two years still between us and the twentieth century—too long for some of us to wait.

Ruskin on the Liberty of Obedience.

In the fourteenth of our Friedieu Papers, the subject of which was "Christian Liberty" (IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. 26, page 604), we quoted the following words. "From the ministering of an archangel to the labour of an insect, from the poisoning of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of sand, the power and the glory of all creatures consist in their obedience, not in their freedom. The sun has no liberty, the dead leaf much ; the dust of which we are composed has now no liberty, its liberty comes to it with its corruption." In a note we confessed our inability to name the writer of these weighty sentences, no doubt because the person from whom we took them had taken them from some one else and had left that some one else unnamed. Why did he ? Besides the honesty of giving every man his own, does not the name of John Ruskin add interest to this saying ? Father Michael Watson, S.J., was good enough to send us all the way from Melbourne, Australia, the information that this passage occurs in Ruskin's "*Two Paths*," Lecture V. He gives also the words that follow immediately :—"And therefore I say boldly, though it seems a strange thing to say in England, that, as the first power of a nation consists in knowing how to guide the Plough, its second power consists in knowing how to wear the Fetter." There is a beautiful passage, adds Father Watson, on Liberty and the nobility of Obedience in Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, Chap VII, SS. 1 and 2.

MAY, 1899.

OUR PERSONAL AND SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES.*

I.

ON a certain tombstone, laid over the remains of an ancient knight in the North of England, these words are written beneath the epitaph:—

“I shall not pass this way again.”

I believe it is only a pithy paraphrase from the Book of Job; but it is a pregnant saying, and I take it as a text. Generations will live after us, as generations have lived before us; but we shall not pass this way again. Our life's journey is our one and only experience of this world. No words can paint the seriousness and the sublimity of the thought. No great thinker, in the ranks of sacred or profane literature, has ever faced it, without putting his fingers on his lips, and pausing to realise its awful significance. This little planet of ours is, for the moment, the theatre of the universe; and our little lives the drama in which the Great Unseen are so deeply interested. If we merely consider the rapidity with which scene follows scene, and actor succeeds actor, before the headlights of the Heavens, the play and the performers are absolutely insignificant; but, if we consider that the drama is but a rehearsal for eternity, it assumes an aspect of momentous significance.

Heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The worlds and the Ages,
Choose well: your choice is
Brief, but yet endless.

* An Address to the Limerick Catholic Institute.

Here eyes do regard you
 From eternity's stillness,
 Here is all fulness,
 Ye brave ! to reward you,
 Work ! and despair not ! *

It seems then that our lives are of supreme importance ; and that therefore, there must be a tremendous personal responsibility resting on each of us ; and as souls are more than science, I thought, when I had the honour of being invited hither by your learned President, that for once, I would let binary stars, and Röntgen rays, and wireless telegraphy alone ; and say a few words that might strengthen you, and perhaps, inspire you to make your lives worthy, by making you conscious of their great significance. For to vary the metaphor, we are but

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing."

and may this solitary voice, echoing over dark and turbulent seas, be a voice of strength and encouragement to you.

Now, there is one instinct of our natures, which, if we follow wisely, cannot lead us too far astray. I said, if we follow *wisely* ; because if we follow it unwisely, it means wrecked hopes, shattered lives, disappointed ambitions, crushed hearts, and dishonoured graves. This instinct is our craving for happiness, the universal and unquenchable quest of our race. It is the one thing, of which we are ever dreaming. The young look forward to this Land of Promise ; the middle-aged seek it frantically, although they begin to think it a desert mirage : the old are privileged to look upon it only ere they die. How many enter into perfect happiness ? Not many. They move forward to enter its shining gates : only to find a desert. The miner rushing over snowy crevasses to Klondyke, the emigrant leaving behind his happy home for the speculative gains at Kimberley or Coolgardie ; the young professional man at home, straining after a lucrative practice, or the blue ribbon of the Bench ; the shopkeeper, dreaming of leisure and a marine villa ; the statesman, striving for fame ; the orator clamouring for applause—all these, to say nothing of the hapless victims of the marriage markets and mammon marts of the world, dream of happiness ; and to all it is as elusive and as visionary as the Heaven of Islâm, or the paradise of the eater of opium. And

all these athletes for life's prizes divide themselves into two classes—the successful ones, and the failures ; and both are unhappy, the one class, from attained desires, that are ashes in the eating ; the other, from the eternal hunger after desires that are unattained. It would be difficult to say whether the briefless barrister or the over-worked Q.C. is the more unhappy ; whether the great doctor, that attends on queens is a whit happier than when he was an apothecary's apprentice compounding poisons ; whether the peasant is not better off than his landlord, and the hind than his master ; and whether the whole see-saw of social life is not, after all, a perfect equilibrium of happiness and unhappiness, swung from the hands of the Omniscient. But then, there must be a flaw somewhere, if gratified ambition, dreams that are realised, and hopes that have been fulfilled, do not bring this happiness in their train ; and perhaps, you may be grateful to me, if I point out this flaw, and try to mend it, by one or two principles that will help you to form a correct idea of your personal responsibilities.

The first principle is this, that your happiness is to be found, not in your circumstances, but in yourselves. And the one grand mistake of humanity lies in supposing that we change ourselves, when we change our circumstances. Hence it is that men are for ever thinking of improving the mere accidents and outer coverings of life, and neglecting the one matter of supreme importance—that which lies within themselves. I do not agree for a moment with the ridicule cast on this principle by that unchristian pseudo-philosopher, Thomas Carlyle, when he says : " Know thyself ? Too long has that poor self of thine tormented thee. Know thy work, and do it." The latter phrase is quite right. The former question is unsound and unphilosophical ; and I venture to say that half the miseries of mankind, personal, social, and political, are directly traceable to the unhappy forgetfulness or neglect of the great Socratic maxim. And if at the expense of a little Greek and Latin, and even of science, our children were taught the supreme lesson of self-knowledge, self-reverence, and self-control, the world would not be so full, as it is to-day, of souls unhappy enough to constitute another circle of the Dantean *Inferno*.

Let me prove this. The seat of pleasure and of pain is, as we know, the mind. It is the receptacle of all sensations. The

perfume of a flower, the waves of some rapturous melody, the glory of summer seas, touch our senses ; but do not remain there. The gentle visitants knock at the door, and pass into the vestibule of sight or smell or hearing ; and immediately, the servant sense telephones up to the master, mind, and it stoops down and admits the gratification. So, too, with pain. The odour of asafœtida, the harsh shriek of a siren on a warship, the sight of deformity or disease strikes the senses, and they wire up to the master, and he declares his pain and dissatisfaction. And when the humane doctor wishes to neutralise the necessary pain of an operation, whilst he is hacking nerves and veins and muscles, he sends the mind to sleep with his anæsthetics ; and lo ! there is no pain. The passive body may protest by involuntary shrinking under the scalpel ; but there is no physical agony, and no mental torture, because the master, mind, is drowned in poppied sleep. Hence, in times of old, the mercy, which we no longer know with all our boasts of civilisation and humanity, that drugged with myrrh the senses of these who were passing to execution ; and even to-day in China, criminals about to be executed, are allowed the privilege of opium, that they may pass to a painless death. Now, it is clear that if the mind be the centre and source and subject of pain or pleasure, our happiness depends not on external circumstances, which merely knock at the outer doors of the senses, but on the constitution, and the phases of our feelings and our thoughts. It also follows that, if we can exclude from our minds all painful and humiliating and irritating thoughts, and if we can fill the mind with all pleasant and noble and inspiring thoughts, we shall have moved far forward towards the goal of happiness. Can we, then, control our minds and every faculty of them, as easily as an organist can pull out and close up the stops of an instrument ? Can we not only suppress in a moment, every passionate feeling, every turbid desire, every unhallowed thought ; but even the little worries and troubles that make life unhappy, can we, in one instant, set them aside, and successfully refuse to listen to their importunities ? Certainly. The mind is as capable of discipline, as the body. Phrenologists have mapped out for us in every convolution of the brain its distinct faculty. We know the seat of memory, we know the chambers of intellect, we can place our fingers on the lobes of diverse sensations. Here is the coil, from which Shakspeare flashed the electricity of his great poetic genius ;

and here is the exact battery of nerve power whence Newton projected his theory of gravitation. Oliver Wendell Holmes pointed out, what we all experience, that the greater and nobler the thought, the higher you have to drag it, until it touches expression in the very highest attics of the brain, as the highest notes of music are the sweetest and the most far-reaching. Now, if all these faculties are under the direct control of ourselves, that is, of our immortal spirits, we should understand that, by careful training and discipline, it is perfectly possible to suspend the operation of the faculties by one act of the will, and refuse to accept their protests, their suggestions, or their complaints. What a tremendous power and privilege! What a complete and easy destruction, not only of worry and fretfulness over disappointments, but even of the dread passions of envy and jealousy, of foolish striving after the unattainable, and mordant remorse for a past that is irreclaimable.

But this, you will say, will lead to Oriental passivism and fatalism? Do you want us to become fakirs, like the Thibetans and Hindoos, until our finger-nails become as the claws of eagles, and the birds can build their nests in our hair? If happiness consists in the exclusion of all thought, there is an end to progress and advancement. True, but we don't stop here. We move a step forward on the road to happiness, by filling our minds, which will never admit either complete rest or complete vacuum, with all kinds of high and holy thoughts. We shall enjoy all the simple pleasures of life, just as our Great Father hath given them; and all the intellectual pleasures of life such as the kings of thought have revealed them. Here there is no necessity either of great wealth or of great learning. The purest pleasures of life are at the back of all. And they lie under our hands to touch them, and beneath our eyes to behold them. Let me exemplify this by a story. It was many years ago in Devonshire when I made the acquaintance of one, who was not only a priest, but a philosopher. At least, he was a perfectly happy man; and if that is not philosophy, I should like to know what is. He had eighty pounds a year, a presbytery, about large enough for a doll, and a *bijou* church, built from designs by Pugin. That was all. No! I am wrong. He had God's great sea, stretching from the threshold of his door to the far infinities. Well, one day, he took me for a stroll in a magnificent park, studded with all kind

of noble trees, and embellished with artificial lakes, fountains, and cascades. Deer lay under the trees, and vast herds thronged the meadows. The house, a perfect replica of some Louis Quatorze chateau, was perched at the summit of a series of terraces, these latter laid out in superb parterres. The interior of the mansion, was quite in keeping with the grounds. France, Italy, and even Greece, had been put under requisition to suit the costly tastes of the master.

"Who is the proprietor of this splendid place?" I asked.

"I am," he said, without moving a muscle.

Then I thought that this good priest was possibly a nobleman in disguise, who had given up all things for Christ, quite a possible thing in England, and I was silent.

"I don't mean," he said, after a pause, "to deceive you. The legal dominion of this paradise is not mine. The natural title and usufruct is mine. For ten years I have come here every day, with my books. Here, I spend hours in the keenest enjoyment of all these beauties. Flowers and trees, deer and kine, lakes and swans, pictures and marbles are all mine—mine to see and enjoy. The legal parchment is in London. The legal owner sees the place once in ten years. He is now in Egypt. What could he give me that I have not, except gout and a bad conscience?"

Cleon, true, hath acres many ; but the landscape, I ;
 All the charm to me it renders, money cannot buy ;
 Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea or sky ;
 Nature sings to me for ever, earnest listener, I.
 State for state with all attendants, who would change? Not I.

I thought of the story told by the late A. K. H. B. of the Duke, who, looking out from his palace upon the beautiful reaches of the Thames, exclaimed in a tone of despair: "Oh! that dreadful river! always running, running, and never will run away!" and the shepherd, in his mountain cot in Scotland, five miles away from a human habitation, who declared, that when his day's work is done, his supper eaten, and Chambers's Journal in his hands he does not envy the Duke of Argyle.

Well, all this is in our power, too; and we, Irishmen, are specially blessed in having for our home one of the fairest spots in God's fair world. But we need an interpreter. We must hrough the eyes of others before we can see; we must wait

until others translate for us the strange mystic language of nature. How many of us listened year after year, in the springtime to the singing of the skylark ; but never knew his music until Shelley interpreted it for us ? How many of us were buffeted by the west wind but never knew what it breathed on us, until we read that noble ode of the same great poet ! Men stared at Mont Blanc for years, never seeing its majesty, until Coleridge wrote his "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni." And generations have listened without articulate emotion to the falling of the cataracts of the sea, until Tennyson, in that immortal lyric reminded us of what it meant—the yearning for "the touch of the vanished hand, and the sound of the voice that is still." We need, therefore, interpreters of nature ; and the two interpreters, whom I should recommend most earnestly to a literary society, like your own, are Ruskin in prose, and Wordsworth in poetry. Of the former, I am left but little to say, for you have seen how his genius and his mission have lately been handled by Mr. William P. Coyne, F.R.U.I., in Dublin, and by the priests who spoke subsequently. I shall only say, that it was a happy day for the world, when John Ruskin turned aside from being a Reformer of Art to become a preacher on morals ; when he made himself the protagonist against that dread materialism and mammon-worship, which, with the usual accompaniments of vulgarity, are the chief characteristics of the British Philistines of to-day. But you shall never know the beauty of running waters, or sailing clouds, of sea and shore, of mountain mist, or "shadowy-pencilled valleys," of sunrise or sunset, until Ruskin shows them to you.

His poetic precursor, Wordsworth, is to my mind, the tenderest and safest guide in that great department of poetry, where if sages have been high-priests, satyrs, alas ! have wanted. I cannot share in the idolatry of Shakspeare, as a moralist, though as artist and dramatist, he may be unrivalled. Browning lies on the shelves of scholars ; and Keats and Tennyson are delicate voluptuaries, who saw surfaces and painted them. But the large luminous mind of Wordsworth penetrated into the recesses of nature and he laid his ear to her breast, and heard her heart beating. I know no better book for the study or the seaside, for the river walk or the friendly conference, than Wordsworth's poems. I cannot share, but I can appreciate the enthusiasm of another graceful, gentle poet, Matthew Arnold, when he said that

he had no other idea of an earthly heaven, except a long holiday, free from care and labour, with the companionship of Wordsworth's poems.

Then, you must have a science—not the science “that peeps and botanises upon a mother's grave,” but the science that shows you what God's universe is—the infinitely great, and the infinitely little. And there is no science half so well adapted to this end as the tremendous and overwhelming revelations of astronomy. Before these silent dioramas of the heavens man's mind sinks down first to an understanding of his own nothingness, then rises up to an idea of his majesty, then falls down prone in adoration before the awful face of God.

But all this needs education? Yes! Intermediate or University education? No. Self-education? Yes! And let it be remembered, there is none other! The final result, even of university education, is to teach men how to train themselves. The greatest professors in Oxford, Cambridge, Königsberg, or Berlin, can only teach their graduates what to learn, and how to learn. The real work belongs to the students themselves. And, the real result of all kinds of successful education, without which distinctions, gold medals and fellowships have no more intrinsic value than the medals of veterans, is the acquisition of a taste for reading, I don't care how desultory that reading may be; the passion for self-improvement, and the faculty for distinguishing between a taste for the froth and foam of so much contemporaneous literature, and the desire, if you would be strong men, of feeding your minds on great and inspiring thought, the marrow of giants. And if ever the day shall come, when the artisan in his workshop, the labourer in his cottage, the clerk in his shop, the student in his attic, shall understand that the legacies of all the ages are theirs, and that beneath their hands are the priceless treasures, garnered for them by the intellectual kings of our race, and that this means the ecstasy of noble thinking, then we shall have moved forward towards that national felicity, which, after all, is our real prosperity. Here is our second step forward.

You will have noticed that I have not introduced the sacred name of religion here, because I take it for granted that we all acknowledge this as the necessary constituent of all human felicity; and I am speaking in the porch, not in the temple, wiser heads and more eloquent lips can, and do tell you,

the secrets of Divine philosophy. But, neither in the exclusion of painful thoughts, nor even in the acquisition of noble thoughts, shall we find perfect peace. It is the ideal life, of course, after which the world has ever sought—the life of lettered ease and calm culture—the very antithesis to that stormy life, where, “like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggles to get his head above the other.” But it won’t do for the strong, young athletes whom I am addressing. Life is a process of renewal, of increased effort, and ever-changing activities. Stagnation is repugnant to all our ideas of existence. Even in the dreamy, languid, somnolent East, men were obliged to invent some outlet for the suppressed activities of this life; and hence they devised the doctrine of re-incarnation. They called life, rest; and eternity, a succession of ever-changing activities. We make life the season of work and effort; and in eternity we seek for rest. Let us see if there be work under our hands to seek and accomplish; and let me point to two urgent necessities, where we have to conquer both our heredity and environments—two material difficulties which hinder the efficiency, and circumscribe the utility of the great spiritual mission, which, I believe, to be the inheritance of our race. It would be well for us, of course, if we could make this land of ours a lotus-land, which, according to the Breton legend, “was anchored by God with chains of diamonds in seas the sailors do not know. When the waters touched it they lost all bitterness, and for a circle of seven leagues grew sweet as milk to the lips. The isle was hidden from all eyes by a fog none could penetrate, but a peaceful light was in the centre. There, in the form of great white birds, flew the soul of predestined saints, and from thence, at the first signal, they came forth to teach the world.” Alas! the fog lifted, and the strangers came; and to-day we are confronted with the problem of how to save for civilisation our country, our racial characteristics, and even our religion. The problem for youthful activities is, how to conserve and advance the material prosperity of our race without allowing it to degenerate into mammon-worship, and so that it may be an effectual help in promoting our spiritual and intellectual destiny. This I call your social responsibility.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

(To be concluded next month.)

AMID THE SUNS.

'TWIXT the moon and me
Drifted three ;

Hair of shimmering silver, wingéd, grey,
Floating downward to the luminous sea ;
Mortals none were they.

In their glittering hair
Meshéd were
Ruddy-gold Arcturus, Vega white ;
Burning ardent down the darkling air
Shone their eyes of light.

Throned in Northern sky
Sat on high
Cassiopeia with her veiled head,
Jewelled chair and gown of purple dye
Diamond-sprinkled.

Dropping, dropping slow
Sea-birds go ;
So together with a dazzling fall
Dropped these creatures in a linked row,
One, yet three in all.

Circling, circling, wide,
Sailed beside
Virgo in her kerchief pinned with stars,
Travelled through Orion as to hide
Half his golden bars.

When the moon went bare,
Scattered were
Flying clouds, yet still upon their wings
Out in the white moonblaze three most fair
Shamed all mortal things.

Suns of every hue,
Ruby, blue,
Green and crystal did they meet, and pass
Fields star-dusted as with morning dew
Gleams our meadow grass.

Like to falling sand
From the hand,
Slid they ever travelling down the suns :
Each of them held Sirius in his hand
For a moment, once.

Every one of three
On his free
Vesture floating in ethereal grace,
Wore the Pleiades, as embroidery,
For a little space.

Lower yet sank they,
Waxed grey,
Earth-damp wove for each a leaden crown :
Was it field or city, night or day,
Drew these angels down ?

Long have watched I
Where on high
Burneth Betelgeuse, and lower where
Spica leaneth from the spangled sky
Toward our purple air :

If I might discern
Slow return
Three immortals ; each eye was a sun,
And of moonfire that a cloud doth burn
Hair and wings were spun.

MRS. JACK GROGAN.

CHAPTER V.

AS the days went on, the Miss Woodhams were to become accustomed to the sight of the small figure that followed Mrs. Tite about like a shadow, and if Miss Charlotte tightened her lips as she passed, Miss Amelia had the little nod to bestow, that was returned by a grateful gleam from a pair of round blue eyes.

"She's as good a girl as ever stepped, you may take my word for that," had been Mrs. Tite's verdict on her lodger, delivered to the ladies the morning after Mrs. Jack's arrival. "I don't say she has Mr. Jack's *wits*, but it ain't wits that makes common sense. Tite's father works at the Bedford Sylum and, many's the time, I've heard him say, that it's chock full of clever folk; the doctors pick their brains, poor things, and them not a bit the wiser."

"Ah, well," Miss Charlotte said dubiously; the ladies had learned by experience not to contradict even Mrs. Tite's most astounding statements.

"She's set him to work," Mrs. Tite went on, "leastways," correcting herself, "he's got his books out, and I left him sharpening a lead pencil."

Miss Charlotte gave her dry cough.

"His wife will be a stimulus to him," Miss Amelia, who liked a long word, put in, but with diffidence. She seldom contradicted her sister.

"Well, let us hope he will set to work," Miss Charlotte said, "but it is no concern of ours." Miss Charlotte was a little ashamed at having listened to so much gossip.

But who could work with such an unhappy-faced wife beside him? Not Jack Grogan at any rate.

"Come, Kit, cheer up," the young husband pleaded, "you're enough to give any fellow the blues. I don't believe you're a bit glad to see me again."

"It isn't that," poor Kit returned. She was sitting disconsolately in a big arm-chair. "But——"

"k here, I'm not going to have that story over again,"

her husband interrupted. "We're married, and that's enough."

Kitty shook her head.

"We're married, and there's the end of it," the husband repeated.

"But you know as well as I do," the bride again began, but again only to be interrupted.

"Of all the poll-parrots!"

Jack Grogan left the table—littered with books, pulled down from the shelves, to come to his wife's side, and give her a little shake. "Look here, Kit, if you don't look out, I'll be off and leave you, and who knows, pick up another wife?"

At this threat Mrs. Jack gave a faint smile.

"That's right, Kit, laugh; I haven't heard you laugh since you came."

Mrs. Jack went back to her plaint, "we shouldn't have married," and turned her shoulder to her husband.

"Very well then, we *shouldn't*," Jack Grogan's good humour was giving way. "You *say* so, and very soon, if you go on like this, I shall *think* so, and then there will be an end." Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"She said I had ruined you," Mrs. Jack sobbed.

"For goodness' sake, Kit, stop. Do you want to drive me mad? Of course my mother was angry; but wait a bit, till she knows you, and you'll see it'll be all right."

Mrs. Jack shook her head.

"See here, Kit, how can you expect a fellow to work when you go on like this? Niobe, or whatever her name was, was a joke to you. Did you never here of the Russian girl who cried herself into a puddle, all but her eyes, and they stared up from the bottom of the pool? One of our fellows, a German, made it into a song, and the lover mistook the eyes for oysters, and there was an end of her! That's right, laugh, and don't you turn yourself into a fountain."

Jack Grogan went back to the table and amused himself sketching his wife as she lay, her head buried in the cushions, and nothing but an ear, and the outline of her head, visible. A happy idea struck him; to-morrow would do as well for work as to-day. "Look here, Kit," he jumped up, "I'll have you photographed. Got any tin?"

Mrs. Jack brought out a well worn purse.

"Pound notes! What a duffer you are, Kit, they don't go here, but never mind, we'll change them on our way; you get your hat on, and make yourself smart, and we'll be off on the spree."

Mrs. Jack held out her hand for her purse. "We oughtn't to spend the money, Jack."

"Just this once for a treat. Why, I haven't seen you since Christmas. Six whole months! If ever a couple of sinners deserved a holiday, we do, Kit. Get your hat, there's a good child."

When the unwilling Kit appeared a few minutes later in her Sunday bravery, her husband looked at her critically. "I'll tell you what we'll do, Kit; we'll go to a hair-dresser first. I know a first-rate one down by the Marble Arch; he'll fix you up a bit. And then I'll get you a hat, and when we've been to the photographer's, we'll get some luncheon, and have a look at the shops, and then we'll go to the Park, you'll like that, and then up the river, and make a regular day of it."

The bride acquiesced to this programme in silence; it, maybe, took her breath away.

On the door steps the couple met the Misses Woodham face to face. With a grave nod, Miss Charlotte would have passed on, but Jack Grogan stopped her. "Miss Woodham, this is my wife."

Miss Woodham nodded again, she did not hold out her hand; but Jack was not to be abashed.

"We're going to see the sights," he said, "Kit has never been in London."

"The Abbey?" kind-hearted Miss Amelia asked.

"The Abbey? No, thank you, Miss Amelia, we want something more lively than that. Kit's down among the dead men already this morning, ain't you, Kit?"

Kit's face flushed. Miss Charlotte's brown eyes were scrutinising her face. She clung a little tighter to her husband's arm.

"Well, we must be off," Jack Grogan said; perhaps he feared a fresh outburst of crying.

"She is a *child*," Miss Charlotte turned to Miss Amelia, when the young couple had disappeared round the turn of the lane, "a *child*. He has a great deal to answer for."

"You think she is pretty?" Miss Amelia asked.

"*Oh*! Amelia, what has that to do with it?"

Miss Amelia blushed.

"A respectable girl, I do not doubt, but a man doesn't fall in love with a girl because she is respectable—unfortunately"—Miss Charlotte amended her sentence, "but the last wife one would have imagined a rattle like Jack Grogan would have chosen. Well——" Miss Charlotte stood lost in cogitation.

"Mrs. Tite says," Miss Amelia began, but the elder sister stopped her.

"Amelia, you listen to far too much of Mrs. Tite's gossip; if you want to water your ferns before luncheon, there is just time."

Miss Charlotte went back to her writing; it was holiday time, and she was making up the arrears of correspondence; and Miss Amelia, taking a big white apron out of a drawer in the hall-table, pinned it carefully over her dress, and proceeded to carry out the pots of ferns that stood in the parlour window, to give them their weekly airing and soaking.

She was on her knees dusting—with a camel-hair paint-brush—the dust from a maiden-hair's delicate fronds, when a voice behind her made her start.

"Mrs. Tite's?" the voice asked.

Miss Amelia jumped up, "I will call Mrs. Tite." She began hurriedly to unpin her apron.

"I beg your pardon," the new-comer said, and lifted his hat, he was looking keenly, and with evident interest at the little lady, who was now pulling off a pair of chamois gloves, and he smiled as he looked at the delicate hands. "Don't let me disturb you," he went on, "but, perhaps, you can tell me, does Mr. Grogan live here?"

"Yes, he has Mrs. Tite's drawing-room. He has just gone out." Miss Amelia spoke flurriedly, she did not approve of the way the stranger stared.

"If you had any idea when Mr. Grogan would be in, I need not disturb the landlady," the visitor went on. He was still studying Miss Amelia's dainty little figure. "Mr. Grogan would be none the wiser if I left my name."

"I think you had better let me call Mrs. Tite," Miss Amelia said. She was wondering what Miss Charlotte would think of this long conversation with a stranger, and with nothing on her head. Miss Amelia put up her hand to smooth down the soft

grey hair, that the afternoon hours found covered with the pretence of a cap.

At that moment Miss Charlotte herself appeared ; " Amelia," she began and stopped.

" It's a gentleman for Mrs. Tite, for Mr. Grogan," Miss Amelia blushing explained, and stooped to lift one of her biggest pots.

" Allow me." Before Miss Amelia could expostulate, the stranger had taken the pot from her and was waiting to follow her into the house. Miss Amelia looked at Miss Charlotte who nodded. Since the visitor was so polite, they must be equally so, and not say him nay ; and ushered into the parlour by Miss Charlotte, the stranger popped the maiden-hair into its flat, and turning faced the sisters.

" Ah, you have that Cosway still——" the visitor took but one stride to the writing-table where, on a stand, stood the ladies' greatest treasure, a miniature of their great grandmother—" and the dragon china, and the Chelsea Shepherdess." He had turned again and was making a survey of the room, " and the print of Lambden church, and——" here he began to laugh. " I beg your pardon," he addressed Miss Charlotte. " I know I cannot expect to be remembered."

" I remember you quite well," Miss Charlotte said with gravity, she looked at Miss Amelia, " the moment you spoke, I thought I knew the voice, but thirty years makes a difference. You are Anthony Hammond."

" I recognised A——, Miss Amelia at once," the visitor said. " but I fear that the recognition was but on one side."

" Indeed, I am very sorry, Anthony." Miss Amelia spoke as if she had committed a crime, a flush was on her cheek, her hands trembled. Again Miss Charlotte looked at her.

" You are well?" Miss Charlotte asked. There had been a little pause.

" Very well. And Miss Amelia and you have been faithful to each other?"

" We have been faithful to each other, yes," Miss Charlotte said.

" And? ——" the visitor looked at a big arm-chair, another of the ladies' treasures.

" My mother? My mother died sixteen years ago, just before

we heard of an opening here, and left Brighton."

"You still teach?"

"We still teach," Miss Charlotte said; then—"we gain our daily bread."

The visitor nodded, he was looking from one sister to the other, though his eyes still wandered sometimes round the room.

The sisters were proud of their parlour, Mrs. Tite had let them choose their paper, the small patterned carpet was their own, the wood work was painted a faultless white, the old-fashioned chairs, the delicate china, the old prints, a miniature or two—the "heirloom," to use Miss Amelia's phrase—gave the room a dainty look; the piano was littered with music, a glass-doored book-case stood full of books, the flowers, brought from Dulwich the day before, were sweet. The old-fashioned chintz, covered with rambling roses, was spotless. Mr. Hammond's face spoke approval.

"It is like a little bit of Lambdene," Anthony Hammond said, gently.

"You think so?" Miss Charlotte smiled. The tears came to Miss Amelia's eyes.

"The last time I ran down there," the lawyer went on, "I could hear nothing of you." He glanced at Miss Amelia.

"We have not been back for many years," Miss Charlotte said.

There was another pause; then the lawyer spoke again. "All the old tastes I see, music, books, work, and—a banjo! That is new." He smiled as he looked from one to the other of the little ladies.

"Ah, that belongs to young Grogan," Miss Charlotte said.

"You wanted to see him?" It was almost the first time Miss Amelia had spoken, "or Mrs. Tite?"

"The landlady, yes. I had better see her. I have a few questions to ask. If you ladies will excuse me?"

Mr Hammond was the man of business again.

"You can see Mrs. Tite here, if you like," Miss Charlotte said—her hand was on the bell—"Amelia and I will go to the other room."

"If it does not disturb you?"

"We are glad, Anthony," Miss Amelia said, "Charlotte and I are glad to do anything for an old friend."

"And we are that," the lawyer smiled as he held the door

open for his hostesses to pass out.

Mrs. Tite had her suspicions of Mr. Hammond, and her wits, while that gentleman catechised her, were on the alert. She knew the look of a clean-shaved lawyer well enough. If Mr. Jack had got himself into a scrape, it behoved her to be careful; no lawyer would not get anything to his discredit out of her, she told herself.

Few young gentlemen were thought more of at the Hospital, she answered her interrogator; and, individually, *she* never had had a young gentleman she thought more of. In debt? Mr. Jack did not owe her a penny.

"Ah, yes, his mother settled with you," the visitor said.

Now, how did he know that? It was evident she could not be too cautious. "Mr. Grogan is depending on his mother," she said shortly.

Steady? Mr. Jack never touched a drop; he had his beer of course, *draught*, no one could object to that; and if one or two of the other gentlemen came in to—Mrs. Tite pulled herself up—"to talk over their exams, she wouldn't say, they *might* sometimes have something stronger, but who would grudge them that, and they working so hard?

Did Mr. Jack work hard? If the visitor could only see his books—there they were by the dozen on his table at that blessed minute—pen, ink and paper, and pencil into the bargain, he wouldn't ask the question.

His wife? at this query Mrs. Tite was staggered. Who could the stranger be? But she was ready for the occasion. Mrs. Grogan had only come up from Edinburgh a few days before. She seemed a fine young lady, and her husband glad to have her, and they had gone out for a walk, and, having only come together so lately, who could see anything wrong in that?

Who would she say had called to see Mr. Grogan, she asked, when she found herself dismissed.

The visitor hesitated, then gave her his card, first having written a line or two on it.

"A poker and a pryer, that's what he is," Mrs. Tite told Miss Charlotte when, having put the card on Jack Grogan's mantelpiece, she came down stairs again to find the visitor gone. "A poker and a pryer. It's not the first I've seen of these clean-shaven lot. If Mr. Jack owes his shilling or two, it's what

they all do, but it'll take a deal more questioning before they gets anything out of me."

Miss Amelia's gentle face grew pink. "Mr Hammond is an old friend of ours."

As a rule Mrs. Tite would have been voluble in her apologies, but her mind was full of Jack Grogan. "He's old enough for anything, I am not denying that, Miss Amelia," she said, irately.

It was a most wonderful thing, the little ladies thought, that their old friend should have turned up in such a fashion, and as interested in Jack Grogan.

Long ago, before the Miss Woodham's curate father had found his way into the Fold, Anthony Hammond had been a constant visitor at the Rectory. There had been love passages between Miss Amelia and himself, passages that had come to nothing, for Miss Amelia had not had the courage to stick up for herself, and marry a Catholic in the face of father and mother's opposition, and when, some years later, Anthony learned that that impediment in the way of true love running smooth was removed, it was too late, he was married, and what is more, happily married, and if he thought of Miss Amelia at all, it was with a tender regret that, it was possible, she might have suffered more than himself.

As he walked towards Edgeware Road to find his bus, Anthony said to himself that he would send his wife to call on the little ladies ; he smiled as he remembered his father's name for them. "Sense and Sensibility." The names were apposite still. His youngest daughter, too, would be none the worse of a music-lesson or two. He would do what he could for his old friends. It was pleasant to meet them again, and find them happy and contented. Then his thoughts went to Jack Grogan. He must see the young wife and judge for himself whether anything could be made of her, take a run up to Edinburgh town, and learn what he could about her antecedents and people. If ever a man had, John Grogan had, stood in the way of his own prospects. Would he repent it? the lawyer wondered.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued).

A EUCHARISTIC GARDEN.*

I KNOW a spacious garden, near
 The house where I was born ;
 It climbs a steep and sunny slope,
 Where once waved yellow corn.
 But now the greensward and the flowers
 Clothe all the terraced hill ;
 And, e'en when summertime is gone,
 The flowers bloom brightly still,
 Lodged safely under crystal roofs,
 Where careful hands provide
 The costly warmth which May and June
 From God's free sun supplied.

But summer flowers and winter flowers,
 Within this garden fair,
 Bloom not to deck the banquet-hall,
 Or wreathe a maiden's hair.
 A nobler destiny is theirs ;
 For God they live and die.
 Through all their fragrant life they sing :
 " Glory to God on high ! "
 And then they die (if death it be)
 A death serene, sublime—
 Not left to fade and fall and rot,
 But gathered in their prime
 By those who reared them tenderly
 For this most glorious fate—
 Martyrs of love for God Most High
 In this His low estate.
 They pine not idly on their stems,
 But in their holy death
 They waft through all the church hard by
 The perfume of their breath.

* Well-kept gardens and greenhouses cost a great deal of money. The outlay does not always secure so good a return as in the case of the garden which inspired these verses. Art and Nature combine in ripening its many harvests of flowers the months of the year ; and every flower is used for no other end than the altars of the adjoining beautiful church, which is served by the brethren of him who sang the *Pange lingua* and the *Lauda Sion*.

Of such as these Alphonsus sang :

“ Ye happy, happy flowers ! ”

A sunny month or two, and then

These eucharistic hours,

When, with His human worshippers

And heavenly sentinels,

Ye Him adore Who for our sake

'Neath emblems lowly dwells.

Oh, be my heart a garden, too,

Reserved for God alone !

May all its flowers, like these bright flowers,

Before His shrine be strewn !

The heart's best flowers are holy deeds

Of faith and zeal like theirs

Who turn their garden all the year

Into sweet altar-prayers,

Bright'ning with flowers yon temple fair,

Whose spire looks grandly down

Across the valley, where Glanrye

Flows through old Newry town.

M. R.

A FINE OLD IRISH GENTLEMAN AND A GOOD OLD PRIEST.

LAST Christmas the following appeared amongst the death notices in Dublin papers :

CUDDIHY—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of the Very Rev. Patrick Cuddihy, Pastor St. Mary's, Milford, Mass., America, who died on the 8th of December, 1898, in the 90th year of his age and the 67th of his priesthood.
R.I.P.

Amongst those to whom these lines brought sadness were myself and my wife—for this cause, that we had in May, 1896, crossed from Boston in the *Scythia* with Father Cuddihy, and I had had the privilege of becoming acquainted with him. How he impressed us may be judged of by some passages, slightly modified to suit the present occasion, from my diary.

Second Day out. “ And now this lovely Sunday morning we are again on the ocean, thankful that it is our last voyage [we had been round the world by Australia and the South Seas] and that

every throb of the engines brings us nearer home. . . . Amongst our fellow passengers is a Catholic clergyman, an Irish gentleman of the old school. He must be up to 85 or 90. Like some other American clergymen he does not dress so distinctively as ours at home. He has crossed over very often. He is from Clonmel and speaks Irish with a friend. He says he is an old O'Connellite. . . . He sat opposite us at table. On my right is a young fellow with a strong Irish accent, who talks of "what we do in England." He recommends dishes to the clergy who snub him very properly."

Fourth Day. "Father Cuddihy, that is his name, is a wonderful old Trojan—he tells us he is 88. 'I am by way of going home for my health,' he said to me, 'but between ourselves, I wanted more to throw on my two curates the burthen of collecting money for a new church.' L. has just had a regular dish of gossip with him concerning the Grubbs and other old residents in Clonmel. He knew personally both O'Connell and Biancoini."

Fifth Day. "Father C. is charming company. There is something quaint and old time about him, from his dress and the cut of his hair to his accent. At breakfast this morning the conversation turned on Sterne and the writers of the last century. 'None of them were happy with their wives,' exclaimed Father C. 'What about Johnson?' I asked. 'Ah! but he was a philosopher' he rejoined, with a sly wink at us. . . . 'Did you know Keogh?' I enquired, 'who early worked for Catholic Emancipation.' 'No; but I knew the other Keogh, before,'—and here he raised his voice so that the English company could hear, 'before he was corrupted by the English.' He was intimate with Dr. Madden. His last interview with him was as affecting as mine."

Sixth Day. "We were talking about England and Ireland. Father C. said to an English passenger: 'Did you ever read of Lazarus and Dives? Well, we are Lazarus and you are Dives. And you knew what it came to at last. You are too rich. Did you ever read Byron's *Siege of Corinth*? There are some lines applicable'—which he quoted. '*Childe Harold!* my dear sir, read the *Siege of Corinth*—that is poetry.' . . . 'I helped to see out at Waterford election. Ah! I was a great politician . . . Yes, I know Mr. G., I once dined out at his place in . . . res. He had six lovely children and we had roast duck.

That was good roast duck. We never have such in America. I remember it still. . . . These crowds of servant girls that go back every year to visit their relatives in Ireland are real civilizers. They teach our people decent American ways of life.' "

Seventh Day. "We are making poor way against a heavy easterly swell and contrary wind. We would be lost but for Father C. He has been showing us photographs of his schools and of a round tower, modelled after that on Devenish Island, that he has had built in the cemetery attached to his church. We had as usual much conversation with him on general subjects. His mind is a perfect store-house of quotations. He is especially fond of drawing upon Horace, Virgil, Byron, and Pope. . . . 'Abuse, yes, the English must always have some one to abuse—once it was the Spaniards, then the Dutch, then the Scotch, and now they have turned on the Irish.' . . . 'It is wonderful how the coarse faces of some of our poorest people become refined in America. What is the cause of it? And then they become ashamed of home and want to make out they are not Irish.'

Eighth Day. Fresh N.E. breeze and heavy swell, causing us to pitch considerably. But a small company at meals. . . . Father C. is indeed charming. I wish I could reproduce some of his conversations in their full raciness. Sixty-nine years ago he was a Franciscan at St. Isidore's.—We talked of the old monastery and of Luke Wadding. He must be greatly beloved by his large congregation near Boston. Such a combination of deep religious feeling and practical common sense. . . . 'St. Brendan! It is all a legend. How could men think of setting out to discover America in open boats. It took a great queen and a man of genius like Columbus to do that.' . . . It is a real privilege to hear him talk of old Repeal days and of Irish poetry and history. He soars off at table about general history, classics and poetry—quoting Virgil and Homer without a suspicion of pedantry. Dr. — sometimes tries to follow him, but generally comes down "ker flummux" as Uncle Remus says. The weather is chilly, and Father C. sits much on deck in his short cloak, and a rug, L. insisted he should wrap round him. At times when dozing it is evident from the play of his countenance that recollections and fancies are chasing each other through his mind. Sometimes his lips move, clearly in prayer. Then he will rouse up and come out with a piece of poetry or a classical quotation. A

hour ago—it is now afternoon) he recited the opening passages of Dante's *Inferno*—

“Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita,” etc.

Then he exclaimed ‘Is not that beautiful? but Dante is so difficult—I can make no hand of it without a translator by me.’ He urges me to read Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. . . . We are likely to have a long passage. But had we come by the crack boat from New York we would have lost the last few days about Boston and would not have made acquaintance with Father C.

Ninth Day. “It is pleasant to think that this time to-morrow we shall be comfortable at Carolina-terrace. Yesterday, like so many of our Sundays at sea, was rough—life lines were rigged along the deck. . . . Our conversations with Father C. continue. He is brimful of stories, anecdotes and relations. He talked of his early days. His father, born in 1760, was the first Catholic permitted to open a shop in the main street of Clonmel without payment of ‘intrusion money.’ Lord Edward Fitzgerald stopped at their house upon one of his visits to the South. In 1798 naught but Mrs. Cuddihy's presence of mind saved his father's life. Their house was being searched by soldiers. As they were rummaging a trunk she caught sight of a letter of Lord Edward's. She let the lid fall as if by accident. This extinguished the candle, and before it was relighted she managed to snatch and conceal the letter. Yet his father was imprisoned a year on suspicion, and his business was for the time ruined. Father C. remembered Suir Island Friends' School where so many of our relatives were educated. He recalled the little Quaker girls as ‘an elegant set.’ His brother was pressed into the navy. . . . Talking of *Promessi Sposi* he said ‘Manzoni was the first of that school of Italian patriots that was an orthodox Christian.’ . . . He hummed an old Irish song, *Paisteen Fionn*, which he tells me to learn.* Our tastes on many subjects are wonderfully alike and endless topics for conversation come up. . . . ‘Burke was a profound thinker and a great man—and of the Irish Catholic blood!’ . . . ‘The Italians have taken the place of the Irish labourers in the United States.

* I find the music and words, Irish and English, in Dr. Joyce's *Irish Music and Song*.

The Irish, in spite of the curse of drink, have gone up higher—just as American girls are now going to clerkwork and typewriting, and leaving school-teaching, as too onerous, to the Irish girls. The Italian emigrants are a nice, quite set of people.' . . . He spoke of some book. Father W., fellow passenger: 'When we go back I must get a loan of it from you.' Father C.: 'No, you won't. Some scoundrel borrowed a valuable book lately from me and stole it. It was a Latin book three hundred years old, and I used to find matter for sermons in it.' . . . As we spoke of the bad weather his face lighted up and he asked, 'Do you know that beautiful poem of Mrs. Heman's, *The Summer will come, will come, will come?* but,' and he lowered his voice, 'shall we come with it?' As we grow old and stand on the verge of really old age, which we may be fated never to tread, we doubtless become more and more interested in bright elders such as Father Cuddihy.

Carolina Terrace, Cork, *Next Day*—"At 7 last evening we sighted Cape Clear. The sun went down. It was a fresh delightful moonlight. We sat with Father C. in the deck cabin to enjoy a last conversation. We talked of Ireland, and he quoted the words of an Italian concerning his own country as applicable, '*O era tu men bella o più forte.*' Then the view of the coast led to his bringing up *The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece*, and those other lines of Byron, *Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle?* It is said Byron stole those from Goethe's *Knowest thou the land?* One of us repeated the opening lines of *Kennst du das Land?* And he went on 'That is another fine German poem, *Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?* and he went over the thoughts suggested by it. It was lingeringly we broke up, just as by rockets we were signalling to the Telegraph Station."

Here end the notes concerning Father Cuddihy in my diary. One of the many pleasures of travel is the opportunity of making interesting acquaintances; one of the many drawbacks, the infrequency with which such travelling acquaintances are on life's journey continued or renewed. How much there is in life to remind us of "ships passing in the night!" We parted from Father Cuddihy at the Custom House. When we called at his hotel next day, he had left. Afterwards we were glad to hear from friends in Boston of his safe return home, and of his being

in good health. Then came last Christmas the news of his death, and later the following slip from the *Boston Evening Transcript*, December 7th, 1898 :

THE OLDEST CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Rev. Fr. Patrick Cuddihy, the oldest Catholic clergyman, in years as well as in service, in the United States, died at Milford, Mass., Friday. He was one month under ninety years of age. Death was due to disease incidental to old age.

Rev. Fr. Cuddihy was born in Clonmel, Tipperary County, Ireland. He was educated in the college of St. Isidore, and, after his course there, attended lectures in the Roman University, called the "Sapienza," in due time receiving ordination as priest from Cardinal Zula, the vicar of Pope Gregory XVI., in the year 1832.

He spent twenty years in clerical work in Ireland. On coming to this country he was placed in charge of a large and responsible mission in Pittsfield, Berkshire County, over which he presided successfully five years, having built during that time a church in Great Barrington, another in North Lee and another in North Adams, besides enlarging the one in Pittsfield and laying out a beautiful cemetery.

He was transferred to Milford immediately on the death of Fr. Farrelly, in 1857, and took charge at the same time of the Catholic flocks in Hopkinton, Medway, Holliston, Ashland, Upton and Westboro, as well as Milford, supplying them in person, and by assistants, all needful clerical service. Latterly regular pastors have been appointed for these then outside parishes.

In Milford he planned and secured the erection of a capacious and elegant church. The interior of the edifice is enriched by remarkable paintings, procured by Fr. Cuddihy in Italy.

Doubtless, many fuller notices have appeared; but this one may here be sufficient. I trust that the readers of THE IRISH MONTHLY will accept what I wrote without any intention of publication, as my tribute to the memory of a noble old man. One whose house in Cork was to us a second home has also been called to her rest since the notes, from which the foregoing are extracts, were made. There never can be to us such another home-coming in Cork as there was three years ago, nor is it likely we shall ever again meet such a charming travelling companion as Father Cuddihy.

ALFRED WEBB.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

No. 48.

I.

I guarded once old England's sea-girt shore—
 I to a monarch's spirit panic bore—
 To lash a grievance once I served a Dean—
 No brilliant landscape without me is seen.

II.

Without my aid your beer would cease to flow—
 In me the British lion hath a foe—
 I tended infancy with anxious care—
 I sometimes show the currents of the air.

III.

From foreign climes a welcome guest I come.
 And make the wildest solitude my home,
 I in patrician banquets rule the roast,
 And there am sure to be the favourite toast.

1. If on your letters you direct to me,
 You're sure to find a judge or a Q.C.
2. If for a wholesome diet you're inclined,
 No doubt in me you get one to your mind.
3. Your limbs rheumatic, if they aching be,
 Are greatly soothed by rubbing them with me.
4. For benefit of passengers and trade,
 Let sea-bound vessels be in me surveyed.

H.

This I leave to the ingenuity of a few select readers. Even these select few have not all come forward to attack No. 47. P.D., J. C., and J. W. A., are almost the only competitors; and even when correct, they feel doubtful. The two words are *bricks* and *mortar*. "Birmingham" is the "home of industry." Three other lights are "idler," "circuit," and "sailor"—for which J. C. suggests "scaur," a cliff, as in Scarborough. J. W. A. writes: "'Regions rebellious' without the last two letters would suit the second light, but this seems too absurd to have been intended." Yet it *was* intended, according to the official key of Mr. Reeves, Q.C., who sets down *klepsydra* as the fifth light. Was this instrument for marking the flight of time used specially in the senate-house? If not, why should it be described as "all silently marking the stateman's address?"

A SERVANT OF THE DYING.

AN Irishwoman of the noblest type has passed out of the world, leaving behind her a long record of work of the highest order, successfully done, and assured of future development and increase. The Hospice for the Dying is, in the Three Kingdoms, an unique charity, and Miss Anna Gaynor, known in her quality of religious as Mother Mary John, was its foundress and first superioress, her gentle rule having extended over a lengthy period. An earlier scene of her labours was St. Vincent's Hospital, in St. Stephen's Green, of which she was superioress for some years before she was chosen to initiate the new undertaking of providing a temporary abiding place for those who, their death-warrant having been signed by disease or time, fail, in consequence, of shelter and care, and, like their Redeemer, know not where to lay their heads.

Such sufferers had hitherto been a class apart, ineligible for admission to hospitals reserved for patients who may be restored to health, or for the incurable who have possibly years before them of endurance in this life. The only door open to the forlorn dying was the Poorhouse Infirmary, and, unhappily, owing to the lack of classification in our workhouse system, a deathbed in the infirmary was infinitely more to be dreaded than a deathbed in any miserable attic or lonely cellar. The religious order of Irishwomen, whose motto is "The charity of Christ urgeth us," conceived the idea of providing a dying place for these agonising, thus giving due importance, hitherto unrecognised on the roll of charitable institutions, to "the last of life for which the first was made." The operation of the parting of the soul from the body was taken for at least as critical a case as any in surgery. The sisters undertook to soothe the pains of both body and soul, to rescue one from a departure in despair, and to distinguish the dignity of the Creator in the final disposal of the other.

Gradually the work of the Hospice grew to its present admirable proportions. An old country house, retired, among its lawns and fields, from the highroad of Harold's Cross, had been the novitiate of the Irish Sisters of Charity, where brave Mary

Aikenhead gathered in her young recruits, and from which, year after year, since her day the white-wimpled women-soldiers of Christ had issued, without noise, for the campaign of a lifetime in the war between health and disease, evil and good, the everlasting struggle between darkness and light. The novitiate was removed to another house, and the old brown parlours and staircases were woven in with new buildings. Into the comfortable, pretty wards where suffering is minimised, Death was invited to enter, but at the door left his terrors behind, and passing from bed to bed he now appears only as the angel he was originally intended to be by his Maker and ours.

In the gardens, where in the first days of the old family dwelling-house, before Mary Aikenhead was born, pleasure and gaiety may have been the gardeners, the temporarily better patients (hardly convalescent where there is no likelihood of recovery) sit in the sun—the fatally “consumpted” or otherwise told-off creatures who are very soon to be put to the proof of man’s mortality. That they are witnesses also to the future destiny of the soul of humanity none can doubt who hear their cheerful anticipations of what lies for them at the end of the journey beyond the Bourne. The hope of new life, of rising dawn, is there. The breath of a perpetual whisper keeps the flame that might fail alive. Even the constant request of the nurse, that she may not be forgotten by the soul she is tending when that soul is with God, gives spiritual sweetness and dignity to the patient. In the little white chapel, where the dead lie before the altar until the time appointed for interment, all is beauty and peace.

The spirit of tenderness and joy, most human, yet supernatural, which takes one like the unexpected odour of an unseen flower, even at a first visit to the place, is greatly due to the late Mother of the Hospice, the namesake of John the Beloved. Her light step, her bright, yet soft, dark eyes, the eager expression of questing about for the kindest thing to be done, her lively jest and innocently droll story brought sunshine to the wards, and often left laughter where there had been tears. Her illness was gradual exhaustion, the result more of labour than of years, and her passing away was that of an angel housed too long in mortal clay. Death like this, in an age when time is only valued while wedded to pleasure, and futurity denied, is more lovely than the perfect prime of life.

For the rest, Anna Gaynor was a daughter of the late John Gaynor, Esq., of Roxborough, Roscommon, and Belvedere Place, Dublin, and sister to the late James Gaynor, Esq., J.P., Roxborough, Roscommon. She was also a sister of Mrs. Gaynor, Superioress of the Training School for Girls, under the Sisters of Charity, Stanhope Street, Dublin, and of Mrs. Sarah Atkinson, who will long be remembered for her noble work, not only with her pen, but in her silent charity among the poor of Dublin.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

THE SOWERS.*

YOU, lonely peasant in labour sweating,
 From golden rising to crimson setting,
 In your stern soil, never forgetting
 Your groan of sorrow,
 Sow, sow ! a fecund birth
 Will yet burst from your barren earth,
 Feeding the children of your hearth,
 This is the Bread of their to-morrow
 That you sow !

You, aged master in knowledge paling,
 With eyes far-seeing, and footstep failing,
 Truth teach our children (with voices wailing
 In early sorrow).
 Sow, sow ! your fecund word
 Dwells in the ear where it is heard,
 Ripens in hearts that it has stirred,—
 This is the Force of their to-morrow
 That you sow !

You, priest, who ply, are ever plying,
 Your trade of Hope when men are dying,
 Of Comfort, when they seek you, sighing
 In their great sorrow,
 Sow, sow ! your fecund prayer
 In souls made barren and laid bare
 By sin ; down-trodden in despair,
 This is the Promise of God's Morrow
 That you sow !

CLAUD NICHOLSON.

* Suggested by a Breton song.

HOME.*

I HAVE seen my beautiful Glenmore again. I have heard the lark singing in the sky. I have walked in the wood and looked at the little sheep. I have stood by the lake and listened to the wind in the caves. I hear the owls at night.

When the angels took my little white-faced baby, I ran away from the city, from the screaming women and frowning men. After many days I saw our home again. I saw my mother's eyes through a strange mist. I tried to reach her arms, but they melted away from me.

Afterwards I awakened in my own little bed. Mother was beside me; I felt her breath on my cheek.

Folded in her arms, I told her how lonely I had been; how, when the heat that ripens the corn and reddens the roses came to the town, the little head had drooped, the feeble voice wailed through the night, and the helpless hands groped restlessly about my face; how one evening when I was thinking of Glenmore, of the men going whistling home from their work, of the cows in the meadow by the lake waiting to be milked, of the children laughing and running in and out at the door, of the dogs barking, and the roses leaning in at the window—how, suddenly, the blue eyes opened wide and smiled into mine, how the tired head lay heavy against my breast and the little hands grew still.

I told her how the people crowded in, and I ran away.

Mother kissed me many times, and I am never going away again. I do not run now or play as I used long ago; I like to lie still and watch the sun sinking and the clouds sailing away. Sometimes the little baby comes to me in my sleep, not pale or sickly, but all rosy and glad.

I do not speak of it to mother. Once I did, and I am sure her eyes were wet. I think they are often wet now, though she always smiles when I turn to look.

H. L.

* See "A Cry," page 217.

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE RIVER OF YEARS.

The gray sky wears again its gold
 And purple of adorning,
 And manhood's noonday shadows hold
 The dews of boyhood's morning—
 The dews that washed the dust and soil
 From off the wings of pleasure,
 The sky that flecked the ground of toil
 With golden threads of leisure.

WHITTIER.

IN the passing of the two whole years, what may not happen ?
 "Two years older!" the undergraduate, Hilary, might
 have reflected. "Two years ago I was a boy among boys: now
 I am not even a freshman, but a man—an Oxford man—among
 men."

"Two years ago," Harry might have said, "I was a school-
 boy of sixteen: now I am a Sandhurst student."

Sniggery, on a summer day when the heat seemed too fierce
 for anything but quiet chat, said these things for the two absent
 ones, and speculated cheerily on the speedy coming both of Hilly
 and Hally. If "shades of the prison-house" were beginning to
 close upon the growing boys, still "their large blue eyes, with
 joy dilate and beaming, were clear as the unshadowed Grecian
 heaven."

They had been talking of Sweetie's approaching birthday,
 having discovered with a pleasant shock of surprise that the
 much-loved little man was actually ten years old on the morrow,
 and that his seat in Sniggery, where he was a frequent and
 honoured guest, would now belong to him by right. Most of the
 talking had been done by Lance, for the others had been in a lazy
 mood, produced partly by the heat and partly by the heavy-labour
 of the morning—lawn-mowing and cricket-pitch rolling.

"And I shall soon be sixteen!" Lance exclaimed. "I don't
 feel like it the least bit."

"Whatever your age may be, Lannie, you don't look it," said President George, remembering the reply of a wit who was asked by a lady of fashion to make a guess at her age.

"Still less does he *sound* like it," laughed Willie. "Really now, Patti, when is that voice of yours going to break?"

"Not till after Sweetie's birthday, unless, Billy, you particularly wish it."

"I wish it!" exclaimed the horrified Willie.

"The Doctor says it's going fast, and my Corpus Christi solos were the last I shall sing in church until——"

"Until?"

Both George and Willie repeated the word "until," but the emotional Lance, muttering something about towels, left Sniggery in haste. The boys were silent as he ran across the lawn.

"Poor old Lannie!" George exclaimed at length, "he is thinking of another sort of choir, and a different kind of music."

"For his sake I hope the Gregorian will be well done," said Willie. "If it's at all like the music of the only monastic choir I ever heard, Lannie's purgatory will begin on the day he enters religion. Even for me it was sheer torture."

"O but things are improving everywhere, father says. And isn't Lannie just the fellow to help on the improvement? Of course," George continued, "he musn't expect the delightful harmonies we are used to. He must bid good-bye to Palestrina, Orlando di Lasso, Vittoria, and all the other fine old chaps we hear Sunday after Sunday—unless he can induce his religious brethren to take up these great masters."

"Lannie pleading—who could resist him?" asked Willie smiling. "Then he's sure to have a fine voice of another quality in a year or so."

"Think so, do you?" Lance had returned as swiftly and unexpectedly as he had gone away, and with a bundle of bath towels under his arm. "*Can't* you leave my voice alone?" he enquired merrily, kicking Willie's shin ever so gently with the tip of his olog.

"Who's a touching your voice?" enquired Willie, putting on a strong Yorkshire accent.

"I say, Willie, *do* tell us that story again," Gareth shouted.

The younger lads were never tired of hearing Willie tell a story he had heard from one of his step-father's labourers, an old

man who had been very kind to him in the cruel days that were past. Willie's imitation of the Yorkshire accent was perfect.

A rustic lad is supposed to be standing at the door of his father's cottage looking at the moon. The following dialogue occurs :

"Feyther ! feyther !"

"Well—what is't ?"

"What done they du wi' all t' oud mouns ?"

"Kom in lad and leave t' moun aloan !"

"Who's a touchin' t' moun ?"

There is silence for a moment and then the boy asks again—
"Feyther ! What *done* they du wi' all t' oud mouns ?"

"Worry, yer zany," the father answers, "they choppen 'em up and mek stars on 'em."

By way of applauding Willie's story, Lance and Gareth and Alfred pounded the floor of Sniggery with their clogs so heavily and so long that George ran into the open.

"Even Kentish fire is too much on a day like this," he said.
"I'm going to throw myself into the river."

"And I too !" chorussed the rest, beginning to scramble for towels.

"It's been a *River of Years* to us—hasn't it ?" George asked Lance in an undertone. The singing boy by way of reply marched on ahead, carolling with all his old force and sweetness :—

"Stay, steersman, oh, stay thy flight
Down the river of years !
Turn, turn to the old sweet time,
Far from sorrow and tears.
Moor thy bark to the shelving glade
Where as children we laughed and played,
Where we gather'd the crimson may
Stay ! stay ! stay !

But the bright and tender-hearted lad broke off abruptly, and it was Willie Murrington who took up and finished the refrain :—

"Nay," said 'Time, 'we must not bide,
The way is long and the world is wide,
And we must be ready to meet the tide.'"

CHAPTER XL.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

A potent wand doth Sorrow wield ;
What spell so strong as guilty fear !
Repentance is a tender sprite ;
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodged within her silent tear.

WORDSWORTH,

Doings in the Dale had been eventful enough during the past two years; and, if they had brought changes to the house of Ridingdale, much more had they affected the family of Mr. Kittleshot, junior.

The people of Hardlow said that the young mill-owner looked older than his father, for the master of Hardlow was already grey, and his face was lined and wrinkled like that of an old man.

Mrs. Kittleshot never returned to England alive. The blow was a heavy one to her husband who, hastily summoned to Nice, arrived there only to find her dead.

Perhaps the second trouble was a heavier one. Bertie Kittleshot, taking advantage of his brother's illness, again obtained possession of his father's cheque-book. Discovery of the forgery followed almost immediately. The cheque had passed into the hands of a man who had long been the enemy of Mr. Kittleshot, junior. Half beside himself with the man's threats of exposure, and fear of Bertie's immediate arrest, the father sent his son away to Liverpool by a night train, bidding him go on board the first boat he could find—at the same time making to its holder an offer of ten times the value of the forged cheque. The offer was accepted after an agonising delay, and thus exposure was prevented.

The younger son, Horace, had always shown signs of the disease his mother succumbed to, and a sharp attack of inflammation of the lungs led to rapid consumption.

A heart-broken man, Mr. Kittleshot junior now turned to his father for the sympathy and advice so frequently offered to him in the past and as frequently refused. The grandfather visited the sick lad daily from the very beginning of the illness, and Mr.

Nelson the tutor shared the duties of the sick-room with the trained nurse. The doctor gave no hope of recovery, and Mr. Kittleshot senior, who for some time past had been anxious about the affairs of his own soul, now became greatly solicitous for those of his grandson.

The case was a peculiarly difficult one. The lad had long lived in open rebellion against his father, and for some years past the grandfather had been compelled to show his displeasure at his grandchildren's conduct. Horace could not be induced to hear a word concerning religion, could not be induced to utter a single prayer, and would fly into a dangerous paroxysm of rage at the mere whisper of the word *death*.

The Ridingdale boys never forgot a certain summer night when they were all sitting in Sniggery, and the millionaire suddenly appeared in the doorway with an expression so hopelessly sad that their talk and laughter died away on the instant and they all rose in silence and stood waiting mutely for the old gentleman to speak. Mr. Kittleshot sat down, motioning them to do the same. Then for the first time in their lives they saw an old man weep.

For many long minutes the lads sat with scared faces not liking to ask a question, and scarce daring to look at their good friend and benefactor, until George laid his hand upon Mr. Kittleshot's and whispered: "Shall I call my father, sir?"

"I shall see him in a few minutes," the millionaire answered brokenly, "but I've something to say to you first—all of you. Oh boys!" he cried out, "can you imagine what it is to be dying and to have no knowledge of God, and no hope of a Hereafter? To be dying like a beast—except that an animal has no sins to atone for and no fear of eternal punishment? To be lying at the very gate of death and with nothing on one's lips but a curse? You cannot imagine it, my dears, because religion is a part of your hourly life and the thing that sweetens your whole existence. You are praying-lads, every one of you, and I want you to begin now and pray as you have never prayed before for my poor grandson, Horace. He may live a week, the Doctor says: he may die this very night. Promise me—promise that you will pray for him hard—*hard*," the old man repeated with intensity. "If your prayers are heard, I will do what I believe God has been asking me to do these many months:—I will live and die in your Faith,"

The boys crowded round Mr. Kittleshot—each trying to take his hand, each renewing his promise again and again.

“Remember, my lads, it’s not his recovery that I want; it’s his poor soul. I want him to die with some signs of repentance. Die he must; but if only you will pray, he may yet be saved.”

Mr. Kittleshot left them, and the boys took hasty counsel.

They were genuinely concerned for Horace’s condition, and Mr. Kittleshot’s declaration filled them with thankfulness. He little knew how long they had prayed for his conversion. They were aware of the long conversations he had had with their father, and of the many Catholic books he had borrowed from their library. For more than two years he had heard Mass nearly every Sunday, but they had never dared to hope that his conversion was so near.

Going into the house to consult their father, they found him still engaged with the millionaire, but Mrs. Ridingdale suggested that they should at once go down to church in a body and say the Rosary before the Blessed Sacrament. Then she bade them call upon Father Horbury and ask if he could say Mass on the following morning for their intention.

For some months past they had cycled to Hardlow once a week to enquire after Horace, but they had never been asked to see him; on the following day, however, when George and Willie rode over after evening studies, Mr. Kittleshot senior drove up to the door while they were speaking to the footman.

“I’m so glad I caught you,” he said as he shook hands. “There is already a change in the lad. I can’t say for certain, but I’m almost sure he will like to see you.”

The two waited a little while in the gorgeous drawing-room while old Mr. Kittleshot went upstairs to his grandson’s bed-room. Both had had some little experience with the sick and dying, but then the cases they had visited were those of the poor, and, usually, those who were “of the household of the Faith.”

Their interview with Horace was a short one, but they were greatly encouraged when the dying boy said:

“Do come again soon. And, I say, bring Lance—will you?”

“The Doctor himself has told him that he cannot possibly live very long,” Mr. Kittleshot said when they had left the sick-room. “Horace has been much quieter ever since, and this afternoon he allowed Mr. Nelson to read some prayers for him and joined in

saying the *Our Father*. But when the tutor suggested that the Vicar should be called in, Horace protested so vehemently that Mr. Nelson saw it would be unwise to insist."

"I wonder, sir, if he would see Father Horbury?" George blushed as he put the question and Willie Murrington looked at him with alarm. "What I mean is," George explained hastily, "Father Horbury is used to boys and always understands them."

"Would to God Horace might see him!" exclaimed the millionaire. "But I must consider my son's prejudices first, you see."

George and Willie met Mr. Kittleshot junior coming in as they passed out, and he greeted them more warmly than he had ever done before. He knew how regularly they had called to make enquiries.

Twenty-four hours later old Mr. Kittleshot was saying to Father Horbury:

"If you had told me this time yesterday that my grandson would to-night be in possession of gifts and graces I myself have not yet received, I should have considered you a false prophet. Do you really mean to tell me, Father, that Horace is a Catholic?"

"To all intents and purposes he is," said the priest. "When the Angel of Death is already hovering over a soul, what has to be done must be done speedily. He surrendered unconditionally from the first. Somebody, somewhere, has been praying. He received three sacraments of the Church in succession."

Mr. Kittleshot could only ejaculate, "Wonderful! wonderful!" He was too much moved for further speech, but after some time he gasped:—"And this boy is in the bosom of the Church, while I am still a stranger within—perhaps I should say without—her gates!"

"The time has come, Mr. Kittleshot," said the priest quietly, "when you need be no longer a stranger, but a fellow-citizen with the saints and the domestics of God."

"Father, the time *has* come," answered the millionaire.

"If you *would* stop for an hour or two," Mr. Nelson was saying to the priest. "I never before felt so helpless. I cannot say to the poor fellow what I ought to say. Death seems to throw a new light upon everything. I have tried hard to do my duty

as a tutor, but when you left him a little while ago and he turned to me with an affection he had never shown before, asking my forgiveness and begging me to kiss him as a token of my pardon, I could not say a single word ; for the only thing that occurred to me was a quotation from *Atalanta in Calydon* :—

‘ And now, for God’s sake kiss me once and twice
And let me go : for the night gathers me,
And in the night shall no man gather fruit.’

Of a truth,” exclaimed the tutor earnestly, “ poetry, useful as it is, is a sorry substitute for the music of the Gospel ! ”

So through all the hours of that summer night the priest sat by the bedside of the dying boy whose sufferings were now very great. But just as a pale rose began to flush the east, Horace fell into a heavy sleep, and, after calling Mr. Nelson who slept in the next room, Father Horbury walked back to Ridingleale.

Towards noon the boy rallied marvellously, and, when George and Lance rode over after morning school, he was not only able to receive them but wished to keep them for the afternoon. Mr. Nelson reminded him that they had to dine and get back again to their studies.

“ My father will let us come back this afternoon,” Lance whispered to the dying boy.

“ Don’t go,” Horace pleaded, panting for breath. “ I’m getting frightened.”

A great perspiration broke out over his face, and he tried to tighten his grasp upon Lance’s hand.

“ You stop,” whispered George in answer to his brother’s look of appeal. “ I’ll ride off for Father Horbury.”

Even Mrs. Ridingleale would have been astonished at the number of prayers Lance knew by heart. Very slowly and distinctly, in his own gentle way, and in the softest tones of his clear voice, Lance went on at intervals for a whole hour, pleading for the soul whose agony seemed to have begun. So absorbed was the praying boy that he did not notice who entered or left the room, and it was only when Horace cried out, either in pain or fear, that Lance saw Mr. Kittleshot, junior, rise from his knees and approach the bed. Almost at the same instant Father Horbury and Mr. Kittleshot, senior, stood in the doorway.

The end was nearer than they supposed. Shriek upon shriek came from the struggling lad : for a short time his face bore a

most awful expression of terror. Lance himself was trembling in every limb. Old Mr. Kittleshot led his son out of the room. Even the trained nurse seemed for the moment paralysed. Father Horbury prayed incessantly.

In a few minutes the terror was over—the boy lay with his head on the priest's shoulder—the breathing grew shorter, but with every suspiration came "Jesus! mercy!"

A great shudder shook the sufferer, and the newly-christianised soul went forth to meet its Maker.

"We have done very little, sir," Lance was trying to explain to Mr. Kittleshot. "My father telegraphed to several religious orders, to communities of nuns and to orphanages. Then, too, masses were offered."

Mr. Kittleshot scarcely seemed to be listening.

"I could not make a bargain with God," he said at length. "Let me tell you, dear lad, what only the priest and your father know. Early this morning I was received into the Catholic Church."

CHAPTER XLI.

O RES MIRABILIS.

I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
Dazzles at it, as at eternity.

Were now that chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content too in my power,
Quickly would I make my path even,
And by mere playing go to heaven.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

The feast of Our Lady of the Snow was a high holiday at Ridingdale Hall. Not only was it Sweetie's birthday, but the never-to-be-forgotten morning of his first communion.

Most of Our Lady's feasts were marked by a *missa cum cantu* at which the boys sang two and three-part motets; to-day, however, the full choir was present. Dr. Byrse selected five exquisite eucharistic pieces from the music of Palestrina.

The blind boy in his choir dress of white lawn knelt in his own corner of the sanctuary, taking no part in the music on this occasion, and at the *Domine non sum dignus*, Lance, holding his brother's hand, led him to the altar-step. Few who were present ever forgot the face of the blind child or that of Lance as they returned hand in hand, slowly and reverently, to the stalls.

"It is an image of your future life on earth, dear boy," said Father Horbury afterwards to Sweetie. "You will constantly be passing on the holiest of pilgrimages from Stall to Rood, and back again from Rood to Stall. From Bethlehem to Calvary, from the Birth to the Death, from praise to communion."

"I was so glad when they began to sing *Panis Angelicus*," Sweetie told Lance, "it was just what I wanted to say. How good of you to teach me that hymn, Lance, and to translate it for me. I have been singing '*O res mirabilis! O res mirabilis!*' ever since."

"*O res mirabilis, manducat Dominum pauper, servus, et humilis*" —carolled the two boys as they passed into the house together.

"Sweetie, darling!"—it was mother who met him on the threshold—"now my boy is more precious to me than ever!" she exclaimed, taking him into her arms.

"Yes, mother, dearest," he said, "you must kiss me first, then father."

The Squire was not far off.

"And I want to ask you a favour," the blind boy whispered, now walking between them and giving a hand to each. "Only, I want to ask you first, before we go in to breakfast—Am I a child or—or a boy?"

Father and mother looked at one another for an instant, but they both understood.

"A boy, certainly," the Squire answered quickly.

"Then, if you please, dearest mother and father,"—his hands tightened upon theirs—"will you call me now by my proper name?"

But the ringing of the breakfast bell and an immediate rush of many feet, drowned Mrs. Ridingdale's answer.

Considering the difficulty the boys found in making suitable gifts for their blind brother, his birthday presents were numerous. Father and mother had selected various appliances and instruments

specially made for the sightless, while Mr. Kittleshot and the Colonel between them sent quite a library of books printed in the very latest style of raised type. Maggie and Connie—convent school-girls, now at home for the holidays—brought handkerchiefs of their own hemming and broad collars of their own making.

Sweetie was known to have a great love for the various rosaries indulgenced by the Church, and this year George, Lance, Willie, Alfred and Gareth, each brought him a set of home-made beads, they had had blessed by a priest of the Order to which the particular devotion belonged. Three out of the five sets the blind boy at once recognised by the touch, and it was plain that these gifts gave him great delight.

"Why, what's this!" exclaimed Lance taking up a brown paper parcel. "What does it say?—'With William Lether's loving duty to Master Sweetie.' Bravo Billy! Shall I open it, old chap? Oh, I say!"—removing the paper—"they are the daintiest little pair of clogs Billy ever turned out! No irons on them, and the light wooden sole covered with smooth leather!"

"Fit for a prince!" George declared.

"Sweetie will always be 'acceptable to his brethren,'" remarked the serious Willie, quoting Deuteronomy, "but he need not 'dip his foot in oil' for the shoe is no longer of iron and brass."

The Squire who was close by, talking to Father Horbury, overheard Willie's remark.

"What do you think of that for a piece of biblical interpretation?" he asked the priest. The latter begged Willie to repeat it.

"So you think, Willie, that Aser was told to dip his foot in oil because his shoe was to be made of iron and brass?"

"I'm afraid, Father, I quoted without thinking," said the blushing Willie. "But I thought there seemed to be a connection between—between——"

"Between the foot and the shoe?" asked the Squire, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps between the oil and the shoe?" suggested the amused priest. "Well, Willie, your interpretation is quite as good as that put forward on certain passages by some critics I have come across. But I fancy that dipping his foot in oil, like 'saying that he had 'washed his feet with butter,' is simply

a prophecy of good fortune and an abundance of fat things. It is another way of saying, 'with you, oil shall be as plentiful as water.' So in the next verse: 'His shoe shall be iron and brass,' may mean that these metals shall be so plentiful he may make shoes of them if he will."

Willie enjoyed the kindly chaff that followed—chaff that turned to applause, however, when he sang out to Sweetie:—

"Bind on thy sandals, O taon most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet!"

All the lads rushed to help Sweetie put on the new clogs, and then in a sort of triumphal procession the little man was carried across the lawn to take his seat in Sniggery.

The long day of delight closed with Benediction, and on their return from church, Sweetie asked Lance to take him to some quiet place "where they could talk about things."

The little boy was tired but very happy, and Lance well understood his brother's mood.

"I've got a birthday present, Lannie, that you haven't seen," he said, drawing a folded paper from his pocket. "Father Horbury gave it to me for my collection, and he said it was written by a dear friend of his. He read it to me and I liked it so much. Would you be so kind as to read it for me again, Lannie?"

Very slowly and distinctly Lance read as follows:—

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Through all the sunny hours of day
One friend is never far away,
From early morning until even,—
My Guardian Angel come from heaven.

I cannot look upon his face,
But it is bright with radiant grace,
His step is like the winds that make
Long ripples on the quiet lake.

His hair is crowned with many a gem,
And it is golden under them,
His eyes are beautiful to see,
And they watch always over me.

He helps me when I work or play,
He smiles upon me when I pray,
I hear his whisper soft and still,
That tells me how to do God's will.

He gives me strength to take the share
Of Jesus' cross I have to bear,
He makes my daily troubles less
And adds to all my happiness.

And when the sun sinks in the west.
And I lie down to sleep and rest,
He shuts my heavy eyelids tight
And keeps me through the hours of night.

Above my head he folds his wings,
He fills my dreams with pleasant things,
Then wakes me when the darkness flies
And daylight streams across the skies.*

"You do like it, Lannie, don't you?" Sweetie asked eagerly when his brother had finished.

"Very much," said Lance emphatically. "I can understand every word of it."

"I'm so glad. It's another poem for what Father Horbury calls my Anthology of Paradise. But there's something in it that reminds me of what I want to talk to you about."

The two were wandering hand in hand through the park. In the distance they could hear the voices of their brothers and knew that the Snigs were in conclave.

Sweetie in a few words told Lance what he had said to his father and mother that morning.

"I am a real boy now; father said so," he went on, "and so I should like to be called by my real name. But there is another reason. I couldn't tell mother and father then because the breakfast bell rang, and all day I haven't been able to see them alone."

Sweetie paused for a moment and then began in his happy solemn way:

"I had a dream last night. 'He fills my dreams with pleasant things,' the poem says, and the things I saw were—O, so pleasant! Mother had been telling me about my patron, St. Stanislaus. I saw him so clearly, and he asked me my name. I said 'Stanislaus, but they call me Sweetie.' Then I noticed he wasn't alone. A big light came from somewhere, and then I saw such a lovely child. I knew at once it was Jesus, and I began to pray. But the Holy Child did not seem to see me, and the Saint said: 'Why

don't they call you Stanislaus ? ' He smiled when he spoke, but I felt a little frightened and didn't know what to say. Then he said : ' *His* name is Sweetie, you know,' and quite suddenly the light went out and I awoke."

For once in his life Lance was at a loss what to say. He knew that his blind brother often saw things in his dreams, and that the little boy was always physically conscious of an increase of light, either in the day-time or after dark ; but the nature of this vision on the eve of Sweetie's first Communion, the bigger boy shrank from interpreting. Out of sheer reverence for the child by his side, and for the personages that were so real to him, Lance would not follow his brother into those "long mysterious reaches fed with moonlight," and "trodden upon by noiseless angels."

"Little brother," said Lance very gently, "let us go back to the house. I think Father Horbury is there."

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE CHILDREN'S GAME OF HELP FOR CHILDREN.

SECOND EVENING.*

IT is tea-time again in a certain nursery in Dublin. Since the last time we listened and told tales of them, the children have learned a great deal about the doings in the Children's Hospital which were then unknown to them.

Dorothy has made a good many flannel night-gowns, more than her share, and even small Totsie has learned to sew a little, so eager is she to join the ranks of the help-givers.

This evening mother has promised to tell the story of how the Hospital was begun, and of the part that little children were able to play in the good work. Tea is partaken of in some excitement, and Jack is curious, having heard something about a Boys' Brigade which he thinks sounds rather manly. And by the way Jack has been distinguishing himself not only as a toy-giver but as a toy-maker, having developed quite an ingenious talent for manufacturing a fascinating toy out of two or three broken ones. He has removed the wax head and bust from a doll whose body was nearly drained of saw-dust, and as the face was pretty, and the hair in good condition, he fastened the good bust very cleverly on to the sound body of a beheaded sister doll. The saw-dust remaining in the discarded body was utilised for a box pin-cushion, and on the pincushion was fixed a little figure dressed by Dorothy as a fairy. In the box were some sweetmeats, but mother thought small tin soldiers would be better, as she was very doubtful as to whether the nurses would think it right to give the sweetmeats to the little patients. However this was a good beginning, and Jack and Clem have now a secret between them as to something *very* clever which they are intending to construct.

"The story, mother, the story!" cried Dorothy, fearing the time would pass in inspecting the productions of Jack's laboratory.

"Well, darlings, I will tell you in as few words as possible," said mother. "About twenty years ago there was a dear old lady living near Dublin whose name was Mrs. Ellen Woodlock. She was very energetic and bent on doing as much good as

possible while she lived. Many good works were set on foot by her, even before she had the bright idea of establishing a Hospital in Dublin which should be altogether for Children. She gave a great deal of money, herself, towards founding it, and persuaded friends to give more. A very large old-fashioned house in a place called Buckingham Street was chosen for its size rather than for the neighbourhood, which was somewhat out of the way, and going down in the world. However, the situation was bright and open, and the rooms were very large and airy, and looked delightfully home-like and pretty when they were furnished with nice little cots curtained in white dimmity trimmed with a band of red, pictures of holy subjects on the walls, and a life-sized statue of Our dear Lord of the Sacred Heart standing at the end of the great room.

"A few little patients were gathered in, nurses were engaged, and the wheels of the great work began to turn.

"'Little Willie' was the very first patient, a bright boy of twelve, with a cruel disease of the spine. He was a very intelligent, nice-looking lad, and was soon quite the young king of the place. Numbers of kind people came to see him and brought him presents, and, if he hadn't been a very good boy, with a great deal of pain to suffer, he might have been spoiled, so much was he petted. One of the first to follow him was Jamesie Cannon, both of whose feet were quite turned in, and his legs so weak and crooked that he could not stand. He had an angelic little face and was soon in his own way as great a favourite as Willie. Other little patients followed quickly, and the great room was lined with their cots.

"In those days there were no devoted Sisters of Charity always taking care of the place, but there was a matron, and there were nurses, and a lady of blessed memory, Mrs. Atkinson, who lived nearer to the spot than Mrs. Woodlook, and was never weary of good works, used to come every day and stay a considerable time attending to much of the business of that large household. There was a committee to arrange affairs, and many persons, old, young, and children, came out of their homes day after day to lend a hand to help the good work that was going on. A number of boys formed themselves into a 'Brigade,' and their sisters and girl friends made up another company calling themselves the 'Busy Bees.' Each company had a badge of its own to be worn

at meetings. The Knights of the Brigade had a shield on their badge, and the Busy Bees had a large important-looking bee. One of the young lady-visitors designed the badges, and she remembers still the great pleasure it gave her to make the drawings. She found it rather difficult to draw a good likeness of a bee, because they do keep buzzing about, don't they? But she found the portrait of a bee in an encyclopedia and made her drawing from that. Some of those little badges may be in existence still. Then little barrels were designed as money-boxes, very pretty they were, and every brave Knight and Busy Bee had a barrel, and many were the pennies and even sixpences and shillings tumbled out of the barrels on a meeting Sunday at the Hospital, to buy medicine, nourishment, and all kinds of things necessary for the cure of the little crippled or diseased creatures in the cots. Those were good sturdy Knights and honey-gathering Bees, I can tell you; some of them have little knights and bees of their own now, and those same younger knights and bees are none the worse for the blessing that comes of doing charity and kindness to God's Poor."

"Mother," said Dorothy, "I am beginning to think you were one of the Busy Bees, yourself."

"What a clever guess, darling. Well, it is true. Mother was one of the bees. If you are a good child, I will show you my badge. I have it locked up in a little casket with several other precious relics of my childhood. One is the first silver thimble I ever wore. It is very tiny. Granny gave it to me on my birthday, and wasn't I proud of it? I will show them all to you to-morrow evening. My badge was a great treasure, but I also felt it to be a large responsibility. I used to lie awake at night sometimes, wondering if there was nothing I could do to cure all those children right off at once."

Here the conversation was interrupted by several shrieks from Totsie who had stuck a needle into her little fat finger and made it bleed. She danced three times round with fright when she saw the red mark on her pinafore, but mother soon tied up the small wound and made such a pretty dolly of the ill-used finger (with a little white skirt and blue sash, and a little finger-tip face above the frock) that Totsie's lamentations were changed into cries of joy.

"Now, mother," said Dorothy, "*we* ought to be as anxious as

you were long ago about those children. They're different children now, of course, but then——"

"They want to be cared just as badly," said Jack. "I must say I'd like to do something myself."

"So should I," said Clem. "I want to get a whole big handful of money all at once, not pennies in barrels, but a big lot of money like what they have in a bank."

"Couldn't we get up some kind of sports or pleasure-things, mother, and let every one pay going in? That would make some money all in a day, wouldn't it?" said Dorothy.

"Yes, dear, a good many persons have been thinking of something of the kind. It is a difficult matter to decide upon, but if everybody would take the matter to heart and would think about it and give an opinion, a decision might be arrived at before long. I have been reflecting that, if we were to ask our friends, they would tell us their minds on this subject."

"Wouldn't theatricals be nice?" said Dorothy.

"Or races in the open air," said Jack.

"Or a cricket match?" suggested Clem.

"The proposal ought to come from the Committee of the Children's Guild," said mother. "Private organizations by individuals have not, I fear, sufficiently wide-spreading circles. The committee ought to take it up, and the children must get behind the committee and push it on."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Clem.

"I would like a Children's Committee," said Jack. "Grown people are so slow. They are always sorry that this can't be done, and that can't be done. We should just say '*it must be done!*' and there it would be!"

Mother laughed. "Let us try our own little best in this house," she said. "Let us ask all our little friends to write to the Secretary of the Children's Guild at Temple Street, Dublin, and each make a suggestion as to the kind of children's amusement* he or she thinks would be the nicest and *payingest*."

"Oh, mother, what a funny word!"

"I mean most likely to bring in money for the Hospital."

* Please, dear readers, send in suggestions as above proposed

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

I OFTEN envy the birds, but never so much as on a windy day. I do not mean on a day when the wind is cold and cutting, and makes man and beast alike miserable, or when it brings downpours of rain with it. The kind of wind the birds and I like comes blustering from the north-west and rushes against your house as though it would hurl in the walls, then, sighing deeply, retires to return and try again.

Go out into your garden and listen to the strange music that greets you, for this wind makes the mute things of nature speak. The trees bend and rock and speak, and as the wind roars through them they bow before it with all their branches in motion, and you feel they enjoy it. You hear the voices of the trees, then, and you look up at them and wonder; now look down at the little daisy at your feet. It is nodding its pretty head this way and that, but stoop to it, put your ear to it, and you will find that it is talking too. The hedge at your side murmurs; the grasses whisper, and high, high above you a missel thrush, holding to his perch with feet of wire, sings his wild song loudly. All these voices are in perfect harmony—only listen to them, and cease to revile the wind.

On such a day as this the birds seem to belong to another sphere. When they rise up and float on the wings of the wind between earth and heaven, happy, careless and free, we feel they belong to another life.

Many birds love the wind but few so well as the starling. It makes my heart leap when I see a starling give himself to the wind. He literally gives himself to it. He flings himself with outstretched wings into its arms and is carried away, away, while I stand and watch and feel my helplessness.

I see this little creature that I could crush in my hand lifted by an unseen power into another region, and, without an effort on its own part, borne at an incredible speed across tree-top and hill-side, passing over the heads of the great and the clever as it does over the flowers of the field.

A starling before the wind is perhaps the happiest being in all the lower creation. He has not reason, he has not a soul—therefore he does not think, but he *lives*. His blood flows hotly,

his heart beats fast ; he sees the clouds racing above him, and a wide, wide world stretching away below him ; in all that world he can go where he will—he is his own master.

The linnet, too, loves to fly before the wind, but he will not abandon himself to it as the starling does. He constantly uses his own wings, though the wind be whirling him through the air at a speed he could never attain by his own exertion.

I hear an ecstatic note, I catch the gleam of a ruddy breast, I see a little bird a field away, and I realise a linnet has passed. Travelling thus the linnet is jubilantly fearless—the fastest hawk, the strongest kite may not pursue him now. He scorns his enemies—he is safe with the wind.

The jackdaws are not poetical birds. You hear their unmelodious call as they fly to their feeding-grounds in the morning ; when you walk abroad, you meet them promenading the ploughed fields and sheep pastures ; in the evening you see them hover black against the sunset, then drop to rest in the elm trees—and this is their life.

But watch jackdaws on a windy day. They are new beings—different birds. See that flock rise above the restless woods—they are not setting out to forage, they are not returning to roost, they are going to test the strength of their wings. They call to one another as they spread their black sails, and, turning before the blast, rush away over the sighing tree-tops. Their speed increases, they fly with a force that only the wind can lend them—then in a moment they check themselves. With a sudden tightening of the muscles, with a determined stroke of the wing, they turn and face the gale. They have felt its strength, and now they feel their own. They cannot advance, they will not retire, they will wait. And there, while the wind roars against them and drags at their every feather, they wait, hanging in the air on sturdily working pinions with steadily beating hearts. If they become too tired, they relax their efforts for a moment and are immediately driven several yards back, when they stop themselves and wait anew. Presently the wind withdraws, moaning, to recruit its strength. There is a lull, broken by a clanging cheer from the jackdaws as they sweep forward together. When the wind comes up again, booming, it finds them at their starting point, where they turn once more and sail away before it rejoicing.

MADGE BLUNDELL.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. Critics of greatest weight and highest authority are generally the kindest and most merciful judges. Peevish fault-finding is patronised by critics of a lower order. A critic of the highest authority has pronounced a very favourable judgment on Miss Alice Furlong's "Roses and Rue;" and, though it only occurs in a private letter, I think Mr. Dowden will add to his kindness by letting us quote it. "The author has a distinct note of her own—a note of passion in simplicity, yet with artistic craftsmanship." A sister-poet also, whose name would enhance the value of her judgment, has written: "She at once takes rank with Mrs. Hinkson, Mrs. Shorter and Miss Nora Hopper, and she is more truly Irish than any of them."

To descend to ordinary critics: *The Academy* of March 11th describes "Roses and Rue" as "a book which bears the impress of a delicate and kindly personality," being made up of "Irish poems and poems by nature by one who loves her land. Her lyrics of the open air have a freshness that is always pleasant." *The Sketch* of March 29th furnishes, along with a very interesting and life-like portrait, a careful and discriminating appreciation of the new poet by no less competent a critic than Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves. Out of two columns of criticism and extracts we can only take these phrases:—"Though passion and sarcasm occasionally start from her verse, and always with effect, these lyrics tingle through and through with those shifting strains of joy and melancholy so characteristic of Celtic music and Celtic poetry. Though attempting long and intricate metres, she rarely makes a false pause or produces a faulty vocal effect. On the other hand, she excels in what, to borrow a musical term, we may describe as 'broad phrasing,' as well as in haunting assonances. . . . Altogether, this is a first volume of rare promise."

The writers of *Catholic Book Notes* are by no means easy to please, especially those who deal with musical matters. The March issue, however, contains an appreciative notice of the "elegant little volume, tastefully bound in olive green which contains Miss Alice Furlong's poems." The critic's last word is: "The book is full of beautiful things." "M. A. P.," Mr. T. P. O'Connor's lively journal of amiable personalities, honours *THE IRISH MONTHLY* by connecting it with Miss Alice Furlong, whose earliest poems adorned its pages. The critic states that her little book "is alive and instinct in every line with that 'sense of tears in human things,' that haunting unearthly beauty, that sad, yet never pessimistic lament over the things that are

not to our peace, and that faith in a nobler and lovelier world to come, which, in unison, form the Celtic spirit in poetry." Miss Furlong's reviewer in *The Freeman's Journal* "discerns in these pieces the hand of one who has given fruitful study to the poetic art and its masters. . . . One who feels strongly and can write movingly, who has not merely insight but vision and imagination, and who understands that restraint, and not extravagance, is of the essence of good literature." He attributes to Alice Furlong's muse "grace and dignity and sweetness." But we here break off the litany of praise, leaving a dozen critics unquoted.

2. *The Child of God or What comes of our Baptism.* By Mother Mary Loyola, of the Bar Convent, York. London: Burns and Oates.

Few Catholic books have been so successful as "First Communion," and the smaller work "Confession and Communion," of both of which Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., was the editor, not the author. We are very glad that the author has been forced to appear on the title-page of a new book as Mother Mary Loyola, an inmate of the oldest convent in England, near the Micklegate Bar, in the ancient City of York. Her new work aims at bringing home to the minds of children a sense of the responsibilities which follow upon the Sacrament of Baptism. Like "First Communion," it is full of stories and illustrations, some of them developed at considerable length, and in a lively style. Youthful readers and listeners are sure to be greatly interested. This holy and pleasant book is made still more attractive by several beautiful pictures. Like its predecessors, it will soon run to its fourth and fifth thousand. We are promised a similar work about the Sacrament of Confirmation.

3. Herder, the publisher, of Freiburg, Vienna, Munich, Strasburg, and (across the Atlantic) St. Louis in Missouri, has sent us two new story books. The most pretentious and least pleasing is "West Chester" by Henry Austin Adams. It is a tale of the American Revolution, but the archaic style would suit a century or two earlier. We do not care much for the story as a story or indeed in any other respect; and we should have expected something much better from Mr. Adams, a recent American convert of good literary standing. "West Chester" will, however, be relished more by those for whom its epoch and its scenes have a sort of personal interest. The other book is "Lasca and Other Stories" by Mary F. Nixon. It is meant for much less mature readers. There are thirteen of the stories, the scenes being laid in Spain and sometimes in the United States. The first, indeed, is about Americans and Poles in Paris, and is perhaps a little too sentimental and melodramatic for a young book of the sort; but Miss Nixon may not have intended it for such

youthful readers as we have before our minds in making these remarks. She has a graceful and lively style. It is noteworthy that American Catholic writers are particularly fond of drawing their inspiration from the scenes and social circumstances of the Old World. Maurice Francis Egan's most dainty piece of literature is "In the Land of St. Lawrence"—namely, Normandy—and one of the most beautiful things of brightest promise that we have noticed among the young Catholic writers of the United States is "Giglio"—a dainty and exquisitely written phantasy contributed by Miss Minnie Gilmore to the new American magazine, *The Coming Age*. Evidently in the coming age there is a future for the clever daughter of Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore.

The same publisher, Mr. Herder, has sent us new editions of five prayerbooks brought out very attractively as regards printing and binding and at the same time very cheap. Happy they who merit any share in all the holy hours in the story of thousands and thousands of souls, with which these prayerbooks will be associated before they are worn out and thrown aside. At home Mr. Charles Eason, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin, has just brought out a new edition of "The Manual of Catholic Piety," well printed and bound, and at the extraordinary price of sixpence or one shilling according to the binding. The price would be low even if the paper and printing were bad, but they are very good.

4. Whatever complaints may be made about their too rigid economy in the matter of buying new books, Catholics in the United States show their literary activity in producing and supporting *taliter qualiter* a very large number of periodicals. Three of the most solid and dignified are *The American Catholic Quarterly*, *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, and *The Catholic University Bulletin*. The first of these we have often warmly praised, and the second also, especially since "My New Curate" began his interesting career in its pages. The third is somewhat in the form of *The Atlantis* of the Newman period of the Catholic University of Ireland, but not so solid. Two of the most notable literary contributions to recent issues are Mr. Maurice F. Egan's interesting essay on the metres of Coventry Patmore's Odes, and a scholarly discussion of the English translations of Calderon by Mr. Elmer Murphy, one of this young University's bachelors of literature. He gives due prominence to the work of our own Denis Florence MacCarthy.

5. Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son have published the Funeral Oration preached by the Rev. Robert Kane, S.J., in the Cathedral of Mullingar, January 25, 1899, the Month's Mind of Dr. Nulty, Bishop Meath. It reaches a high standard of sacred eloquence; and the

facts of the Bishop's life, compiled very carefully (we suppose) by a Meath priest or by more than one, are told with great force and fulness by the preacher. Such lives and such memorials of them will help, please God, to keep Ireland for ever the land of the Soggarth Aroon.

6. *Business Guide for Priests.* By the Rev. William Stang, D.D. Benziger Brothers: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. [Price 3s. 6d.]

Dr. Stang, who was formerly Rector of SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, Providence, R.I., in the United States, is at present Vice-Rector of the American College in Louvain and at the same time Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology in the famous Catholic University of that Belgian town. His present work is a very useful one—a good idea carried out exceedingly well. After some wise introductory remarks excellent suggestions are given about parish books, baptismal records, marriage records, letters, wills, and many other business matters that many priests must from time to time handle. Though some details are inapplicable here, our Irish priests will study this book with pleasure and profit.

7. *The Inner Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton. With Notes of Retreat and Diary.* London: Burns and Oates.

This holy book bears no author's name, but we may safely attribute it, at least in great part, to the Mother General of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, of which Order Lady Georgiana was co-foundress. It is a most edifying and interesting supplement to the biography written in French by Madame Craven and turned into English with changes by Father Coleridge. Since the publication of that earlier *Life* the letters of her mother have been published. Many interesting things are taken from these; and Lady Georgiana Fullerton's spiritual notes are also drawn upon. Pleasant glimpses are given of her surroundings and companions. Everything proves that the illustrious convert had attained a high degree of sanctity; and many cherish hopes that she may yet be proposed authoritatively to the veneration of the Faithful.

8. The Redemptorist Fathers have published a neat sixpenny pamphlet, which may be had at St. Mary's, Clapham, London, S.W., in commemoration of the first half century of their work in that South London District. The introduction tells us about Clapham in old Catholic times, and in the penal days, and then describes the new Church of St. Mary's. Then follow the Jubilee Sermons by Father Edmund Vaughan, Father Sterling, Father O'Laverty, and Father Burke, preceded by the most interesting of all—the farewell sermon which Father Bridgett preached after he had received the last Sacraments. It is a very beautiful and thoughtful discourse “on the value of things often repeated.” How characteristic of this holy and

gifted man to devote what he knew would be his last discourse to the calm and orderly discussion of such a subject !

9. The Catholic Truth Society never pauses in its activity. Its last issues are two new parts of Mr. Britten's "Protestant Fiction," treating of the laity and Protestant poets respectively. Though Mr. Britten's extracts and commentaries are very amusing, the general impression is sadness that many, even of the writers, believe these grotesque absurdities. A very clear and readable edition of the Gospel of St. Luke for two pence is another issue of the C. T. S.

10. Though "The New Era" would be classed as a newspaper, it deserves also to rank as literature. It calls itself "An International Record," and justifies the title by the valuable correspondence it publishes from several countries. A great many important articles have already been contributed to its pages, by eminent ecclesiastics. Priests are sure to find it both instructive and entertaining. We fear that too much matter is given for a penny. It seems almost too good to last. Though it seems to have a home in Paris, its most convenient business address is probably 22 Paternoster Row, London.

11. As the first day of June is this year the feast of Corpus Christi, we end now by announcing that Messrs. Burns and Oates will publish before that great eucharistic festival a new book of eucharistic thoughts and prayers called "Close to the Altar Rails," by the Author of "Moments before the Tabernacle" and "At Home near the Altar." A shilling is now fixed as the uniform price of this little series.

JUNE, 1899.

MRS. JACK GROGAN.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS AMELIA had gone to High Mass. Miss Charlotte, an apron over her dress, was mixing the salad—her weekly Sunday task, and never undertaken without a thought of the father, who, watching her one day, as, drop by drop, she added the mellowing oil, had stooped to whisper in her ear, “the oil of charity, Lottie, eh?” Reproof accepted as it was gently given. Was she not by nature sharp of judgment, tongue? *vinegar*, she sometimes told herself.

The dinner-table was “set.” The old-fashioned spoons (what did it matter that the sisters possessed but a dozen of every kind in all; for “what could they have done with more?” as the philosopher was ready to ask) shone on the white cloth. A glass of flowers stood beside each salt (Mrs. Tite said her “ladies” knew how to “*respect* themselves”); a trefoil Wedgewood dish held the dark walnut pickles, a gift sent by an old pupil from the country every year. On the side-table stood a spirit lamp, flanked by a pair of cups, in readiness for the after-dinner cup of coffee that was the Sunday treat. The upstairs lodgers knew the aroma of that coffee well, the little ladies’ one extravagance.

Miss Charlotte had plenty to think about, while she busied herself in preparations. Anthony Hammond’s visit, which had brought both pain and pleasure—the pain and the pleasure that almost balanced themselves.

Had not Miss Amelia often said, she would like to see Anthony

again, just to know that he was well, and happy? She *had* seen him, and had said at bed-time (she had just got up from her knees) "Charlotte, I am glad I have seen Anthony again; he is just what he used to be."

"And what was that?" Miss Charlotte had asked. There was sharpness in the tone.

"A good man," Miss Amelia said, in her simple way.

"Well, let us hope so," Miss Charlotte had replied.

"You can see it in his face," Miss Amelia went on; then, with a little anxiety, "You see it, don't you, Charlotte?"

"Yes, I *do* see it," Miss Charlotte returned in more generous fashion, and as she spoke, her arm slipped round her sister's neck, "I do see it; Anthony has, and always had, a good face. It is that makes me grudge what might have been, if one had only known."

"That is like one of my speeches, not one of yours, Lottie," Miss Amelia smiled up in her sister's face, "God knew best."

"Meely," (Miss Charlotte fell back on the old name of her sister's childhood) "Meely, you are a saint." Her cheeks were wet as she kissed her sister good-night. "Many a time I wish I were you."

"Oh, Lottie, and you such a clever woman!" Miss Amelia protested.

"Well, I never heard that St. Peter used his keys any the more readily for those that were clever, than for those that were not. Get into bed, you will catch cold. If you are glad, I am glad we have seen Anthony again, and that settles the question." Miss Charlotte was herself again.

If Miss Amelia was proud of Miss Charlotte's talents, Miss Charlotte was proud of Miss Amelia's straight-going simplicity.

How simply, now, she had met Anthony. How naturally the Christian name had come to her lips, that, in a moment, had put them all at ease, while she had been stumbling over "Mr., Hammond," as, now-a-days, the proper address, perhaps. Yes, Amelia always did the right thing. Anthony had been Anthony to them from the days he had come as a boy to the rectory, till the love affair that had come and ended the intimacy. And that that boy, Jack Grogan, should have brought them together again! Miss Charlotte's thoughts went to the couple up-stairs. How would that story end she wondered. She shook her head. Well

who could tell? The girl looked innocent enough, and—according to Mrs. Tite—the husband was devoted to her, and that was a *good* thing; she had managed, too, to carry her husband off with her to Mass on both the Sundays she had been with him, and that was a *great* thing, Miss Charlotte's head nodded.

Pear-tree Lane was quiet on Sunday mornings, when not even the usual babble of children's voices came from over the high brick wall, and the only sound that broke the silence, as Miss Charlotte, her salad finished, seated herself by the open window, to wait for Miss Amelia's home-coming, was the twittering of the sparrows, mixing with the song of the "recluse's" canary, hung out to enjoy itself in the sun, shrill, tremulous, not, in Miss Charlotte's opinion, to be compared to a blackbird's, but "tastes differ," she said to herself, as a note came so high, she put her hands to her ears.

The gate-bell gave its tinkle. Miss Amelia was early home; the curate could not have preached to-day. Miss Charlotte hurried to the door to see Mr. Hammond come up the shell-edged path.

"Charlotte"—there was a momentary hesitation on the word as if Anthony too felt that separation had made its difference—"Charlotte, will you give me some luncheon?"

"Delighted, *Anthony*," Miss Charlotte's voice was clear and natural, and Mr. Hammond smiled his thanks.

"My wife and girls are off to the country, and I—have some business here. I can have a talk, a confidential talk?"

"Certainly," Miss Charlotte said. She saw her visitor glance around the room, and added, "Amelia has gone to church. If Father Black is preaching, she will soon be home."

"Which means, if some one else is preaching, he is not so merciful."

The colour came to Miss Charlotte's face. "I like a good sermon, and if the curate is long, he has *substance* at anyrate."

"I am afraid we lawyers don't always know when to stop ourselves either, when we get under weigh." Hammond laughed; then he went on abruptly, "you know that young fellow upstairs?"

Miss Charlotte hesitated a moment, before she replied, "Mr. Grogan?"

"Yes, Jack Grogan, you need not be afraid of me, Charlotte."

"He is musical, like ourselves, he used to come and see us, sometimes."

"That is to say you *know* him, and, unless I am deceived in that landlady of yours, you must have *heard* of him too."

"Jack Grogan is a favourite of Mrs. Tite's," Miss Charlotte said, still with reserve.

"Which means you *have* heard a good deal about him. Now, what about that wife?"

Miss Charlotte's face flushed. "Anthony, you can't expect me to repeat a landlady's gossip, even if I listen to it, which I hope I don't."

"Ah, gossip is an ugly word. There is a prettier—interest—in one's fellow-creatures."

"Delicately put," Miss Charlotte could not resist a smile. "Well, I am afraid I must confess, Amelia and I *do* take an *interest* in Mr. Grogan."

"That's right, so do I (and so do a good many other people at this moment for the matter of that). You know he has made a mess of himself?"

"I know he has made a foolish marriage," Miss Charlotte said, still in unwilling tones, as it seemed to Hammond.

"Come, Charlotte," he said, "you can't believe it is from curiosity I am asking these questions. The lad has—well, as you put it yourself—made a fool of himself, and his people are—naturally—anxious, and I represent his people."

"Yes," Miss Charlotte said.

"This girl now—anything to be made of her?"

"I have only spoken to her once. I have seen her, of course."

"Which means, that—like his mother—you find her—'impossible.'"

"No, Anthony, you must not take me up like that," Miss Charlotte protested. "The girl is a good girl. I believe, Anthony, she is only a child."

"Sixteen, the husband tells me—yes, I have seen him twice in this last week! I have made my inquiries too, you are right about the girl, she has been respectably brought up. This marriage is the worst that can be brought against her, and there, I suspect, the blame falls on Mr. Jack Grogan. However, I am to see her this afternoon, and, afterwards, will you give me another minute or 'two'?"

"We are going to Vespers at Farm Street," Miss Charlotte said.

"Oh, I don't mean to flirt with Mrs. Grogan all afternoon," Hammond said. "You shall go to vespers, music or prayers?" There was a twinkle in Hammond's eye.

Miss Charlotte blushed. "Both."

"Ah, there is the honest Charlotte of the old days. Do you remember we christened you Miss Washington?"

"I remember you tried to make me say——"

"That you had not helped to rob the rector's cherry-tree."

"When I had, at least, helped to eat the cherries! But here is Amelia."

"You must be content with cold luncheon." Miss Charlotte said, as Mrs. Tite appeared with the cold beef.

"I don't think Anthony will care," Miss Amelia said.

"Thank you, Amelia," Hammond said. Then he lifted the little Wedgewood trefoil saucer. "How well I remember these long ago! I used to think the Rectory held everything that was beautiful, except the *Faith* and—the Rector."

"Old Mr. Huddenfield was certainly plain," Miss Charlotte assented, "but we didn't often see him."

"No, he drew the pay and left the curate to do the work," Hammond said.

"He was not ungenerous; few curates have £200 and free quarters at the Rectory."

"And a garden," Miss Amelia added.

Hammond looked at her. "I remember your mother's border," he said. "I never see hepaticas or double primroses like hers."

"Amelia has her theory," Miss Charlotte said.

"Yes?"

"She insists flowers know if you like them, and are generous and repay the devotion."

"Repay the *care* you give them," Anthony smiled. "It is a pretty way of putting it."

"Well," Miss Charlotte said, "from *conscience*, I take just as much care of my pots of ferns as Amelia does of hers. Hers thrive, mine don't."

Hammond laughed. "You must, both of you, come down to my cottage some day (I have a cottage in Kent) and see how my

flowers thrive. Mrs. Hammond and I are as proud of our roses as my children are of their 'bykes.'"

It was with not a little curiosity that Anthony Hammond followed Mrs. Tite upstairs, not without sundry directions from that good lady, "take care, sir, there's a nasty turn," and "mind that step, if you please, sir. The first lodger ever I had sprained his ankle on that step."

Hammond had understood, and respected, Miss Charlotte's reticence, but that very reticence had helped him to picture Mrs. Jack Grogan in unflattering colours, and it was with almost a sense of relief he saw the reality, for Kitty Grogan, in soft cotton blouse, her hair pushed away from her forehead, was looking her best, a very different Kitty from the little figure that in top-heavy hat and fringe, had gone out to Mass by her husband's side a few hours before. Agreeably surprised, he was able to hold out his hand with some cordiality.

"Jack," the young wife said, and in that one word the visitor caught the inflection of the North.

"Jack! I beg your pardon, sir." The blue eyes looked up, distressed, in Hammond's face, and he turned to see Mr. Jack Grogan, stretched at full length, asleep on the sofa, a yellow-backed novel on his knee.

"Jack!" At the third softly given appeal, Jack Grogan stretched himself and yawned.

"Look here, Kit, can't you let a fellow enjoy himself?"

"It is—who shall I say, sir?" Mrs. Jack Grogan had not caught the name.

"Hammond," Mr. Hammond said, and at the sound of the strange voice, Jack Grogan jumped up.

"I beg your pardon, I thought it was Kit. Kit, this is Mr. Hammond—Mr. Hammond, this is my wife." Jack Grogan went over and stood beside the girl, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

Inwardly Mr. Hammond approved of this instinct of protection. The lad was man enough, at any rate, to stick up for the wife he had chosen.

Kit herself was trembling, pink one minute, white the next.

Hammond did his best to put her at her ease. "You have been seeing a little of London?" he asked, when the young husband had put her back in her arm-chair, and seated himself by her side.

"Oh, Kit thinks London nothing compared to Edinburgh," her husband answered for her.

Kit made an effort. "Perhaps you have seen the Castle, sir," she said.

"My mother was born in sight of the Castle," Hammond said, "a Highland woman, Mrs. Grogan—a MacDonald."

"She wouldn't be Father MacDonald's friend?" Mrs. Jack Grogan forgot her shyness and spoke with eagerness.

"That would depend very much on Father MacDonald's age," Mr. Hammond smiled. "My mother must have left Edinburgh forty years, at least, ago."

"For all that they might be friends," the girl insisted.

"She means relatives," Jack Grogan explained. "Kit, what a Scotchie you are! I must tell Mr. Hammond—" he paid no attention to his wife's entreating eyes—"about yesterday. She asked our landlady," he turned to the visitor, "if it would be possible to get an omnibus the length of Edgeware Road."

"The length — ?"

"A 'bus that would take her to Edgeware Road, she meant, but —Scotch is a peculiar tongue! 'The length of Edgeware Road,' says Kit, and says Mrs. Tite, 'God save us, we have no such things here. By the time you got to the end seat, in my judgment, you might as well walk all the way!' You don't need go to the pantomime so long as you have Mrs. Tite and Kit."

"You are a reader?" Hammond asked presently, and—as usual, Mrs. Grogan's husband answered for her.

"A reader? I should think Kit had read every novel in creation. You like the weepy ones best, don't you, Kit?"

"The Sisters had a library, sir," the girl explained.

"Ah," Mr. Hammond drew a breath of relief.

"The Sisters are Kit's conscience, I tell her," Jack Grogan said.

The girl flushed painfully.

"Except when you ran away with me! You needn't explain it, Kit."

There was silence for a moment, but, as Mr. Hammond got up to say goodbye, the girl spoke shyly again.

"You wouldn't take anything, sir? I could make you a cup of tea."

"I promised to have a cup of coffee with the Miss Woodhams,"

Anthony said, "old friends of mine, and, I hope, to be good friends of yours."

"They're ladies," the girl said with diffidence.

"Kit, don't be a fool," the husband interrupted.

"They are very *good women*," Mr. Hammond said, as he shook her hand.

Anthony's visit had not been a long one; his cup of coffee was waiting for him when he got back to the dining-room. "We have time for a little talk," he said and looked at the clock. "I have a proposition to make." He hesitated. "That child upstairs, would—either of you take her in hand?"

"Take her in hand?" Miss Charlotte repeated his words.

"Take her in hand. That young fellow has—*had* prospects. May have them again. A good deal depends on what can be made of the wife. You may say 'send her to a good school'—but I am no advocate for separation; they might drift apart. There would be awkwardness too for the girl—a married woman, and——what I want is a sensible woman," Hammond looked at Miss Charlotte, "who would do what she could for her, by intercourse first, and then, by degrees, try to further her education. I may add," Hammond coloured, "funds will not be wanting, and there would be every consideration."

Miss Amelia looked at Miss Charlotte, but Miss Charlotte was considering, and, at last, she spoke.

"You must give us time to decide, Anthony. Amelia and I have our bread to gain; we have our connection. If given up, even in part, should we be able to take it up again?"

"It is true," Anthony said, "but think it over, and may I say it? A kind word or two occasionally would be worth something. I appeal to your charity, don't leave the girl altogether to that landlady, however worthy she may be."

"We shall do what we can for her," Miss Amelia said, with eagerness.

"We shall think it over," Miss Charlotte said, and compressed her lips.

"Thank you," Hammond said.

Mr. Hammond had not long left the house when Jack Grogan came dashing downstairs, nearly upsetting Miss Charlotte as she was crossing the passage—"I beg your pardon, Miss Woodham. Can I do anything for you at Wimbledon? Kit is tired, but I can't lose my walk."

"Do you think Mrs. Grogan would care to come to Vespers with us?" Miss Charlotte asked.

A grateful flush came to Jack Grogan's face. "It is kind of you, Miss Woodham, I am sure she would. Kit," he dashed upstairs again. "Kit! are you there? Miss Woodham wants you to go to Vespers with her?"

In a minute or two he came back. "She will be ready in a moment," he said. "Thank you, Miss Charlotte," he gave Miss Charlotte's fingers a grateful clasp—a clasp that was a reward in itself, and gave her courage to throw some heartiness into her greeting to Mrs. Jack when, fringe once more drawn over her face, and hat towering on her head, she knocked at the dining-room door.

The girl was too shy to answer more than "yes" or "no," to even Miss Amelia's gentle little speeches, as they made their way to Farm Street. As they entered the Mews in which the church stands, a tall old man, a lady on his arm, were advancing towards them from the other end. The woman's face attracted Miss Charlotte's quick eye, and she touched Amelia lightly on the arm, and whispered, "a beautiful face." At the instant her hand was caught by Mrs. Jack Grogan, "Take me home, please! take me home," the girl cried; she was white and trembling.

"Are you ill?" Miss Charlotte asked; she had no fancy for what she termed "hysterical ways."

"It is Mrs. Grogan. Please take me home," poor Kitty cried, as Mrs. Grogan, her whole attention given to her uncle, passed them on the pavement, and went up the steps.

Miss Charlotte was quick-witted; she understood that was the angel! The next moment she was holding Kitty firmly by the arm. "We are going into God's house," she said, "that is better than going home," and the girl, brought under control by the firm voice and hand, followed obediently into the church.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued).

THE THRUSH'S EVENING SONG.

GOOD NIGHT, great God, good night

But, ere I fly to rest,
I thank you for the laurel-bush
Where we have built our nest;
My love and I.

The bents are strong and supple,
The moss is soft and warm;
Within its kindly shelter

Our babes will take no harm.
So for the laurel-bush and nest,
And for the bright sun's rays,
Accept great God in heaven,
The speckled throistle's praise,
And so good night!

Good night, great God, good night!

But, ere we fly to rest,
We thank you for the warm blue eggs
Now safe within our nest;
My love and I.

They are our greatest treasures,
So beautiful and blue,

And every time we see them
We render thanks to you.
Then, for these priceless treasures
And for the bright sun's rays,
Accept, great God in heaven,
The speckled throistle's praise.
And so good night!

Good night, great God, good night!

But, ere I spread my wing,
I thank you for the happy songs
You teach us how to sing;
My love and I.

They are full of joy and gladness,
The happy songs we sing;
We know it is your kindness
That makes our voices ring.

So for the songs we warble,
And for the bright sun's rays,
Accept, great God in heaven,
The speckled throstle's praise.
And so good night!

MADGE BLUNDELL.

A CHILD'S WISH.

I would I were a swift—
I'd build a nest
'Neath the grey eaves of yonder Abbey tower—
I'd sit and sing, and 'mid the roses rest,
And drink the honey from the clover flower!
I'd float upon the spice-sweet southern breeze,
And turn in giddy circles in the air,
I'd fly above the summits of the trees—
Oh! I'd be happy and without a care.

I'd play about the river—
Skim o'er the shining waters and be gone,
To bend the grass in yonder field of hay,
Nor would I stay alone.
I'd chase my comrades o'er the drowsy town,
And round the cedars. At the close of day.
When all the others to their mates had flown—
Through the pale even light I'd wing my way
Home to my mud-built nest,
And there I'd lie,
The sougning of the wind my lullaby—
There, there I'd rest!

AGNES BLUNDELL.

OUR PERSONAL AND SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

II.

WE are made, then, by historical tradition, by force of circumstances, and by the experience of unrelenting injustice, essentially a fighting race. Let us remember that we are still on the tented field ; that the fight which has lasted longer than Trojan or Punic wars is not yet over ; and that, if the historian of the future shall write the history of Ireland, as unconquered and unconquerable, he cannot do so, unless we, in the dawn of the twentieth century, take up the tradition of seven hundred years, and with one great rally, wrest from the outstretched hands of Destiny the palms and laurels for which our fathers bled. Now the battlefield is no place for slumber ; and the mattress and the pillow are not part of the equipment of a soldier on the field. Let us, therefore, have our watchwords, and our sentries posted, and let us sleep with the arms by our sides, lest the enemy steal a march and surprise us while we slumber. And lest you should think there was no cause for vigilance, let us see the trend of current events.

You, who read the English papers, which voice English opinion, must have noticed lately the tone of exultant triumph that was elicited by the Spanish defeat in Cuba. The cry went forth, and was echoed insolently : The Latin races are going ! Decadence, and prompt final extinction await the Catholic races of Western Europe. Santiago and Fashoda closed the history of Spain and France ; and Italy, bankrupt and insolvent, is but awaiting the political *coup de grâce*, that will sink her into the pleasure ground and museum of the conquering and dominant races. The Slav in the East, the Teuton in the midst, and the Anglo-Saxon in the West of Europe, are the future masters of the world, and the future pioneers of progress ; and the old, proud, Celtic races, the races of chivalry and conquest, the founders of the arts and sciences, the children of the crusaders, the legatees of priceless canvasses and marbles, are to pass away, and be submerged in the wave of brute force and materialism that is now sweeping over the world. How far your sympathies go out to these kindred

racés of ours, linked to us by the commingling of blood by birth and battle, I know not ; but it may touch us more closely to learn that we, too, are threatened ; and if it is folly to exaggerate danger, it is madness to ignore it. True, we may believe, and with all the best thinkers of Europe, we do believe, that the world is not going to write "Finis" just yet on the glorious historical pages of the lands of the Cid and of Charlemagne. Human history, evolved by the puny hands of men, is controlled by a larger power. Once, the English flag floated over the walls of Orleans, and the sands of Calais. But, less than a hundred years ago, French armies were concentrated on the same coast for the invasion of Britain ; and if we have seen the tricolor of France dipped in the dust before the mobilised fleet at Spithead, the wheel may turn again, spun by the higher power, and the final conquest be placed as far away, and rendered as problematical as ever. But how does all this concern us ? And why, says the lotus-eater do you trouble me with phantoms of fears for what shall never arise ? But do we not see, that the inevitable course of human events must precipitate the armies of England on Ireland ? I do not mean her red-coats and her Maxims ; but I mean her commercial hordes, driven from the markets of the world by modern competition, and thrown by the stress of circumstances to find in Ireland, not only a market for English manufacture, but a vast broad field for enterprise and industry, where the native population, through the lack of initiative, or lack of education and training, have only been able to earn a precarious living, eked out by the charities of the world.

" Slowly comes a hungry people, like a lion, drawing nigher,
Glares at one that nods and blinks behind a slowly-dying fire." *

Who are the hungry people ? And who are these that nod and blink ? You have only to cast your eyes around you, and see. In the agricultural districts, Englishmen and Scotchmen are rapidly realising fortunes, where the native peasantry earned a pittance ; and in our great cities, enterprising foreigners are swallowing up commercial wealth, that lay at our own doors, but which we were powerless to touch. Simultaneously, vast tracts of land are passing from the people into the hands of landlords and graziers ; and by a singular paradox, our people, banished to

* " Locksley Hall."—Tennyson.

the States and Colonies, accumulate rapid fortunes by the very shrewdness and intelligence, which lay dormant and unproductive at home. Meanwhile, Irish hands and brains are building up the British empire in every remotest corner of the world; and Irish intellects are able to think deeply and wisely for every land and race but their own. And yet, what Irishman is there, whose eyes are not filmed with tears, and whose heart is not saddened with regretful love, when he thinks of his Isle of Destiny, washed by the western seas, and beaten and buffeted by the storms of centuries, and the blows of fate that appears to be relentless and unforgiving. Reason as we may, with all the light of modern advancement and modern selfishness, we cannot rid ourselves of that abiding and eternal love which we feel for our common mother. Go where we please, reason as we will, our thoughts turn to the motherland, from whose womb we sprang, and at whose breast we were nurtured. Great philosophers may argue on cosmopolitan lines and say: "We are all one race and we have all a common heritage. Why limit our interests to one little span of earth, of homely features, and barren of mines and minerals and to one race, whose history has been a history of sorrow and defeat? Our sympathies are universal, and embrace every race, even the flattened heads and yellow faces, that make for the progress of mankind." It won't do. Back we come from philosophy to affection; and purple mountain, brown bog, and granite shore loom up through the mist of tears to waken recollection, or enkindle an enthusiasm, as passionate as it is undying. From the swan-song of Columba as he left his own Derry hills, down to the wailing threnodies of Clarence Mangan; and from the dying cry of your own Sarsfield to the battle speech of Meagher, under the dread escarpments of Fredericksburg, it is all the same—Ireland! and Ireland! and Ireland! the home of our heroes, and the cemetery of our saints! the haunting spirit of our dreams, and the everlasting burden of our waking hours!

A few months ago, I stood in the midst of the world's show-place—the lakes and mountains of Switzerland. All around me, Nature had tossed up the earth's surface into fantastic forms of crags and mountains; and here were pre-Adamite glaciers in the clefts of the hills, and here were sea-green lakes in the hollows of the valleys. It was a picture from the drop scene or back scene of an Italian opera; but I confess I felt as in a prison of granite,

granite rocks pressing down in their awful desolation upon the spirit, and only a little square of blue overhead, serrated by the sharp pinnacles of snow-clad hills. And the first free breath I drew was when I passed out of the prison, out into the glorious freedom of the French horizon, and the long receding vistas on the Genevan lake. And I said, we have something better than this in Ireland. We have purple mountains with their infinite varieties of mist and shade; we have lakes as fair as Lucerne or Zurich; and above all, we have, surrounding our shores, vast cliffs, known only to the penguins and the gulls, and beneath—the infinity of the sea! I could not see how Switzerland, the land whose mountains are the walls of a prison, and whose lakes are pools of dead water, could be the land of freedom; and I could see how the spirit, that haunts the hills and shores of Ireland, must be of necessity, a spirit of liberty and expansion. And yet, wherever you travelled in Switzerland, its nationality, untainted but in one particular, that of language, was the predominant feature. The spell of the legendary William Tell was everywhere. Here is the place where he leaped from Gesler's boat, and we have erected a chapel, where Mass is said; here is the place where he pierced the apple on his child's head with an arrow; here, springing from the waters of Lake Lucerne is the monolith pillar, erected to the honour of Schiller, who immortalized in his drama, our great national hero. Here, in the vast palatial hotels, our peasant girls wear the national costume, varied from a score of cantons; and here, in the hand of every young Switzer is an Alpine staff, and in his hat is a sprig of Edelweiss. And, here, in the lonely valley of Andermatt is a camp of Swiss artillery; and down the awful gorges where Russian, and Austrian, and Frenchman clambered for the deadly embrace of battle, you shall hear the booming of Swiss cannon; for this land is ours; and if we are the mercenaries of Europe, at least, our country is our own; and, yet, Tell is but a legend; and I would not give one page of Irish history, tear-stained and blood-blackened, for all the myths and romances that imagination has woven about the land of the Alps and the lakes.

Well, then, what remains for us to do? It is quite clear that however nice chivalry may read in the pages of Sir W. Scott, neither chivalry nor enthusiasm will help the cause of Ireland at present. We saw the other day how a vast army of Soudanese,

intoxicated by fanaticism and a love of glory, were mowed down by the machine guns of the Sirdar. Chivalry won't stop the mouths of cannon, or escape the bursting of shells. But *fas est ab hoste doceri*. Let us take a lesson from the enemy. Nothing excites so much astonishment and admiration as the silent, stealthy dogged persistence with which England pursues her career of universal conquest. No noise, no boasting, no defeat. Twice was she beaten by the Boers, at Majuba Hill and at Krugersdorp. Now, she is drawing a ring of steel around the devoted Transvaal, and—time will tell. Her army was swallowed up in the desert ten years ago under Hicks Pasha. Then, with patient persistence, she commenced her railway from Cairo to Khartoum; and we know the rest. Now, here at home, we have to face the same science, the same courage, the same perseverance. English capital is invited into Ireland. Beaten back from the markets of the world, her capitalists are now finding that there is coal in Tyrone and Kilkenny, and gold in Wicklow. We don't object to see English capital flooding Ireland, but we should like to see the sluices of Irish capital also opened. Shall we be able to meet these foreigners on their own ground; and turn this new attempt at conquest into a victory for ourselves? Yes. But we must oppose science to science, enterprise to enterprise, education to education, shrewdness to shrewdness, if we don't want to see a new plantation of Ireland, and strange merchants in our cities, and the old Celtic population "hewers of wood, and drawers of water" once more in their own land. An important Commission sat lately in Dublin on the subject of Intermediate Education. I cannot help feeling sorry that the evidence was limited to educational experts. A few managers of Irish banks, a few missionary priests, a few directors of great Irish companies, would have told the Commission what the Intermediate Act had done; and probably, would have told them that what we want in Ireland are classical and scientific colleges for the professions; but of far greater importance, commercial and scientific schools for the creation, the maintenance, and the success of an industrial and commercial race. The Belgian Catholics have discovered the secret. The Jesuits and the Josephites have done in ten years for Belgium by the creation of commercial schools, more than Boards and Commissions without number could do for Ireland in a century. I say, therefore, at present, we are unprepared for the

commercial invasion that must follow on British expansion, and which the *London Echo* has already forecast and recommended. Education, even in its crudest form has not penetrated down into the hearths and homes of our people. And yet we are not without a gleam of hope. There is a restlessness, a sublime dissatisfaction that is strangely stirring the hearts of the young men of Ireland. And our enemies are beginning to admit it. A few days ago, I read, with an upleaping of the heart the following sentence written by a British traveller on Ireland. He had journeyed from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear; and his verdict on the modern Irishman was: "that he had become less humorous and more dangerous." Thank God! The stage Irishman is passing away from reality as well as from romance; and in his place is appearing the strong, silent, determined far-seeing race, that our best thinkers have dreamed of and hoped for. These can do what they did before.

Young men of Limerick, you have already voiced the common opinion of Ireland on certain things that you deemed vital to our race. I want you to draw a long, deep breath; and then let your voice go forth again; and let it have in it the depth and volume and emphasis that will make dead bones live again. You have a right to be heard! You, who have on your streets the record of unspeakable perfidy; you, who have on your walls the record of unspeakable heroism; you, whose mighty river has passed into the deathless poetry and romance of the Irish race, you have a right to speak to Ireland! And when your voice, and the voice of your sister cities is heard, demanding union, silence, determination, in place of the barbaric strife and inarticulate rage, which, like South Sea Islanders, we employ to exorcise the evil spirits that are closing in around us, then may we hope that, at least, our country should not pass into the hands of the stranger, nor our race be swallowed up and assimilated under the dread constriction that appears always to have followed in the path of the Anglo-Saxon domination. Here is your social responsibility to your country and your race.

I have no time to-night to speak to you of the necessity of conserving our racial characteristics, especially our language. I shall content myself by saying of this latter, that I consider its extinction, partial though it be, a greater evil than penal laws or the Act of Union, and its revival a greater blessing

than even our emancipation. The Irish race would have had a different history for the past fifty years, if it had been welded, by a common language, into unbroken solidarity. And the Catholic Church in America and England, marvellous as its expansion has been under the ferment of Irish faith, would to-day have been fixed even on a firmer basis, if the Irish Catholics, like the German, had the strength and force of a national language behind them. There is no place, nor occasion for despair. What the Jews did, after they had lost their common Hebrew tongue in the Babylonian captivity; what the Germans have done to revive their language, after it had been extinguished by Frederick and Voltaire, that we can do. And if it ever does come back, may there come back with it the old, genial, Celtic spirit, instead of the Angloised, mammon-worshipping, neo-pagan manners and customs, which in many places at home, are the chief characteristics of our race to-day.

But, addressing a Catholic society, I should feel I had been guilty of culpable omission, if I did not say one word of that undying principle, that is interwoven in our every fibre, that has animated our history, that has been the main cause of our material defeats, and of our spiritual and intellectual victories—namely, the principle of our faith. Irish Catholicism and Irish nationality are interchangeable terms. The one means the other. So true is this, that English converts to Catholicity are known to their compatriots as Irish, so completely wound up is the one idea in the other. And, on the other hand, as we well know, it is not the fact of being Irish, so much as the fact of being Catholics, that excludes our people from positions of authority and responsibility, even in their own land. However glaring may be these injustices, we cannot fail to see that in some respects, we are responsible for them. Our supineness and apathy, which we are careful to euphemise as toleration, militate against our advancement, and confirm our helotry in our own land. The result is plain, and is quite on a parallel with the inferior and subordinate conditions into which the Catholics of kindred races have fallen. We know how the entire government of Italy, much to her loss, has passed into the hands of Freemasons; we know how French Catholics tolerate the government of their country, the control of their finances, the action and guidance of the press, by Jews and their allies, the Freemasons. But we do not know how far this apathy

has carried them ; and how far their institutions have passed under the control of organisations hostile to their country and their faith. Let me quote a few facts. Out of the 33,000,000 of French people, barely half a million profess Protestantism ; yet out of eighty-six prefects ten are Protestants ; there are a hundred Protestants in the Chamber of Deputies ; there are eighty Protestants in the Senate. This is not all. All the higher officials in the Ministry of Public Instruction are Protestants ; Protestant seminaries are supported by the State ; Catholic seminaries are unendowed ; the faculty of Protestant theology is placed at the head of the faculties in the ancient Sorbonne ; and all the faculties of Catholic theology were suppressed in the same university in 1884. That is a pretty picture ; and I dare say there are some, who think it reflects credit on the toleration and charity of French Catholics. To my mind, such toleration, that is, such cowardice and want of grit are only deserving of condemnation and contempt. But are we much better off at home ? The late contemptuous dismissal of the Catholic claims to the higher education should teach us a lesson. Admitted by all the best minds of Great Britain and Ireland as sound in principle and safe in policy, our claims have been contemptuously spurned at the dictation of the most illiberal, and reactionary, and fanatical faction in the world. But this is only on a par with everything else. Tell me, what percentage have we of the leading departmental offices in our country ? Who are the directors of our banks and railways ? Who are the engineers and architects of our public boards ? How many Catholic officials are connected with all legislative or executive faculties in the country ? Who are the controllers of our taxes, and the final judges of our legal responsibilities ? It is a question worth answering ; and when we do answer it, perhaps we may spare for ourselves a little of that contempt, which we lavish on Catholics abroad. But, here I am met by two objections. One I cannot answer, as I should wish ; the other finds an easy reply. When I am told that young Catholics, coming out unfledged from our Catholic schools, are unqualified to occupy prominent positions in our banks and boards ; that they may know, indeed, a little about Herodotus and Pindar ; but a bank wants book-keeping, and a knowledge of the fluctuations of stocks and shares ; when I am told, as I have been told, that leading institutions, founded and supported by Catholic money, are

obliged to man their staffs with young Protestant gentlemen, because educated Catholics, in the sense of business men, are not to be found, I really cannot find an answer, unless I am privileged and empowered to contravene and deny that statement. The other objection is: That it would be inconsistent with our patriotism and independence to ask favours from a hostile government. Our members of Parliament, therefore, and our leading politicians, decline to ask a position for a young Catholic, or a fair percentage of the "loaves and fishes," which others are so eager to monopolise. But this is not asking a favour; it is demanding a right. We have just as much right to demand public or Governmental positions for our young Catholics, as to demand Home Rule, or a Catholic University. It makes no difference whatever, whether we are dealing with a hostile or a friendly government, whether it is Lord Aberdeen, or Lord Cadogan rules the Castle, whether it is a question of bank or board. We are neither mendicants nor time servers, when we demand for our young Catholics the right to positions in the emolumentary offices of their country, if, in other ways, they are qualified. Again let us learn from our opponents. You know that the Presbyterians of the North are a compact, perfectly united, well disciplined body, thoroughly organised, and moving with the precision of a machine at the beck or command of their leaders. Well, they hold Synods periodically, where ministers and laymen meet in conference, and over which their Moderator presides. At these secret consistories, for they are too wise to babble through the public press, everything is discussed. They are not troubled about questions of doctrine; they have full time for business. Their agents tell them from all parts of Ireland what is being done, what ought to be done. If there is a disability to be removed, a point to be gained, a post to be filled, a loan to be granted, a legal decision to be rescinded, a glebe house to be erected, property to be acquired, the possession of property to be legalised—all is discussed, without acrimony or jealousy. A decision is come to; and armed with that decision, the Moderator presents himself at the gates of the Castle. "We demand this Inspectorship on the Board of Works, this place in the Four Courts; we require this decision to be recalled, this grant to be disallowed; and behind me, are a quarter million of votes, and their representatives in the House of Commons." And does he

succeed? Invariably. Look at the latest question. "We won't have Roman Catholics educated; and you mustn't do it." That's all: and Mr. Balfour's generous private instincts are promptly extinguished. Compared with this silent strength, what are the vapourings of your public bodies, and the resolutions of your boards? I'll tell you. Materials for the waste-paper baskets of the House of Commons.

What then do I advocate? Aggression? No. Assertion? Yes. I say, come up from the catacombs, and assert your rights. Come up from the catacombs, and claim the rights of citizens. Your money is supporting the British Empire: your blood has been spilled to cement it; your talents go to consolidate it. If you are aliens, they have no right to tax you. If you are citizens, they have no right to oppress you. With the charity of our Church, and the kindness of our race, we are glad to extend the hand of fellowship to our separated brethren; and Munster Catholics can claim the proud privilege that no where on the face of the earth is there more kindness, more good-fellowship, more tolerance towards our Protestant friends, than in the cities and towns of the great Southern province. But whilst we gladly concede privileges, we refuse monopolies. We shall not attack; but we must defend. And we are no longer prepared to expatriate the genius and the talent of our young Catholic countrymen, and see strangers occupying the honourable and emolumental positions, built up by subsidies extracted from the hands of Catholic ratepayers.

But, again, we must speak; and our voice must be weighted by all the force and energy that comes from an united and organised people. Hitherto, the isolation of individuals has made their protests as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." What we want is "the voice of many waters" thundering from the lips of a people that claim emancipation from penalism, and freedom from disabilities.

But, whilst I should not advocate aggression in our social and political life, I should not be sorry, if our Catholic literature were a little more enterprising, and a little less apologetic, than it has been. Hitherto, we have been the patient butts of every kind of scurrility and profanity, levelled against the most sacred tenets of our faith. From the Oath of the Sovereign of England, down to the offensive tract, that is flung before servant girls and

school children, everything is a reviling and a mocking of our faith. And when the vials of scorn were poured upon us from the lips of agnostics and atheists, our agony was complete. Well, our vindication, I won't say, our revenge, has come. The proud Philistine boasts of a few years back, when Tyndall uttered his ultimatum to Christianity at Belfast have been subdued to the humble and stammering apologies of science to-day, and the secret confidences of its high priests *in camera*. "There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in our philosophy." And the pitiable condition of the Church of England, now more than ever the city of confusion, is exciting the laughter and ridicule of the world. If such a condition of things existed amongst us, if our bishops were dumb and speechless, whilst anarchy reigned around them, if we were told that our doctrines were made and unmade by Acts of Parliament, and if our comprehensiveness took in all kinds of clean and unclean things, we would be swept off the face of the earth by the scorn and satire of the British press. Imagine how the *Times* and the *Saturday Review* would gloat over our helplessness, and hold up our inconsistencies to the laughter of the world. Should we grasp our opportunity, and retort? Against unreason and irreligion? Yes! Against individuals? No. We cannot feel anything but scorn for that institution, which, deserving all the hardest things that its great Whig defender, Macaulay, could say of it, is now passing through the agony and death-throes of dissolution. We cannot feel anything but compassion and sympathy for the tens of thousands of good and excellent souls who see their homes and altars crumbling around them. Let them know that fairer homes and holier altars await them in the city of God. Time and God have vindicated us. But, if the time for apologies and defences has gone, the time for apostleship has come. And our young apostles must be dowered, like the poet,

"With the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love."*

Hate for everything that touches the sanctity of human souls, or the honour of God; scorn for these ephemeral and lying systems of human philosophy, that like envenomed reptiles spit out their spleen against God, and die; but love for everything pure and holy, and for all the sad souls that are straining their eyes for the

*Tennyson; the Poet.

light, yet walk in darkness as the noonday. Here is our mission and our destiny. The world is waking up to new ideas ; and in Catholic countries the young are beginning to feel that they stand in the light of a fresh and prophetic dawn. In Germany (I wish we knew a little more of Germany) in all the university towns, Catholic clubs are being established. There is an "Association of German Catholic Students' Corporations," which ramifies from Berlin to Cologne. You have the "Novesia" at Bonn, the "Sauerlandia" at Münster, the "Oheruscia" at Wurzburg, the "Rhenania" at Fribourg, Switzerland, the "Armenia" at Freiburg, Baden, the "Bavaria," just opened at Berlin. These will be centres of life and energy to Catholic Germany. Why cannot we have the same at home? But what do I say? We have them, thank God, in plenty. You cannot read the daily papers without seeing accounts of flourishing literary societies in Dublin and Cork ; and am I not addressing to-night the Catholic Literary Institute of Limerick? And do I not know by the voice of your zealous and learned President, as well as by the voice of the press, of the splendid work you are accomplishing? Well, in the words of the Hebrew prophet : *"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and stretch out the skins of thy Tabernacles. Spare not. Lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes."** In other words, widen the sphere of usefulness in this your historic city. Make your club the centre of light and leading to the rest of your citizens. Ideas rule the world, and are more powerful than empires and their armaments. I do not know in this distracted country of ours, where righteous ideas and correct principles are to be cradled for propagation, if not here and in similar societies. Great issues are at stake in our land ; and we must rise up to meet and direct them. The destiny and vocation of our race is a purely spiritual and intellectual one ; and in the far future, when, like all other material empires, the empires of to-day shall have met the fate of Assyria, and Babylon, and Rome, it may be that our race shall have a place in history as immortal as that of Israel or Greece ; for armies melt away like that of Sennacherib, and fleets like the Armada, are the sports of winds and waves ; and great cities, like Tyre and Sidon, are the abode of the stork and the basilisk ; but ideas are

* Isaiah 52. 2.

indestructible, and great thoughts are immortal, and great principles, enshrined in the history of a race, pass on to new generations with ever-increasing vivifying powers. Here is the only glory and immortality that we seek ; and this it is our destiny to attain. But here, too, is the greatest of your social responsibilities.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

BENEDICITE, MARIA ET FLUMINA, DOMINO.

I walked along the shore,
And thought not of the sea :
I never dreamed before
It could have need of me.

I heard a murmured sound—
A sound as if of prayers
The wavelets were, I found,
The only worshippers.

A people without priest,
Without an altar—they
Contrived to keep their feast,
And blessed God in their way.

My heart since seems to me
A consecrated thing :
For *there* the broad blue Sea
Made God its offering

K. D. B.

THE LATE FOUNDER OF THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE ASSUMPTION.

ON Easter Monday, April 3, 1899, shortly before midnight, God called to Himself the soul of His faithful servant, Père Etienne Pernet, and the world lost one who is entitled to rank among the chief Christian philanthropists of our age. The Bishop of Nîmes, speaking of the times in which we live, said :—“ Let us not speak ill of a century which has produced a Père Pernet, and a work such as he has founded, that of the *Petites Soeurs de l'Assomption*.”

Stephen Pernet was born July 23, 1824, at Velleuxon (Haute Saône). In early manhood he came under the influence of the celebrated Père d'Alzon, the founder of the Augustinian Fathers of the Assumption, an Order established to counteract the secular tendencies of the age. Père Pernet was one of the first religious of this Order.

From the first, the Augustinian Fathers of the Assumption have received the heartiest encouragement from the Holy See. Their educational work has grown rapidly. They have a great college at Nîmes, several seminaries in different centres, partly to secure members for their own Order, and partly, according to the broadminded policy of Père d'Alzon, to foster and develop vocations for the secular priesthood, and for the other religious orders. At the present time their special objects are threefold :—mission work, the propagation of sound Catholic literature, and the organization of pilgrimages.

Père Pernet's life was one of unceasing labours for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. His charitable heart was touched by the helpless condition of the patient, suffering poor, left in this age of liberalism and false independence in the most complete abandonment. Père Pernet conceived the idea of bringing hope and salvation to the souls of the working class by conveying healthful influence and practical assistance to their homes and skilful ministrations to their bodies. It was the earnest wish of Père Pernet, that his spiritual children should give their undivided attention to the spiritual and physical welfare

of the sick poor and their families; that the Sisters themselves should always manifest a spirit of humility, devotion, strong faith, ardent charity, and sustained zeal, that thus their silent influence might be more eloquent than words among the poor, the desolate, and the helpless, to whom the good father sent his children.

The fruitfulness of the mission of the Little Sisters of the Assumption gives convincing proof that God's blessing and inspiration were continually with the holy founder. The Sisters, poor themselves, make themselves the servants of the poor, living with them day and night, and by doing their necessary work for them in a systematic and orderly manner, teach the poor practically, how to make the most of their meagre surroundings, and thus help them to help themselves. All this without a suspicion of recompense. The Sisters never accept any thing from their patients, not even a drink of water.

The Little Sisters of the Assumption have now over thirty houses established, in four different countries. Three of these are in Ireland—Dublin (Upper Camden Street), Kingstown and Cork; two in London, one in New York, U.S.A.; the remainder in various parts of France.

The results last year showed 3,627 sick persons relieved, 3,255 children cared for, 4,066 brought back to the practice of their religion, 7,218 Easter Communion, 94 Conversions, 901 Infant Baptisms, 155 Adult Baptisms, 495 First Communion, 467 Confirmations, 1,003 Civil Marriages revalidated. This table gives forcible proof of the value of Christian influence under judicious direction.

Père Pernet had the consolation of dying in the institution he had worked and suffered so much to establish and maintain. After blessing the Mother House at Grenelle, Paris, on Holy Saturday, and visiting the Sisters who were ill, he was on the point of returning to his Monastery, but the mysterious messenger of death claimed him. He was suddenly seized with pains in the chest, and it was with difficulty he was conveyed to the chaplain's quarters; and there, forty-eight hours later, tended by his spiritual daughters, surrounded by his brothers in religion, who were near to administer the last Sacraments, visited by his friend the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, and consoled by the farewell blessing of the Holy Father, he died in the act of making a fervent

spiritual communion. His calm, holy death, occurring at the season when the Christian mind is more than usually occupied with thoughts of death and absorbed in fervent preparation for the great change, and full of hopefulness to partake in the joys of the Resurrection, has left an impression on his spiritual children that will never be effaced. Easter will henceforth have for the Congregation a touch of sadness, but it will be a holy sadness brightened by the recollection that their Founder is now their protector in Heaven.

Large numbers came to take a last look at the face of the good Father. The funeral was most impressive, the vast throng of religious and laymen being a powerful tribute of respect and affection for the saintly Founder of the Little Sisters of the Assumption.

LA PLUS PETITE NOVICE, MARIE PATRICE.



CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

J. G., J. W. A., and C. T. W. have given the proper solution of No. 48. The first quatrain refers (says J. W. A.) to the "wooden walls" of the old Navy, to Dunsinane wood in "Macbeth," to Wood's halfpence, and to woodland scenery. The second quatrain refers to the tap of the barrel, to the Gallic cock, to the care of birds for their young, and to the weathercock. The lights whose initials and finals are the initials of *wood-cock* are W. C. (the London district which includes Harley Street and Cavendish Square), olio (a savoury rather than a wholesome food), opodeldoo (an old ointment like Holloway's), and finally dook—namely (says J. G.) Harland and Wolff's, not Robert Emmet's.

With regard to the fifth light of No. 47, indicating the *klepsydra* by the line "all silently marking the statesman's

address," J. W. A. remarks: It was certainly used to check the eloquence of speakers in Roman and Athenian lawcourts, as Pliny's Letters on the Attic orators show; but I don't think there was any time-limit in the deliberative meetings, though no doubt they would have the instrument there, just as we have it.

Passing over two very long acrostics, we leave with our ingenious reader

No. 52.

Invaded Turkey's best ally
 When sure dismemberment is nigh
 My lordly first thou art.
 Two meanings in my second live,
 Compliant and imperative,
 My whole is but a part.

1. Draw up the net, it will repay thy pain.
2. The mother spent her brooding care in vain.
3. New wine is apt to act upon the brain.

O.

J. C. and J. R. are *in eadem damnatione*, or in the same boat so far as this, that their answers came late and that the first "light" was for them darkness. M. G. W. (Isle of Wight) is correct all through, agreeing with the "key" in giving "Oswego" as the second light. Is that a more "wholesome diet" than "olio?"

DOINGS IN THE DALE.

CHAPTER XLII.

CONQUERING HEROES.

"There was a mother in Rome, not rich, but of great race, for she was daughter to Scipio of Africa; and she called her sons her jewels when other women showed their golden ornaments and their precious stones and boasted of their husbands' wealth."

MARION CRAWFORD.

"SWEETIE is the jewel in your golden ring of boys and girls," Father Horbury was saying to Mr. and Mrs. Ridingdale. "Pity for his blindness seems almost wicked when one thinks of the compensating gifts God has given him."

"He has been a messenger of peace ever since his birth," Mrs. Ridingdale said. "We have all felt his soothing influence, constantly."

"And age only increases his sweetness," Ridingdale remarked. "We used to think that increasing years would change him; they have, but only by way of making him more spiritual."

"This dream of his puzzled me very much," said Father Horbury. "I thought at first that his desire to drop the old name was only the natural longing of a boy of ten to put away childish things and to assert his manliness."

"And," interrupted the Squire, "he has that healthy bit of human nature in him, I am sure. A certain dialogue I overheard this morning assured me of it. Alfred had incautiously remarked that Sweetie's new clogs were like those Billy Lethers used to make for Maggie and Connie. Sweetie blushed instantly and said: 'But I am not a girl. I can carry iron like any other boy. I shall ask Lance to put double irons on these clogs as he does on yours and his own. I am a boy of ten now.'"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the priest, "he has as much spirit as any of them. But in this matter of the name there seems to be a curious mixture of the natural and supernatural. As far as I can

make out, he never heard that St. Jerome speaks of a sobriquet very like 'Sweetie' having been given to the Holy Boy Jesus by his companions; yet he is positive that St. Stanislaus said, pointing to the Divine Child—"He is Sweetie."

"We shall find it hard to drop the old name," said Mrs. Ridingle after a pause. "And what will Hilary and Harry say?"

"When do they come home?" the priest inquired.

"This very day," she said looking at her watch and rising hastily. "Hilary's reading-party broke up yesterday, and the silly boy has actually been travelling all night in order to be here for the one o'clock dinner. Harry is to meet him at York."

"So all your olive-branches will be round about your table to-day," Father Horbury said to the Squire as Mrs. Ridingle left the room.

"Every one of them," Ridingle exclaimed with a radiant face. Then with a changed look he remarked quietly: "And it is the last summer holiday-time the party will be found complete. Christmas, I hope, will bring us together again. After that——" The Squire looked sorrowful.

"You would not have it otherwise," the priest suggested.

"Oh, no," with emphasis. "But the prospective wrench is sometimes more than I can bear to think of. And for the mother, I fear it is worse. You see, we have lived with, and for, our children, and their happiness has been ours"

"You will continue to share their happiness."

"I know it—I am sure of it."

"Why should we faint and fear to live alone," the priest quoted gently, "'Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die!' Though for that matter, life will never find you lonely."

"No, I think not. God will leave us one little home-bird, I trust. Sweetie's life-battle must be fought under our own eyes."

"And, if he had not been afflicted, he would have had to fly with the rest."

"God is very good," the Squire said simply and solemnly.

The two men passed out into the open and both were silent. It was a brilliant August morning and the Squire had resolved to give himself a whole holiday. For that day, at least, he would not take pen in hand. His two big boys were coming home much than they had been expected, and the thought of this made

father and mother very happy. For both Hilary and Harry had received very enticing invitations in various directions, and from very desirable acquaintances. Hilary, after utilizing the beginning of his long vocation by joining a reading-party made up of men of his own college, had thought of paying a few flying visits before going home; but when the time came, he found his longing for Ridingdale, and all that it contained, so overpowering that he implored his friends to release him from the half-promises he had made.

Harry, with great reluctance, had spent a day or two at the beginning of his holidays with several fellow-students; but when he heard that Hilary was on his way home, no inducement could keep the Sandhurst student from setting off at once to join his brother.

"This is the process known as turning the house out at the windows," said the Squire laughingly, as he and Father Horbury reached the lawn and turned round to look at the marquee that almost filled the terrace. "What a row those boys are making!"

Every window of the west front was open, and the boys were seen flitting about under Mrs. Ridingdale's directions, making a hundred preparations for the home-comers.

"This tent," remarked the priest, "will hold Snaggery, Sniggery, and Snuggery, and leave room for guests."

"That is the idea of it," the Squire returned. "Mr. Kittleshot sent it up last night. At one end the band will be accommodated, and while this hot weather lasts we shall have most of our meals here. Mrs. Ridingdale is thinking of a little dance—a tea-and-coffee ball, I think she calls it. No ball-room in the world is so beautiful as a green lawn hedged about with roses." Ridingdale turned to survey the spreading turf and the million flowers that framed it. "Why isn't our friend Willie here to quote for us! There is a passage in Sordello that just describes it."

" . . . A foot-fall there
Suffices to upturn to the warm air
Half-germinating spices; mere decay
Produces richer life; and day by day
New pollen on the lily-petal grows,
And still more labyrinthine buds the rose."

"Is that what you are thinking of?" the priest asked.

"Yes; many thanks. Though I'm not sure that Matthew Arnold has not hit it off more correctly—if one stands on the terrace at night-fall.

'Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening star.' "

A noise came from the house-top, and, turning quickly round, the Squire and the priest were just in time to see the big flag, bearing the family arms, run up to its staff. A few minutes later, the lads were all down upon the terrace excitedly discussing details of the reception. George was trying in vain to make himself heard. Lance was pouring forth a torrent of good-humoured remonstrance—his apparent object being to demonstrate that he could *not* be in two places at once. Alfred, just within the tent, was pretending to tune the drums—Gareth giving him a note of the most unearthly character on the bassoon. Willie ran across the lawn, fingers in ears, and George looked the image of comical despair, as Raymond and Cyril began to engage in a mock fight with a cymbal apiece.

"Father, do come and settle things!" implored Willie, putting his arm in that of his foster-father and dragging him towards the terrace. "We're all sixes and sevens."

Willie had become somewhat lanky, and his face was pinched and white as ever; but the morning itself was not sunnier than his expression. The influence of the hour was upon him too, and his eyes sparkled with excitement.

"It's just like the sparrow-hawk in Geraint and Enid," he rattled on, clinging to the Squire's arm. "We think the rustic cackle of our burg the murmur of the world."

"And it is the world—to us," said Ridingdale gaily.

"And a very happy world too," chimed in the priest.

The barbaric music broke off abruptly as Father Horbury, Willie, and the Squire reached the terrace. They were met by a storm of questions.

Ridingdale seized a drum-stick and made a feint of striking of them on the head, making them impotent through

"I see your difficulty," he said at length. "You want to play 'See the conquering hero comes' as soon as Hilly and Hally enter the park, and yet you all want to go down to the station. You are a little premature—aren't you?—with your conquering hero, and I'm not at all sure your brothers will like such an ovation; however, if you've set your heart on it——"

"You'll go to the station, won't you, father?" Lance pleaded.

"And leave you and George here to conduct the music? Very well. I'll see if mother can go too."

An hour later, Hilary was protesting that there was not enough of him to go round, while Harry declared that he did not come home to be torn limb from limb.

"But oh, how good it is to be in the dear old place once more!" Hilary exclaimed as they all rose from the dinner-table.

"If good mother would only be bad mother unto me," said Harry—"like the mater of your name-sake, Gareth—I would linger in her hall with *unvacillating* obedience."

"At any rate, dear, you have passed through your term of villain kitchen-vassalage!" the happy mother replied.

"Thanks to you, mother. When I'm in the service and get a servant of my own, I shall be able to show him a thing or two."

"I can give my scout points and beat him at most things," put in Hilary. "But, of course, when I was Gareth's age we had no knife-and-boot boy. These fellows will degenerate," he added pointing to the group of smiling younger brothers.

"No fear, Hilly." Lance took up the defence. "Who put up this tent? Who prepared your rooms? And as for such a minor detail as shoe-cleaning—well, here's a specimen!" (He put out his foot and showed a clog in the highest state of shininess). "You were always a one-er, Hilly, at that kind of thing, but even you couldn't beat this. But come and look at the garden, old man, and see if there are any signs of degeneracy there."

In spite of their mother's protest that the two travellers must be weary, they surrendered themselves willingly to the affectionate mob of brothers and sisters—Sweetie taking his old place on Hilary's shoulder.

Mr. and Mrs. Ridingle looked at one another as the laughing

party noisily left the tent.

"It's all right, dear," the Squire began. "They are our own boys still. I confess that I was more anxious about Hilary than Harry. The fear that Hilary might turn out a bit of a prig has been like a night-mare to me."

"You remember, dear, your old horror of all boys between sixteen and twenty-one?" Mrs. Ridingdale enquired. "I am afraid you called them by a stronger name than prig."

The Squire laughed merrily.

"It makes all the difference, dear, when the boys happen to be one's own. Honestly, though, I'd rather deal with a sinner than with a prig. For the sinner there is always hope; but the prig criticises everything, objects to everything—except his own self."

"May I come in, father?" Willie Murrington put his head through the opening of the tent. "There isn't a door, you see, mother, so I couldn't knock," he said laughingly as he ran to where they were sitting. "I just want to say," he continued lowering his voice and blushing a little, "I think—in fact I know—that Hilary and Harry are just *aching* to smoke a pipe, but they are not sure whether you would like them to do it before us. They didn't send me to ask you, father, indeed they didn't; but if mother doesn't mind and you——"

Willie had left the tent with his father's pouch in his hand, and his mother's 'Bless you, dear,' sounding in his ears. Soon a ringing cheer from Sniggery told that two pipes were alight.

But not for long could Sniggery or the lawn hold Hilary and Harry. They must go into every corner of the old homestead and see everything—indoors and out, and wherever they went the dancing, garrulous, laughing crowd of brothers accompanied them. They must even walk into Ridingdale and surprise the Colonel, and then after a chat with Miss Rippell over her famous counter, stroll on to Timington and surprise old Mr. Kittleshot. Nothing might be put off until the morrow, though the long holiday weeks lay all before them and a time unspeakably more golden than the "golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid."

CHAPTER XLIII.

EPILIQUE.

We have two things to do—to live and die :
 To win another and a longer life
 Out of this earthly change and weary strife ;
 To catch the hours that one by one go by,
 And write the cross upon them as they fly.

FABER.

There has just been consecrated at Timington a fairly large Gothic chapel in which the greatest architectural simplicity is combined with the most exquisite details of furniture and appointments. The massive stone walls are entirely unadorned, but each narrow window is as much a work of art as the altar-piece itself—a replica of Martinetti's most winning Holy Family. The high altar of purest Parian is brought into becoming prominence by the severity of the nave; a severity, however, tempered by the jewelled glass on either side. There is a tiny Lady chapel on the Gospel side, and here Mr. Kittleshot and some of his servants assist every morning at the Holy Sacrifice. For this little oratory is curtained off from the main building by heavy hangings, and its outer door leads into a little cloister that connects it with the Hall. The chapel is amply endowed, and Mr. Kittleshot has provided for the perpetual support of a priest and eight singing boys whose duty it will some day be to sing a weekly Mass for the repose of the founder's soul. The *quondam* millionaire—for his lavish benefactions have greatly diminished his income—knows that his end cannot be far off.

A pale-faced young man of twenty-two, gentle and refined, and looking older than his years, is constantly with him, acting as his confidential secretary with all the affectionate solicitude of a son. Yet Willie Murrington manages to see his foster-father and mother every day, and they know that when Mr. Kittleshot dies a certain religious order will be asked to receive a subject whose heart these many years has been set upon the higher life.

Ridingdale Hall is, just now, more than ever the centre of attraction and interest, for Harry has come home from Egypt

severely wounded, but proud and happy as a young emperor ; for, though he did not get the Victoria Cross as he meant to do, he knows that certain promotion is in store for him.

The Colonel almost lives at the Hall just now, for he feels that he has a sort of right to act as exhibitor-in-chief of the hero to the scores of people who call to see Lieutenant Harry. However, Maggie and Connie are never very far away from the invalid ; and when Raymond and Cyril come home from school at night, they sit so long in silent worship of their soldier-brother that he gets anxious for their next day's lessons. So he sends them for their books, and insists upon helping them over crooked classical stiles and with tough mathematical problems.

It was only last week that father took a long journey to a monastery in a remote part of England to be present at the profession of a certain Brother Amatus, once known as George Ridingle.

"Tell mother I love her more than ever now," was the message he sent home, "and that I knew she would have come if she could have left Harry. I pray constantly for her, and for you, father, and for all the dear ones. I get a letter from Lance every month, and he says the Franciscan order fits him like a glove, but he advises Willie, when he is free, not to join a discolored Order. Here is his letter, father,"—George went on, taking out several closely written sheets—"though I know he writes to you and mother every week. But this is important about Willie, and there is something else he may not have said to you."

"Nothing could be better for a chap like me than the life I am living," ran Lance's letter. "Even in the coldest part of the winter I could walk through the snow in my sandals without getting as much as a chilblain. I have just added the office of head gardener to that of organist and choirmaster, and I have two lay-brother assistants. The friars tease me at recreation and say I must have been out in the colonies before I joined them, or I couldn't possibly be so handy. I say, 'No, I was never away from home for more than a week or two until I came here ; but I have a father and mother who have both religion and common-sense—two things you don't always get in combination—and they taught me to use my hands as well as my head. Besides,' I add, 'they have always been tertiaries of S. Francis, and our Lady

Poverty is held in honour at Ridingle Hall.' When I see father next, I shall tell him that I offer nearly all my disciplines for his intentions. If he had spared the twigs when I was a young boy, I should never have been, as I certainly am, the happiest of S. Francis' happy sons. Both he and darling mother will come for my ordination, I know—though yours will take place first. I want you, old fellow, to pray hard that, unless God wills it, I may not be sent to London when I'm a priest. For—I have not liked to say this even to father and mother—my superiors tell me that I must look forward to a preaching career! You know you used to call me 'the young man eloquent,' and—well, they say I have a gift and must use it. But the prospect is a bitter drop in my big cup of happiness."

Then followed a long message to Willie, for Lance knew they were frequent correspondents. He knew also that Willie was divided between a longing for the Order of S. Francis and that of S. Dominic, and the young friar felt sure that the life of the former would prove too severe for his foster-brother's still delicate constitution.

Mrs. Ridingle finds it hard work to keep up a regular correspondence with all her sons, but somehow 'The Ridingle Circular,' as it is called, manages to get posted every Friday. Father writes the bulk of it, and mother adds loving messages in her own hand. Maggie and Connie are responsible for a sheet each, while Raymond and Cyril and Sweetie always contrive to swell the bulky package.

So Alfred, serving with his regiment in India, gets the foreign letter forwarded to him by Gareth, who is cruising in the Mediterranean on board H.M.S. 'Ruler'—greatly disappointed just now "because," he writes, "by the merest fluke we've just missed being sent to Crete."

In the great framed collection of family photographs that hangs in Mrs. Ridingle's sitting-room, Gareth appears as a middy, but he is now long past that phase of his career. Alfred's portrait is more recent and shows him in the uniform of a second lieutenant. Of each and all of the boys there are photographs taken at different ages and grouped in sets, some of them snapshots caught by visitors and friends with a hand camera, but all to father and mother of the greatest interest. One side of the

drawing-room is already covered with them, as well as much wall-space in the Squire's study.

And mother sometimes thinks that of all her boys, Lance is the one whose feature have changed the least. She sees him in the group at the Colonel's drill where all are standing at attention, the old soldier himself looking very stern and fierce, and Lance—knowing the Colonel has turned to look at the camera—with a laugh upon his face as big as it is bright, and as sunny as it is saucy. It is just the same in the single portrait near it, where Lance has been caught in hay-making costume and in the act of pouring out some water. The same smile is seen when he appears again in the group of cassocked and surpliced singing boys—taken at the re-opening of the church after its enlargement. It is there in all the stage characters he has from time to time assumed, very notably in Ariel of *The Tempest*. And it is by no means absent from the latest addition to the collection—the brown-frooked, rope-begirt, and bare-footed Franciscan friar, with the fuller, but still beardless, face of a big, merry boy.

But there lies on a table close to Mrs. Ridingle's chair, a great album of pen and pencil sketches, dearer, almost, to mother and father, than the photographs. The greater number are George's work, and vary from bold caricatures to highly finished drawings of his brothers and sisters. The book is a priceless family relic, and Mrs. Ridingle will not allow it to go out of the house. Its existence is largely due to Willie Murrington who for years has treasured every one of George's drawings, and the very last holidays the two spent at home together were utilised for making the collection complete.

It is seldom that Mother feels lonely; but sometimes, when all the children are absent, and the house seems unnaturally quiet, she spends a happy hour over these pictures of the past.

Whimsical titles and legends have been written underneath the sketches, and sometimes a few verses from Willie's or George's pen. "The Brother Bards" themselves are not absent from its pages, for Lance himself had the power to caricature in a rough fashion, and there are also several grotesque pictures drawn by Harry. Indeed the first in the book was drawn by Harry, and is a portrait of Hilary, whose height is comically exaggerated. He is the despair of a small tailor, who has a measuring tape in hand, and is mounting a pair of steps. It is labelled "A Hilly Subject."

Over the leaf is another study of the eldest brother with the blind boy on his shoulder, and entitled "A sweet little cherub perched up aloft," and then a whole series of delicately finished sketches of Sweetie, all of them drawn by Willie. In one or two of the drawings he has represented the sightless boy holding communion with cherubs, and playing with the Holy Innocents. But most striking of all perhaps is the "The Grand Amen," the last portrait George drew before he entered religion. It is in water-colours, and shows Sweetie at the age of thirteen seated at a church organ with his pale delicate face full of rapture, and his fair head uplifted and turned a little to the right as his hands and feet press keys and pedals. He is in cassock and surplice, and the sunlight falling through a stained window above throws a patch of coloured light upon the white lawn of the surplice that suggests, rather than represents, the hood of an Oxford Mus. Doc.—an artistic prophecy destined to be fulfilled, Dr. Byrse says.

"The Misadventures of Aladdin—no connection with the Arabian Nights," fills several pages, and was undertaken by Lance for Maggie's solace, and as an act of reparation for various tricks played by the artist on his sister's favourite doll.

Then come George's sketches of Lance, numbering forty or fifty, and showing that young man in all the phases of his erratic but jovial boyhood. "Lannie struk by Luna," and "Lannie interviewing the man in the moon," have always been great favourites; but "The latest iron-clad, H.M.S. Lance," showing the boy running at full speed in a pair of clogs of phenomenal weight and thickness, and "Lance fishing," a picture in which he is represented lying on the bank with his back to the river, a book in one hand and a large sandwich in the other, are amusing specimens of George's art. "What, *me*, sir?" is a most comical representation of Lance 'called out' in school by Dr. Byrse, and its companion picture, "The Return of the Wounded," shows the culprit going back to his desk with contorted face, and a hand tightly pressed under each arm.

But there are more interesting specimens than these, as well as more serious and beautiful ones. Their titles and accompanying legends describe them perfectly, and Mrs. Ridgingdale lingers lovingly upon the *Laudate pueri Dominum*, and thanks God that so many of her singing boys have passed from one earthly choir to another, *en route*, as she has every reason to hope, to the raptures

of the choirs Divine.

Perhaps *Ad Deum qui lætificat juventutem meam*, is her special favourite. It is a crayon drawing of Lance and Sweetie returning, hand in hand, from the altar after Holy Communion; but she finds it hard to leave the deeply interesting pages headed *Ex ore infantium*—pages that show a whole series of pictures of episodes in the lives of Sweetie and Lance and Willie Murrington.

These pictures do not make her sad. Six of her darlings are separated from her; but she knows that just as surely as that her own mother-love abides, so their love for her is deep and lasting.

Lord Dalesworth died two years ago, but, needless to say, Ridingle Hall is likely to be the home of Hilary's father and mother—"until he marries," say they; but—"always—*always*, unless you want to break my heart," says the young man himself. "If you leave me, I shall go and live at the farm," he pleads "and it would be too awful, having to let the old place to strangers."

So, latterly, they have left off teasing him on the subject, particularly as a certain young lady, the Colonel's niece, says she will only marry Hilary on the condition of living with his mother and father.

There is much less pinching now than in the old days, but there is no superfluity, and the simple, beautiful life goes on very much as before. The nursery is empty; but round the breakfast table with its bowls of foaming milk, home-made bread, golden honey and fresh flowers, sit Austin, Dolly, and Antony who were babies when first we met them. Antony, the eldest of the three, is now ten years old and goes to school with Raymond and Cyril, while Austin, the youngest of the family, is living on his father's promise of being sent there next year.

Sweetie, too, is here, now gently protesting against this old sobriquet, and trying to induce them to call him by his proper christian name. He is studying harmony under Dr. Byrse, and has become such an accomplished organ-player that when his voice breaks, which it is not likely to do for several years, he will become the permanent organist at church. His life is a very happy one, for his old friend the Colonel has provided him with a special tutor, an accomplished scholar and skilled in dealing with the blind. Sweetie's piety has only deepened with his years, and his gentleness and innocence are a perpetual source of edification to young

and old, at home or at church. The villagers treat him with a reverence almost verging on the superstitious, and the boys at Mr. Kittleshot's school always call him the 'Blind Saint.' They have been known to bribe one another for the privilege of wheeling him from church, as also for the distinction of leading him by the hand in processions. Father Horbury says that a solo from Sweetie is, to him, a sermon most eloquent, and it is certain that the mere sight of the blind boy standing in the sanctuary with uplifted head and fervid face, and pouring out his heart in sacred song, has helped to bring more than one sinner to repentance.

Maggie and Connie are here for the present, soon, however, to go back to their convent school with little Dolly. Maggie—Aladdin was discarded long ago—is the bearer of a big secret, but, as everybody knows it, there can be no harm in saying that she has already obtained the consent of father and mother to join the nuns, who, in instructing her, have won her heart.

Harry is breakfasting in bed as becomes a hero with a wound that is not healing as quickly as he hoped, but Hilary is here in the same place he has occupied from childhood. He is never very far away, for when he is not about the farm he is in the lately fitted-up laboratory, making certain experiments with electric nitrate. For, after taking his degree at Oxford, he spent some time at an agricultural college, and became fascinated with the study of chemistry, being convinced that the farmer of the future, at any rate the successful one, must have some knowledge of this great science.

The Squire is well over six feet, but Hilary towers an inch and a half above him, and is as upright and as well set as his soldier brother. He would be almost as boyish-looking as ever if it were not for the big fair moustache that hides his mouth. His manner is still very simple and his speech direct, and perhaps he is a shade less self-assertive than formerly. His love for, and deference to, father and mother, are what they have always been, and his great effort is to convince them that he is still a boy, and that without their approval he will do nothing.

Rarely is old Mr. Kittleshot able to get to Ridingle; but the Squire and his wife, now that they have succeeded in persuading him to strike their names from his will, visit him frequently.

"I owe everything to you, my dear Ridingle," he said to

the Squire the other day. "I sought an introduction to you years ago for the purpose of quarrelling with you. I soon saw my mistake. I had at last met a man who practised what he preached, and who *lived* what he wrote. What I have done for the Dale I have done under the influence of your words, spoken and written. I shall die a comparatively poor man, and I thank God for it. I know now to what uses my money will be put. There will be no surprises when my will is read. I have already shown it to my son, and though at one time he expected fifty times more than he will receive, the amount of building I have done long ago prepared him for the disappointment. Next to the glorious fact of being a Catholic, my greatest consolation is to know that for centuries to come, as far as we can foresee, thousands of poor boys of gentle birth will receive the best possible education, and thousands will have the opportunity of becoming sound musicians."

Age has not greatly affected Colonel Ruggerson. He is a daily visitor to Timington, and although there are only four boys at Ridingdale Hall, he drills them as regularly as in the old days. It is known now that, besides making a life provision for Sweetie, the owner and occupier of "The Chantry" has bequeathed to Hilary and his future wife that very desirable house and everything it contains.

The one regret of Billy Lethers is that his rheumatism will not allow him to walk to the Hall as frequently as he wishes; but Hilary seldom goes into the town—it is really a town now-a-days—without looking in on his old friend and benefactor. Raymond, Cyril and Austin are also frequent visitors, coming to consult the old Jack-of-all-trades, and master of all, on a variety of subjects ranging from bird-eggs and clog-irons, to fishing-tackle and bicycles. Most of Billy's prophecies have come true, and he is firmly persuaded that the Dale owes its present prosperity as much to the Squire as to Mr. Kittleshot. And certainly its prosperity is great. Nearly six hundred boys are fed and clothed at the two establishments founded by the whilom millionaire, and, as Billy says with a chuckle, an order for six hundred pairs of clogs once or twice a year, to say nothing of shoes and slippers, tunics and knickerbockers, is not despised by the Ridingdale tradesmen; for the managers will not trade with outsiders, however low their

estimates may be. Then besides the six hundred boarders, there are over two hundred day-boys, and, as Billy points out, they also, in various ways bring money into Ridingdale.

What was once the Catholic chapel is now little more than the sanctuary of a great church holding fifteen hundred people, and a slight idea of the scale upon which the music and ceremonies are carried out may be gathered from the following extract from a letter written by Dr. Byrse to a friend in London :—

“If you want to hear church music you must travel North. Last Corpus Christi Day I had four distinct choirs placed in different parts of the church, and though our really fine organ and a large orchestra played at intervals, the music of Palestrina was sung—of course without any accompaniment, and as I had never heard it sung before. In the procession there were (to parody Tennyson) more than ‘six hundred *pueri* clad in purest white,’ and the Blessed Sacrament was carried through the town, nearly a thousand voices singing the unison verses of the *Lauda Sion*.”

Writing now without pressure and finding his pleasure in the labour that he loves, the Squire still contributes to the instruction and delight of countless readers; trying as far as he can to supplement that imperfect system of Protestant ethics that has wrought such havoc in a country once deeply religious; striving in the public press to expound and enforce those principles of the natural law that a false religion always tends to obscure.

“We have two things to do—to live and die,” is a truth he is greatly impressed with. To live, as well as to die, in this dying life of ours. For though we can scarcely think too much of our latter end, there is a danger of making the mere thought do duty for active preparation; a danger for some of waiting passively in life’s way-side inn—failing to catch the flying hours and marking them with that love towards God and man which is to be our passport through the gates of Paradise.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

THE END.

A PLEA FOR THE MINOR POET.

AH, critic, spare the minor Poet,
 Nor crush his unpretending lays,
 Though fame may stand aloof, unwilling
 To crown him with immortal bays.

The tinkling rivulet that wanders
 Through valleys lone or flowery leas,
 May charm though it but echo faintly
 The music of resplendent seas.

Why hush the linnet's tuneful warbling
 Which tells of youth and hope and bliss?
 His love-song thrills with tender meaning,
 Although no sky-lark's notes are his.

We do not scorn the simple daisy
 Whose beauty wanes beside the rose,
 Nor yet disdain the star's pale shining
 Because the moon in splendour glows.

Then let him sing, our humble Poet!
 For life is short and Art is long,
 Perchance the thought we cannot utter
 May be the burden of his song.

And if he place one fragile blossom
 Amid the wreath of deathless rhyme,
 If he call forth one chord harmonious
 From out the organ pipes of Time—

If he but breathe a word of comfort
 To ease the hearthache of the world,
 And if for love and truth and beauty
 His trembling banner be unfurled :

Ah then, methinks the Minor Poet
 Fulfils a destiny divine,
 And so his sweet, if faltering numbers,
 May brighter make your life and mine.

LOUISA ADDEY.

STREAMLAND REVERIES.

WE are taking a stroll along the banks of the Hodder. All around Dame Nature has donned her gayest garments ; the trees lately gaunt and ghostlike are now one mass of waving frondage, and are hiding, as the various twitterings proclaim, innumerable little feathered friends. Above in the heavens the sun is trying to regain the goodwill of men, forfeited by his so tardy reappearance among them, and in truth the efforts he is now making must needs gain their reward.

Such is the life around us as we idle along, laughing and chatting, now leaping from rock to rock, now searching some bank from which we have driven the tiny wren and flashing redstart, or some lichened rift whence at the sound of our laughter a startled dipper shoots, now pausing in breathless silence as a kelt passes us, slowly and majestically winding its way along deep runs ; or perhaps it is a pair of mallard who, all unconscious of our presence behind this gnarled moss-grown trunk, float carelessly from beneath those overhanging branches ; we move and—whirr ! off they go, their long necks outstretched, startling by their sudden flight snipe and sandpiper, a kingfisher who flashes by as a glimpse of a rainbow, and a stately heron who from behind that bend, rising calmly above the trees, floats away to become a mere speck on a field of silvery cloud.

Swallows and martins flit by us, one moment high in air, the next skimming the calm surface of some pool.

Nature is at her best ; she has clothed herself in beauty—it is everywhere and in everything.

“ There is beauty in the rustling of a leaf.”

And we, too, fail not to come under the spell of the all pervading sense of beauty. We weary of our search for eggs, be they the kingfisher's with their dazzling whiteness, the redstart's with their beautiful bluish-green, that defies, as the colouring of so many bird's eggs does, the pigments of the painter ; or be they the frail mottled eggs of the wren. Details such as these lose all attraction in the enchantment of the universal beauty which surrounds us.

The sun is luring us to that soft meadowy couch, and, weak creatures that we are, we yield and lie prostrate on the grass, our heads between our hands, each of us in silence and deep thought gazing dreamily at the stream as it flows along, now at a gallop to leap the rocks and boulders hindering its way, now scarce moving as though tired with its efforts and unwilling to begin anew its toil.

What a strange influence this stream exerts upon me! A moment ago laughing and racing, I thought of nought save the moment's joy; now from gazing for so brief a space into the flowing waters, how impressed and serious I have become!

The onward flow of the water, each drop passing never to be seen by us again, causes my dreamy thoughts to stray into the far distant past. The sloping bank, the steep cliff, the silent pool, the galloping shallows, are all transformed into the stream of my life which too rushes on, now at headlong reckless pace, now calmly and peacefully, into the great ocean of eternity.

I am once more a child—at the very source of my life-stream. A laughing merry child; careless, yet deeply, quietly loving; playing in a quaint old gabled house over which for wellnigh three centuries the ivy has flung its clinging garment.

Those happy days pass before me as in a dream—

“Farewell, dear days! sweetly my time ye spent.”

Gradually the stream leaves its peaceful source, the merry child grows up, cares and troubles soon appear. The stream grows broad and broader from contact with others, and in it are rapids, shallows, and pools—times of recklessness and of frivolity, times too of deep thought, of study of man, and of man's ways.

The lives of some seem all salmon pools. They are like one of those drowsy chalk-streams, quiet, unassuming; yet what a wealth beneath that silent surface!—a wealth shown only to those who know well how to entice the shy and timid creatures from their unseen depths.

Others are ever as the shallows of our moorland beck. Full of life, laughing, reckless, careless, but nought beneath—yet what a joy they add to existence!

Our chalk streams may be rich, but we do not always want to fish; we tire of their sluggish waters. Their solemn

movements at times weary us, and though we know full well that much may be gained from them, we turn to refresh ourselves with a rollick, a run, a laugh with the shallow empty beck.

Each of these is beautiful in its own way, but not as our mates through life. Each is loveable for long, only because we have the other as an offset to it; for ever with either alone would be unbearable.

Then there comes an image of one of whom we feel that we should never tire. As chalk-stream, perhaps not rich, yet not so s' allow as our becks, we picture him as like a moorland stream. Herein we find both shallows and pools, recklessness and yet deep thought according as we seek.

Do we wish to indulge our serious moods? Are we made solemn by thoughts of the great whirling vortex of human life with its apparent chances and lotteries? We take ourselves to the deep pool, knowing full well that this apparently thoughtless life-stream has indeed its tender solace, its serious ponderings, its weighty answers to our troubled questions.

Are we tired of thought, wishing to be as children full of careless mirth? Our moorland life-stream shows us its shallows, galloping headlong with bubbling laughter over its pebbly beach.

Do we wish for excitement in our recklessness? Our moorland life-stream points out its froth-crowned rapids, its surging whirlpools. These whirlpools, these rapids are but small; if we wish to risk more, this life-stream bids us beware! it will not accompany us into too great danger; should we be anxious to risk all, it bids us seek elsewhere a companion in our madness.

Ah! happy they, whose lot is cast with many such life-streams. Let them value their treasures.

Most of us have met our moorland-streams in the great onrush of life, and also our shallows and our chalk-streams. For long perhaps we sought nought but shallows, till, wearied of their emptiness, we wandered afar to the chalk-stream, and for some time were satisfied, nor tired of their dull sluggish course, for we saw that underneath was wealth great and noble. But soon its beauty palled on us, we sought some relaxation, we turned away and found our treasure, our moorland-stream. We had passed it before, but seeing it in its laughing shallows we had deemed it ever as our beck, empty and hollow; we met it again at its pools, our eyes were opened we saw one of whom we felt, we knew we

should never tire. It was ever one with us, it soothed us in our troubles, it joined us in our romps, it shared with us in our dangers but forbade us too great risks.

And as I dreamily gaze along the dim vista of the past, I think how dull, how empty must the life-stream be that has not met and known these its friends, its brothers and its guides !

Er. C.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Bettering Ourselves*. By Katherine E. Conway. (Boston: Pilot Publishing Company, 1899).

This is the fourth of the Family Sitting Room Series, written by Miss Conway and brought out in very tasteful and readable volumes at a uniform price of fifty cents. "A Lady and her Letters" is in its fourth edition, "Making Friends and Keeping Them," and "Questions of Honour in the Christian Life" in their third; and we prophesy that "Bettering Ourselves" will soon be in its second edition, if it has not reached that stage since this review-copy crossed the Atlantic. The subjects discussed are chiefly connected with woman's work, woman's aspirations, woman's opportunities; and they are discussed by a woman of fine intellect, high principles, wide experience, and great common sense, who has perfect command of a vivid, clear, and unaffected style. I do not know whether this "Family Sitting Room Series" has yet made its way into many Irish families and convent libraries, but it certainly ought to be found there. Some suggestions may be more suited to the social circumstances of American women; but there is a great deal of practical wisdom of universal application set forth very effectively and agreeably.

2. *Life of Mother Mary Theresa, Foundress of the Congregation of the Adoration of Reparation*. By Mgr. d'Hulst. Translated from the French by Lady Herbert. (London and Leamington: Art and Book Company).

The late learned and eloquent Rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris found time in the midst of his Notre Dame Conferences and other eminent works, to become the biographer of the Foundress of

the Sisters of the *Adoration Réparatrice*. We retain the French name which is turned awkwardly into English on Lady Herbert's title-page. Theodolinda Dubouché was born at Montauban in 1809 and died on the 30th of August, 1863. Her wonderful devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the permanent proof thereof that after great trials and difficulties she was able to leave behind her are well described in these interesting and edifying pages.

3. The only Catholic periodical published at Cape Town is Dr. Kolbe's admirable "South African Catholic Magazine." The following tribute, therefore, which *The Cape Times* pays to Lady Gilbert's *Nanno*, is the more emphatic as coming from a far-away stranger and outsider:—

"As a photograph of peasant life in the west of Ireland, as a study of warring passions, self-abnegation, and woman's heroism, *Nanno* would be hard to beat. It is a book vibrating from end to end with real pathos, and the descriptions of scenery and life among the field-workers are some of the finest things we have read for a long time. *Nanno* is not a novel. It is a live thing, and as such cannot be summarised; it must be read, and read with complete absorption."

4. We quoted last month the praise bestowed on Miss Alice Furlong's "Roses and Rue" by the *Academy*, *The Sketch*, "M. A. P.," *Catholic Book Notes*, and *The Freeman's Journal*. We may add a few more. *The Daily Express* calls the book "genuine poetry, with touches of keen pathos, beautiful imagery, and much distinction of style." *The Scotsman* says "the poems are earnestly felt and sweetly expressed," while *The Echo* says they have in them "much grace, beauty, and pathos." *The Star* says that "the personalty they reveal is sincere and unaffected: naïve, ruthless, picturesque, religious, or patriotic, its naturalness is unmistakable." *The Shan Van Voelt* says that "any one with literary taste and critical discernment will be eager to see more of Miss Furlong's work. Side by side with songs of mourning we have lyrics full of the love of life, joy in the beauty of the world and a few religious poems, distinguished by a reverent and yet original style." But perhaps the most important criticism to which Miss Furlong's volume has been submitted is that of Mr. John Davidson, in a lengthened review in *The Speaker*. Mr. Davidson is undoubtedly a poet with genuine gifts of a high order, and his praise is worth something.

5. One of the best shillingworths issued by the Catholic Truth Society is *Outlines of Meditations* by the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord, the new Bishop of Gibraltar, consisting of some two hundred meditations, each condensed into a page, from the very solid writings of Father

Kroust, S.J. The shape and size of the book are very convenient for carrying in one's pocket. Please God it will have a very wide and permanent circulation. Another shilling's worth is the collection of Mr. James Britten's very saddening papers on *Protestant Fiction*. The literature from which such atrocious samples are taken must contribute greatly to the "invincible ignorance" of prejudice which will, we trust, excuse many who reject and malign the truth.

6. *Saint Ignatius of Loyola*. By Henri Joly. Translated by Mildred Partridge. London: Duckworth & Co. [Price 3s.]

This is the fifth volume of the very interesting series of *Saints' Lives* which have appeared in French under the editorship of M. Henri Joly. To each volume of the English translation Father George Tyrrell, S.J., prefixes one of his striking prefaces, full of original thought. Even in English there are many biographies of St. Ignatius, but those who are most familiar with them will find a good deal of the charm of novelty in M. Joly's work, which gives in ten chapters a very full and orderly account of the Saint's life and work. The translation has been very well done. The publishers have produced it in a very agreeable form, uniform with all its fellows; which form is technically described as "small crown octavo, scarlet art vellum, gilt lettered, gold top."

7. *A College Boy*. By Anthony York. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.. [Price 3s. 6d.]

This is the lively chronicle of a boy's first year at an American College. It is full of a variety of boy-characters, schoolboy fights, baseball matches, brilliant examinations, scrapes, and sundry other adventures. It is, moreover, very well written and thoroughly wholesome. It is sure to be popular with its own special public.

8. *The Sacraments Explained*. By the Rev. Arthur Devine, C.P. London: R. and T. Washbourne. [Price 6s. net.]

This is another solid treatise by the Passionist Father who has already given us "Convent Life," "The Creed Explained," and "The Commandments Explained." It consists of five hundred and fifty close but particularly well printed pages, of which the first hundred are devoted to a systematic treatise on Grace. The sacraments in general, and each of the sacraments in particular, are then treated very fully and solidly. For instance, no fewer than fourteen chapters are devoted to the Blessed Eucharist. A hardworked priest will find in Father Devine's latest work ample materials for very many useful instructions to his people.

9 *Gems from the Early Church*. Compiled by E. F. Bowden, London: Art and Book Company. [Price 3s. 6d.]

This is an extremely small price for so large and handsome a volume. It consists of a very interesting collection of the simple primitive Acts of the Early Martyrs, interspersed with anecdotes of the Oriental Saints and Fathers of the Desert. There is a quaint charm about many of the narratives.

10. Our lessening space warns us to group together three tales that have few things in common. "*Cyril Westward*" by H. P. Russell (Art and Book Company, London and Leamington) is an excellent controversial novel by an Anglican clergyman recently reconciled to the Church. We have quite lately expressed our high opinion of its merits. This is a second and cheaper issue at 3s. 6d. "*Loretto, or the Choice*" by George H. Miles (Dublin: James Duffy & Co.) is a new edition of a story published some fifty years ago in the United States. On the contrary "*Leigh of Laragh*" by Brian MacDermott, LL.D. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Co.) is quite a new story of the County Wicklow, cleverly written, with good descriptions. Dr. MacDermott, whom we meet here for the first time, does not know our rustics or their way of thinking and talking nearly as well as he thinks he does. There is something wrong about his point of view. The incidents of this undisguised love-story are somewhat conventional and melodramatic; but the style and tone are good, and it is a very meritorious first book, as we suppose it to be.

11. And now for some of our poets (Mr. W. B. Yeats's new volume "*The Wind among the Reeds*" we reserve for fuller treatment). From Australia comes Father Michael Watson's "*In God's Acre*" which is brought out exquisitely as "*A Memorial of our Dead.*" The solemn and musical elegy seems too poetical and too remote from everyday life and death to be suitable as a personal memento. Miss Mary T. Robertson has written a play for convent pupils on "*St. Philumena, Child and Martyr*" (London: R. and T. Washbourne). It is probably adapted to the exigencies of conventual drama, but like many a successful play, it reads poorly enough—so much depends on the acting and the mounting.

We have kept our best wine for the last. "*Verses Old and New*" by Helena Callanan has no publisher's name on the title-page, but no doubt it can be procured from the Blind Asylum, Cork, of which Miss Callanan is an inmate. Its printing does great credit to Cork. The volume contains, with many more recent poems, nearly all the pieces formerly collected into a book called "*Gathered Leaflets.*" In thought and feeling, in rhyme and rhythm, they are excellent. Many of them are inspired by Cork places and persons; but more deal with subjects that concern us all, showing a warm Irish heart, a true Catholic spirit, and a lyrical faculty not unworthy of Miss Callanan's

namesake and fellow townsman, the author of "Gougaune Barra."

12. *The True Forces*. A Course of Sermons by Father John Auriault, S.J. Translated by Ymal Oswin. London: Burrs & Oates.

Like most books meant to be published just in time for special occasions, this little book came too late for the Blessed Virgin's month of May; but fortunately its lessons are useful all the year round. Its style of thought and expression is very French, even in the English of its intelligent translator—who seems to be so injudicious as to use a pseudonym and a somewhat outlandish one. After a preliminary discourse on the natural and supernatural, we have three discourses on the doctrinal, moral and social action of Mary, ending with one on St. Joseph. The translator quotes Coventry Patmore appositely enough in a note, but he (or she) unwisely has the air of pretending that the French preacher took his text three times from Adelaide Procter.

13. We have often expressed our admiration for the literary energy and skill that maintain at a high level *The Georgetown College Journal* and other visitors from the States. A new arrival is *The Springhill Review*, a very sumptuously printed and illustrated double-columned royal octavo which in the superabundance of its portraits and illustrations seems rather to resemble our own *Clongownian*, *Mungret Annual*, etc. We are inclined to think that *The Springhill Review* has carried away the palm from all. Its literary merit is also high. Some of our readers will be glad to know that an admirable sketch of the late Father David M'Iniry, S.J., bears the well-known initials "M. A. O." Another singularly edifying biographical sketch is given in the new Number of *The Mangalore Magazine*—that of Father Maurice Sullivan, S.J., formerly of Detroit, who died in the first week of this year, aged thirty-eight. On his way to India he landed at Southampton, August 11, 1897. "I found a little chapel of the Franciscan Nuns where Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was going on for the feast of St. Clare. I spent much of the day there, making up for the many visits I had lost during the preceding week."

The finest piece of literature that *The Catholic World* has contained for a long time is, I think, Louisa Imogen Guiney's "Aubrey Beardsley: a Reconstruction." She shows from the generous testimony of Mr. Henry Harland and other Protestant friends the deeply religious spirit of the poor young gifted fellow and the intense sincerity of his adoption of the Catholic Faith.

14. The second part of Sister Isabella Kershaw's "Catholic High School Bible History" (London: R. and T. Washbourne) has quickly followed Part I., of which a favourable opinion was given in these

pages. It might not be thought high enough for high schools, but the title adds "For the use of junior classes."

Mr. Charles Eason, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin, has issued with his usual care a new edition of Father Gahan's "Manual of Catholic Piety." In how many holy moments out of millions of Christian lives that Irish Augustinian has had a share!

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

LXIV.

Corrections.

In the poem "Amid the Suns" at page 234 of the present volume two changes intended by the Author were not carried out. The third stanza ought to run thus:—

Where in Northern sky
Sitteth high
Cassiopeia with her veiled head,
In her jewelled chair, they flitted by
Diamond-sprinkled.

And the eighth stanza thus:—

Like to falling sand
Went the band,
Moving ever downward through the suns:
Each of them held Sirius in his hand
For a moment, once.

This version, beside other merits, does not make *hand* rhyme with itself.

* * *

At an earlier stage of this Number are two pretty poems by two sisters, the elder of whom is hardly yet half way through her teens. The younger wished that, in the fifth line from the end of "A Child's Wish," the word *even* should be changed to *evening*; but unfortunately this correction reached the printer too late.

The Moy Mell Children's Guild.!

When this Magazine and Saint Joseph's Hospital for Sick Children in Temple Street, Dublin, were both very young, the

former used to chronicle the doings of the latter month after month. There were in those days Boys' Brigades and other organisations which are now represented by Moy Mell Children's Guilds—"Moy Mell," a fanciful Irish name for heaven, being a reminiscence of a famous Bazaar that was once held for the benefit of the Hospital. The objects of this Guild have been thus explained by one who *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*—Lady Gilbert who in the present context should rather be called Roes Mulholland :—

"The object of the Guild is to induce children whom God has blessed with happy homes and a plentiful supply of the goods of this world to share with their poor small fellow-creatures who are destitute of pleasant and even necessary things, and who are also sick and suffering. Many boys and girls have grown to be men and women with generous, unselfish hearts through learning early in such a little way as this how sweet it is to turn the wretchedness of others into gladness and thankfulness. An act of self-denial, a not very difficult victory over appetite or the desire to have and to hold, will enable comfortable children to send a few of their toys, a share of their pocket-money, or some little garments put together by their own industry, for the clothing, rejoicing, and amusing of the tiny patients who lie in pain and weariness in the cots of the Children's Hospital.

"Already a large band of such good small Samaritans are busy in nurseries and school-rooms and at mothers' knees all over the Three Kingdoms. We ask that they will not grow tired and leave off this blessed work, but will strive with all their little might to increase the number of names already on the lists of the Circles of the Children's Guild. We need hardly remind them of the love of the Holy Infant, who in winter cold was in need of everything, and who will feel their tender efforts as if made for Himself; nor of the dear Lord Jesus who, in His God-manhood, called *all* the little ones around Him saying, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God.'"

A Latin Learic.

We fear that a facility for writing Latin verses is becoming a rarer accomplishment every year that separates us further from the days of Casimir Sarbiewski and Vincent Bourne. Even in

the numerous school periodicals published on both sides of the Atlantic *The Stoneyhurst Magazine* is the only one that we can recall as being faithful to this tradition of scholarship. In a recent number a poet who uses the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet as his signature (ought it not to be the third?) gives two versions of a well known little lyric which we have called a Learic because modelled after the nonsense verses of Mr. Edward Lear.

There was a Young Lady of Riga,
Who smiled as she rode on a Tiger ;
They returned from their ride
With the Lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

This miniature tragedy is first narrated in elegiac metre :

Dulce simul ridens equitansque superdata Tigri,
Carpebat, Rigae nata, Puella viam ;
Quae fuit ante super, revenit sub tergore virgo,
Dum ridere Tigris vindicat esse suum.

And then the mournful incident is repeated in sapphics and adonics.

Orta Rigensi regione Virgo
Tigris in tergo graditur sedendo,
Dum viam lustrat neque cessat ora
pandere risu.

Ut domum cursu veniunt remenso,
More lecticae vehitur Puella,
Dum Tigris, versa vice, transmigravit
risus in ora.

Carmen Marianum.

In the same pages that we have just rifled, we find a sonnet to our Blessed Lady, bearing no signature but "A"—perhaps the initial of the sweet Saxon poet who gave a slight shamrock flavour to our own March Number. The verb "touch" at the end the first tercet is probably a necessity, but it is a *dura necessitas*.

How do I love thee, O my Mother dear ?
I love thee as the Queen o'er all things placed,
The woman of all women chiefly graced,
My Lady, my Protectress ever near :
I love thee as the Star serene and clear,
Before whose shining every cloud is chased ;
The Rose that earth put forth, and, of a waste,
Became Eve's Paradise resurgent here.

How do I love thee, O my Mother blest ?
 I love thee with a love no words of men,
 Nor eloquent strain of melody can touch ;
 With all that in my whole poor self is best,
 With all I give my dearest ones, and then
 Ten thousand times ten thousand times as much.

* * *

A little book has lately been published at Stockholm by an Irish and an American lady with the name of "How to do it" and with a distinguished list of contributors. King Oscar on the 21st of January, 1899, the 70th anniversary of his birthday, gives this answer to the question which gives a name to the book. "First of all: Get as complete a knowledge of it as possible. Secondly: make up your mind whether you really ought to do it. And, if so, then do it without delay and with your whole heart and mind."

* * *

A certain person has written on a large card the following mottoes. First from Lucan :—

Nil actum credens dum quid superesset agendum.

Secondly, the counsel that Cardinal Cæsar Baronius gave to himself :—*Contine te domi, Cæsar*—"Cæsar, keep thyself at home."

Thirdly, from Ralph Waldo Emerson this quatrain, in which "youth" may stand for any age which preserves the sanguine vigour of youth :—

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
 Brave youth replies, *I can.*

After these is written a saying which cannot well be considered a maxim of practical life : *Prophylaxis is preferable to therapeutics* ; which is only a grandiloquent and quasi-scientific way of saying that prevention is better than cure.

JULY, 1899.

A CONDUCTOR'S CONSCIENCE.

THE day was warm and enervating. There was no elasticity in the air. The season was spring—early spring—and it was suddenly hot weather. The sun's rays, untempered, fell through the budding but still leafless trees with feverish intensity, making a glare upon the pavement, the baked bricks and roofs of the houses. The wind, which came up from the south, was fitful, and gave no relief. It was a dry wind, charged with dust which got into people's mouths and eyes, and which sported weakly with the bits of paper and the straws that lay about in odd angles and corners. Out in the country, men in their shirt-sleeves were planting peas in dusty rows, and bunches of blue-green garlic were thick and high in the pastures where already the grass was waving in the fence-corners. The willows were green by the brooks, and the farmers said, that with rain, when it should come, the trees would burst into leaf in a day or two. But in town, people were afraid to lay aside their winter garments, which were oppressive almost beyond endurance.

John Flinn, conductor of Car 3,498, on the People's Traction Co.'s Line, always taciturn, was more than usually uncommunicative. He had a heavy, sullen face, a pair of forbidding gray eyes, and a mouth shut close under his ragged, unkempt beard. It was plain, at a glance, that he was dull of thought, slow of apprehension, and as obstinate as a mule. But, also, he was trustworthy. This last characteristic kept him in a place eagerly

sought by many an apparently better man. The other men on his route felt sorry for him, a fact which he suspected and resented. Those who knew about his life might have told that his wife was a trial to him every day, and that he found little pleasure in his children. There were few nights when he did not return late to find his home in disorder, the children in tears, or crouching in corners away from the reach of their mother's heavy, if uncertain arm. The dinner in John's bucket was not always cooked at home. A sandwich of meat, a pie cut in half, both from the shop at the corner, with half a pint of coffee made in the same place, were his usual refreshments. But he always declined the offers of more homely but appetizing fare from the men who took their noontide meal beside him, resenting the fact that they knew of his wife's shortcomings, and offered the fruits of their own wives' industry with a not unnatural pride therein.

John Flinn's route was a long one and through a most unpleasant section of the vast city. There were squares and squares of little, inadequate houses, and plenty of empty, ragged lots, in some of which were improvised stone yards where material for other rows of miserable, cheap, and unsanitary houses were being prepared by shifty stonecutters, who rarely worked for sharp contractors who knew they were shifty. Upon every other corner of many of the cross streets were grog-shops of a more or less flourishing character, and John often cast lowering looks upon these, for were not just such places the curse of his life?

Perhaps a daily passage through more cheerful and agreeable streets might have brightened the poor man's moods occasionally. But he had passed several years already amid those sordid surroundings, and had never thought of change. He was a man who, in his slow way, was observant of little things, a characteristic fraught with much possibility for discomfort, and so well did he know every yard of his route that it was quite within the range of possibility that he often slept where he stood, and yet attended to his duties. That he was often exhausted from fatigue is certain, for his hours for rest were very short, and his sleep often broken by his wife's drunken mutterings, or the crying of the baby who was cutting her teeth with difficulty and distress to herself and her entire family.

The warm day, following a night of more than common restlessness, had found John in a very depressed and cynical

humour. As he boarded his car, he growled out a deep curse, and each time that he pulled the dangling end of his bell-strap, the sharp ring might have stood for the expression of another oath as deep and low.

There were not many passengers going his way, either up or down the route, and the day wore along monotonously, wearily, hopelessly, for John Flinn.

But about four o'clock in the afternoon, as he banged and bounced over the uneven track, he saw, standing at the corner of a sloppy, dark court, a woman with a child in her arms.

It was not the rule for the trolley cars to stop at such insignificant passage ways. This was in the middle of the square, but, at the sight of the woman, an impulse, as undefinable and sudden as are all impulses, seized upon John. He pulled the bell-strap, and the car stopped. Then, he leaned down and helped the woman up the high step by putting his hand under her arm at the shoulder. She went in and sat down in the corner next the door, the child asleep on her arm.

She was a very sorry sight, this woman. Her clothes were more than shabby; they were almost past wearing at all. The narrow, faded, crimson cashmere skirt, torn and badly mended in places, showed many a spot and stain. Her coat of shoddy black was heavy without being warm, and was pinned unevenly over her thin form. Her dull, scanty hair was fastened tightly under a miserable felt hat, the trimming (save the mark!) a greasy ribbon and two hopelessly shattered feathers.

From the look of her sharp, colourless face, she must have been starved of hope, of faith, of love, of food, bodily and spiritual, all her weary life. Yet she was decent and a mother honestly, for a ring of doubtful gold shone on her left hand, and she held the sleeping child carefully.

Boyhood retains for a time a certain aspect of royalty, the possession of which is independent of fine raiment. This boy, in his outgrown clothes and worn and dirty shoes, with his head covered by a caricature of a cap, might have posed to any artist for the infant Jesus and have required little idealizing.

There were several other passengers in the car who had entered it just before the poor woman, and these fares John Flinn had not yet taken up. When he had passed the next important crossing, he came into the car and began to collect at the upper

end. When he reached the woman, he paused for the least fraction of time, and then went out on his platform.

With care not to waken the child, the woman had managed to get an old purse from her pocket, but John had passed her before she had time to open it, and, still holding it in her hand, she waited. Some passengers got out, and others got in, and again John passed through the car, collecting their fares. The woman, seeing him coming, took out a dollar bill from that poor purse, and sat holding it in her fingers.

The conductor eyed her where she sat holding the child, and his ugly, ill-tempered face grew sharper and uglier, but several times he passed out to his place without seeming to see her money. As he brushed by her, she did not offer the dollar; she simply sat holding it where he must see it as he passed. There were very few stops now, and the car travelled very swiftly. It was a quiet part of the city, and there was no danger of accidents from rapid travel. The motorman thought to create a breeze to cool his hot face. The conductor did not get this refreshment, for the car cut off the current from him.

When her journey—which was a long one—was nearly ended, and still John had not taken up her fare, instead of handing it to him boldly, the woman slowly, very slowly, folded her dollar bill and returned it to her purse. She did not look at the conductor as she did this, nor did he look at her. Yet, he knew what she was doing, and she felt in her soul that he knew it.

Presently the corner for her debarking was reached, and she made a motion to rise. John stopped the car, and as carefully as he had helped her on, he now assisted her to get down. There was not a word spoken on either side, nor did either face change its expression a particle.

Gradually, after this, a change crept over John Flinn. It was like the slow brewing of a storm which takes long to gather, cloud by cloud spreading over the blue almost imperceptibly. Always taciturn, he grew silent, more sombre of aspect, less and less responsive to the good-natured advances of his fellow-workmen. His unappetising meals were often untasted, and he fell into the way of bringing a bottle of ale or beer instead of coffee in his dinner pail. These exhilarating beverages had not, however, the effect of cheering him at all; in fact, after a while, it looked as if more than mere creature comforts of meat and drink would

be needed to arrest his progress to melancholia. In old times, there were days when John seemed to look out upon the world with indulgence, if not downright kindness. But, of late, his eyes had changed in expression, and had an unseeing, introspective look, as though their powers of outward perception were lost, and he appeared to dwell in thought far away from the things which surrounded him and should have claimed his undivided attention.

It was not often, however, that he missed the fulfilment of his monotonous duties. But he performed them with the air of a somnambulist, going up and down among the people, who crowded his car at certain hours, with an automatical movement which, of course, no one noticed. For was he not, with all of his kind, a mere human machine, at work for the public comfort and nothing more?

Whenever he came to the corner of the narrow court where he had taken up the woman and her child, he looked out eagerly as if almost expecting she would again be there. At such times he was totally oblivious of all else. Once he actually fancied he saw her, and pulled his bell, the sound of its ring and the stopping of the car rousing him from his reverie and bringing him to himself and to a flash of anger at his own stupidity, expressed by a contemptuous spitting aside and an oath.

The weather continued to grow warmer, and this may have accounted for the dull flush that came into John Flinn's face, and the haggard, glassy eyes which flashed unnaturally if anyone addressed him. Any physician of the flesh would have told him that he was suffering from malaria. His wife said he had "the spring fever," and she bought some sarsaparilla, which she drank herself, being usually consumed with thirst.

"You'd better take a day or two off, Flinn," his motorman said to him one day, and the suggestion agreed with his own idea. Whereupon he asked for leave, and another man—one of the hundreds waiting for the chance—slipped into his place, though the "boss" promised to take him "on" when he should be fit for work.

"It looks as if Flinn was took bad with some kind of a fever," said the motorman to his new comrade. "Most likely it's worriment with that wife he's got."

So John sat at home, in his shirt sleeves, by the front window, looking out, but as usual seeming to see nothing.

Generally, he had the baby in his arms or on his knee, if she would stay with him, or when her mother, washing in the yard, left it to him to get her to sleep. But often he would sit quite alone and silent, while the neighbours, passing by, looked at him askance.

One night, his wife's brother—a worthless fellow with a turn for emotional religion—came in for a visit. He was a talkative, entertaining creature, for whom everyone had a good word, although he was universally acknowledged to be “good for nothing,” and, like his sister, not always sober. For this reason John did not encourage his coming, and gave him but a cool welcome.

“Did you know the Jesuit Fathers is givin’ a Mission up at St. John’s? Won’t you go up, Flinn?”

John made no answer. He was brooding, and did not seem to hear what was said. But the brother-in-law continued the subject, describing with great gusto the splendid sermon of the evening before, when the church was crowded.

“They’re great, them Jesuits is! They’ve a power of words, every wan of ’em, but this wan has the most of all I ever heard. There’ll be hundreds of pledges took agin the drink when his preachin’s over.”

“Will you take the pledge, Barney?” asked his sister, curiously.

“I will,” he replied.

“Then it’ll be the tenth time to my knowin’ that you’ve took it!” she commented, admiringly.

When the visitor was gone, John got up, and putting on his coat and hat, went after him to the church, arriving in the middle of the sermon.

Patiently standing in a corner, he waited until the preacher had finished, and then, cleverly threading his way through the crowd, he managed to reach the door of the sacristy at the same time with the priest, and to whisper quickly a word in his ear.

“Come to confession. My box is the first one from the door,” was the reply.

But John shook his head, and followed the priest until they reached a quiet spot. Then, he said:

“I’ve a thing I’d like to have settled, if you’ve got a little
It’ll not take long.”

The good man, though weary, led the way to a room, where he sat himself down to examine the curious human study before him.

"You're not well," he began.

"No, I'm not well. But I'm strong enough most times, for what I've got to do."

Then he began, in a queer, rambling way, to tell of a thing he had done. "It was nothin', just nothin' at all. It's not as if I'd done a real sin. Many a worse thing I've got back of it, and no worriment to speak of. I'm most ashamed to tell you such a simple thing. But it sticks in my mind like a splinter, and I want to be shut of it, and I know I'll get no rest till I tell it to someone who'll understand, and not dog me about it when once it's out."

The priest folded his hands, and looked at John from under his eyebrows. All this was an old story to him.

"If it's a sin you have on your soul, why not come to confession and make the one telling of it, and save your time and mine?"

"It's no sin," replied John, doggedly,

Then he told of the woman with her child; how he had taken her up where she stood, instead of making her walk to the next corner according to rule; how he had passed her by without taking her fare. He smiled with his eyes down and cast aside, as if there were a flavour in the story sweet in his memory.

It was such a trifle that the priest was astonished, and about to smile himself, when his eye met the upward challenging flash in John's eye. Then, he asked:

"But you know, of course, my man, that, while your motive was a charitable one, your act was wrong."

"Dishonest, you mean? She was poor and sick, tired and hungry. That was her last dollar. How do you suppose she come by it? Where do you judge she was going? I think of her all the time. Maybe her husband drinks. Maybe he beats her—her and the child."

"It was right to be sorry for her, but——"

"But you think I was wrong to leave her pass. Which do you think could best bear the weight of that lost five cent fare? The woman, poor like that and weak and helpless, or the great, big, selfish corporation?"

John's voice was deep, and his words fell like blows.

"You had no right to judge of that. You know it as well as I do. It was stealing."

"Five cents!" exclaimed John contemptuously.

"It would have been stealing, had it been but one cent."

John shook his head stubbornly.

"Do you think if one of them rich, fine folks that makes up the company would ever miss it?" he asked with withering contempt.

"That's not the point as between you and your conscience. You cannot dictate to anyone the amount of charity he shall give, nor give in charity for another without his knowledge and consent. Least of all are you in a position to dictate to the company which employs you, or to contribute to charity out of that company's pocket."

"I'm glad I let her pass!" muttered John. "She might have been the Blessed Mother herself. I've many a time since thought that she was. Why should I have stopped like that in the middle of the square for a common woman? I never done it before—never. She just stood there, helpless like, looking up at me, and I stopped like a shot and took her up. The Blessed Mother has appeared to other people, and, maybe, she come like that just to try me. If she ever gets on my car again, whether she's just a poor woman or not (and I hope she will come, if she's not the Blessed Mother with her Son come to try me), I'll do the same thing again. I tell you, Father, I *couldn't* break that dollar bill, and I'm glad I didn't do it."

The priest watched him in silence. He waited for the excitement to fade out of his face. There was a look of exhaustion there that was not accounted for, and showed the man incapable at that time of reasonable argument.

John, having spoken, sat brooding in his place. Suddenly the priest asked:

"Why didn't you pay the woman's fare out of your own pocket?"

John looked up slowly, as though with difficulty putting aside his own thoughts to take in the meaning of the words he heard.

"A man with as kind a heart as you have should not be too mean to give his share."

Like a slowly kindling light in a place that was in darkness,

the face of John Flinn lost its haggard look. Rising to his feet, he exclaimed, a ring of absolute joy in his voice :

“O Lord ! I never thought of it !”

True to his word, the “the boss” gave his place to John Flinn when he reported “fit for duty” a few days later. His rest had evidently “done him good,” for he had resumed his old appearance, never a very cheerful one, but subject to occasional flashes of amiability and, at least, of toleration of the world at large. The morning he returned to work he was even cheerful, and his first act, as he boarded his car and gave the signal to “start her up,” was to transfer a nickel from one coat pocket to the other, and then to pull the strap that registers a fare.

E. BARNETT ESLER.

Philadelphia, February 4th, 1898.*

A REMEMBRANCE.

'TIS good to remember
 When life's roadway lies
 In roses and sunshine,
 When bright are the skies,
 When pleasures surround us,
 And care is unknown,
 That time has an ending,
 Eternity none.

'Tis good to remember
 In anguish and pain,
 In the dark days of sorrow
 When tears fall like rain,
 In dangers and trials,
 When hope far has flown,
 That time has an ending,
 Eternity none.

MAGDALEN ROCK

This note, though somewhat strange in our pages, is left here for two reasons : to show that this is not one of those transoceanic larcenies which are too common on both sides of the Atlantic, and to account for the use of *store* where we might expect *shop*.—ED. J. M.

THE HEAVENLY GUIDES.

TWO Guides there are in this place of trial,
 To lead us on to the Home of the just—
 The holy angel of Self-denial,
 The blessed spirit of Self-distrust.

Through thorniest paths the first precedes us,
 Following Jesus to Calvary ;
 In lowliest ways the second leads us
 To the olive grove of Gethsemane.

The stress and strain of their high endeavour
 Purge our gold like the furnace-flame ;
 The heavenly Guides press on for ever
 Through realms of sorrow, want, and shame.

The one of riches, honours, pleasures,
 Strips the soul at its Saviour's feet ;
 The other claims its last of treasures,
 The pride of life—self-love's deceit.

Harsh, repellent may be their features,
 Rude the twain in their weary ways—
 Beneath their touch, the love of creatures
 Turns to ashes, dies, decays.

Yet none can ope the gate of heaven
 Save these strange guardians stern and strong ;
 Only through these can rest be given
 To the people of God who have laboured long.

O holy angel of Self-denial !
 O blessed spirit of Self-distrust !
 Come, lead me on through this place of trial
 To the everlasting Home of the just.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

RICHARD DOWLING:

AN APPRECIATION.

WHEN a man of letters has been engaged for over a quarter of a century in the multifarious pursuits of journalist, novelist, and editor of more than one humorous paper, it is not, perhaps, very wonderful if some choice morsel which came from his pen should have received less than its meed of attention. Richard Dowling* was a prolific writer; a considerable number of works of fiction, a much more considerable mass of uncollected miscellaneous writings, *Wahrheit* and *Dichtung*, and a couple of volumes of essays, represent no mean degree of productiveness and versatility. Notwithstanding his purely Celtic origin, he made but few excursions to Parnassus, and those only to the lower slopes. Probably he was restrained by his sense of humour which found relief in the pages of those papers referred to. Turning over the pages of a bygone comic journal is not always an exhilarating pastime, but there are really humorous things to be found in *Zozimus*, the earliest of Dowling's editorial ventures. A keen but kindly observation of human nature marked his writings, and his efforts to increase the gaiety, not indeed of nations, but of an ever-widening circle, brought their reward. Not every one can realise what the successful conduct of a humorous paper really entails, and how the ultimate success is not always commensurate with the effort.

When Richard Dowling, just a quarter of a century ago, produced a volume of humorous essays with the sufficiently quaint title of *On Babies and Ladders*, there was abundant evidence that he had not become a misanthrope, but that, on the contrary, he bid fair to rival the best of the humourists who were then making laughter hold both its sides. Most of us know whither such a temptation leads, and Dowling had the wisdom to resist it, and novel-readers do not need to be reminded how for the best part of twenty years he devoted his talents to their enjoyment, as the long line of fiction beginning with the *Mystery of Killard* amply testifies.

* Born at Clonmel, June 3rd, 1846; died at London, July 28th, 1898.

But it is to a work of smaller compass and much daintier workmanship that I would invite attention. Eleven years ago Dowling published anonymously a small volume full of odd humours and knowledge of life, and bearing the arrestive title *Ignorant Essays*. Experience teaches that the average volume of essays is a thing to be approached with doubt and put down with relief; the all-pervading self-sufficiency and complacent dulness make one shudder at the thought of reading it. Not so with *Ignorant Essays*, whose name was clearly chosen *lucus a non lucendo*, for they evince a knowledge of *l'art de ne pas tout dire*, and they are distinguished likewise by a delicacy of touch and fine literary flavour that frequently remind us of Elia. The book showed that its author was content to be himself, not chipped to the smooth pattern of the times, but simple, original, and unaffected.

In Stevensonian phrase:—"To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying Amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive." Dowling kept his soul alive, and he infused it into these essays, imparting to them a subtle charm.

Who is there that has not sometimes met "the dull, worthy people who say they like a book because other people say they like it? These good people," says our author, "live in a continual state of self-justification. They are much more serenely secure in what they imagine to be their opinions than those travelling souls that really have opinions of their own. Their life is easy, and in lazy moments one sighs for the repose they enjoy."

"Consistency in a politician," he tells us, "is invariably a sign of stupidity, because no man (outside fundamental questions of morals) can with credit to his sense remain stationary in opinions for thirty years where all is change. The very data on which he based an opinion in the year one are vapourised in the year thirty. The foundation of all political theories is first principles of some kind, and the only support a philosophic mind rejects with disdain is a first principle of any kind."

"Why should our poets," he complains, "why should our poets—those rare and exquisite manifestations of our possibilities—turn themselves into moralists, who are, bless you, as common as grocers, as plentiful as mediocrity?"

This complaint arose out of Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, "the

melancholy truth concerning which is," he says, "that it is most unpopular and most unreadable. It has with justice, I think, been said that of ten thousand people who begin the *Faërie Queene*, not ten read half way through it, and only one arrives at the end."

"It is not the length alone," he explains, "that defeats the reader. In all the field of English verse there is no poem of great length that comes upon the mind with more full and easy flow. The stanza after a long while becomes, no doubt, monotonous, but it is the monotony of a vast and freightful river that moves majestically, bearing interminable argosies of infinite beauty, variety, and significance.. After one hundred pages one might put down the book, wearied by the melodious monotony of the imperial chords. I have never been able to read anything like a hundred, anything like fifty pages at a time. I think I have rarely exceeded as many stanzas. Spenser is the poet's poet, and the *Faërie Queene* the poet's poem, and yet even the poets cannot read it freely and fully, as one reads Milton, or Shakespeare, or Shelley, or Keats or the readable parts of Coleridge, all of whom are poet's poets also. The allegory bars the way." And he gives us his opinion of allegories in no uncertain language: "Fables and allegories are only foolishnesses fit for people of weak intellect and children." And then he adds delightfully: "My intellect is too weak and my heart too childish to resist the seduction of Spenser's verse. So much for my own theory of allegory, and my respect for my own theory."

One could almost imagine that Charles Lamb wrote this:—

"As a rule, I hate writing with the books I am speaking of near me; they fetter one cruelly when they are at hand. There is a tendency to verify one's memory, and read up the context of favourite lines. This is checking to the speed and chilling to the spirits."

"In pictures and poems," he says, "what is a miracle to you has in most cases been a miracle to the painter or poet also. Any poet can explain how he makes a poem, but no poet can explain how he makes poetry. He is simply writing a poem, and the poetry glides or rushes in. When it comes, he is as much astonished by it as you are." Alas! the pity of it, that it so frequently does *not* come.

His essay on the best two books is delightful. They are in

reality what Charles Lamb would not allow to be books at all—"books that are no books"—being none other than his favourite Dictionary and Almanack. His statement that in the former he has "the juice of the language, from Shakespeare to Huxley, in a concentrated solution," is worthy of Lamb himself. "It is almost impossible," he says, "to realise the infinite capacity for ignorance with which man is gifted until he is brought face to face with such a book." And on this subject of ignorance (a subject, by the way, which has been immortalised by the poet Gray in one of his quotable lines) and the blissful calm it induces, he has some sagacious things to say. Extolling the many advantages of ignorance, he inquires:—

"Who, when upon a journey, would care to know the precise pressure required to blow the boiler of the engine to pieces, or the number of people killed in collisions during the corresponding quarter of last year? Should we not be better in sickness for not knowing the exact percentage of deaths in cases of our class? In adversity should we not be infinitely happier were we in ignorance of the chance we ran of gaining a good position or of cutting our throats? Should we not enjoy our prosperity all the more if we were not, morning and evening, exercised by the fluctuations of the share-list, fluctuations in all likelihood destined never to increase or diminish our fortunes one penny? And oh! for ignorance in sleep!—for sleep without dream, or nightmare, or memory!—for sleep such as falls upon the body when the soul is done with it and away!"

Apropos of the many fine and poetic things that have been written about the sea, he tells us that "There will always, down to the last syllable of recorded time, be finer things unknown about the sea than can be said about all other matters in the world. Trying to know anything about the sea is like shooting into the air an arrow attached to a pennyworth of string with a view to sounding space. If we threw all the knowledge we have into the ocean, the Admiralty standards of high-water mark would not have to be altered one millionth part of a line." This last sentence is an excellent variant of the saying of the Wise Man: "The more one knows the more is he convinced of his own ignorance."

A fundamental principle of the British Constitution is that the King can do no wrong. "Most men," remarks our author,

"believe the same thing of themselves, but few others share the faith."

From a recent biography we learn that Carlyle had, on a memorable occasion, dubbed the subject of it "a puir creature," and Dowling here tells us that "Man has always been accounted a poor creature when judged by a fellow-man whom he does not appreciate." What would the author of *Past and Present* think of the declaration that "The past was all very well in its own day until it was found out?"

"Novelties," Dowling assures us, "are always dangerous speculations except in the form of clothes, when they are certain of instant and immense adoption. The mind of man cannot conceive the pattern for trousers' cloth or the design for a bonnet that will not be worn. There is nothing too high or too low to set the fashion to men and women in dress. Conquerors were crowned with wreaths, of which the chimney-pot hat is the lineal descendant; pigs started the notion of wearing rings in their noses, and man in the southern seas followed the example; kangaroos were the earliest pouch-makers, and ladies took to carrying reticules.

"But an innovation in the domain of education or thought is a widely different thing from a frolic in gear. It is easy to set going any craze which depends merely or mostly on the way of wearing the hair or the height of the cincture. Hence æstheticism gained many followers in a little time. But remember it took ages and ages to reconcile people to wearing any clothes at all. Once you break the ice, the immersion in a new custom may become as rapid as the descent of a round shot into the sea."

Occasionally, too, our author allows a touch of pathos to deepen his writing, as when he says: "Children grow and outpace us, and leave us behind, and are not so full of companionable memories as friends. There is hardly time to make friends of our adult children before we are beckoned away."

Fine literary criticism, displaying both delicate insight and sound judgment, is to be found in Richard Dowling's pages as well; for example, take his remarks on that passage in De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, which commences, "Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character," and ending with the cry "I will sleep no more."

"Upon reading this passage over," he says, "I am g'lad I am

not familiar with any finer one in English prose—it would be impossible to endure it. In these sentences it is not the consummate style alone that overwhelms one, the matter is nearly as fine as the manner. How tremendously the numbers and sentences are marshalled! How inevitable, overbearing, breathless is the onward movement! What awful expectations are aroused, and shadowy fears vaguely realised! As the spectral pageant moves on, other cohorts of trembling shades join the ghostly legions on the blind march! All is vapourous, spectral, spiritual, until, when we are wound up to the highest pitch of physical awe and apprehension, we stop suddenly arrested by failure of the ground, insufficiency of the road, and are recalled to life and light and truth and fellowship with the kindly race of man by the despairing human shriek of incommunicable, inarticulable agony in the words, ‘I will sleep no more!’ In that despairing cry the tortured soul abjectly confesses that it has been vanquished and driven wild by the spirit-world. It is when you contrast the finest passages in Macaulay with such a passage as this, that you recognise the difference between a clever writer and a great stylist.”

His tenderness for, and appreciation of Keats’ poems would have excited the disgust of the “savage and tartarly” *Quarterly* reviewer. “My copy,” he says, “will, I think, last my time. Already it has been in my hands more than half the years of a generation; and I feel that its severest trials are over. In days gone by, it made journeys with me by sea and land, and paid long visits to some friends, both when I went myself, and when I did not go. Change of air and scene have had no beneficial effect upon it. Journey after journey, and visit after visit, the full cobalt of the cloth grew darker and dingier, the boards of the cover became limper and limper, and the stitching at the back more apparent between the sheets, like the bones and sinews growing outward through the flesh of a hand waxing old.

“What a harvest of happy memories is garnered in its leaves! How well I remember the day it got that faint yellow stain on the page where begins the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. It was a clear, bright, warm, sunshiny afternoon late in the month of May. Three of us took a boat and rowed down a broad blue river, ran the nose of the boat ashore on the gravel beach of a sequestered

island, and landed. Pulling was warm work, and we all climbed a slope, reached the summit and cast ourselves down on the long lush cool grass, in the shade of whispering sycamores, and in a stream of air that came fresh with the cheering spices of the hawthorn blossom. . . . We lay on the grass, watching the vast chestnuts and oaks bending over the river, as though they had grown weary of the sun, and longed to glide into the broad, full stream."

How vividly the scene is conjured up before the mind's eye in the few strokes that suffice to the literary artist to create a picture! Having pursued his appreciation of Keats through some pages, he concludes:—

"It is consoling to remember Keats is buried so far away from where he was born, when we cannot forget that the abominable infamy of publishing his love-letters was committed in his own country—here in England. His spirit was lent to earth only for a little while, and he gave all of it to us. But we were not satisfied. We must have his heart's blood and his heart too. The gentlemen who attacked his poetry when he was alive, really knew no better, and tried, perhaps, to be as honest as would suit their private ends. But the publication of the dead man's love-letters, fifty years after he had passed away, cannot be attributed even to ignorance. . . .

"When I take down my copy of Keats, and look through it, and beyond it, I feel that while it is left to me I cannot be wholly shorn of my friends. It is the only album of photographs I possess. The faces I see in it are not for any eyes but mine. It is my private portrait gallery, in which hang the portraits of my dearest friends. The marks and blots are intelligible to no eye but mine; they are the cherished hieroglyphics of the heart. I close the book; I look up the hieroglyphics; I feel certain the book will last my time. Should it survive me and pass into new hands—into the hands of some boy now unborn, who may pluck out of it posies of love-phrases for his fresh-cheeked sweetheart—he will know nothing of the import these marginal notes bore to one who has gone before him; unless, indeed, out of some cemetery of ephemeral literature he digs up this key—this Rosetta-stone."

Continuing the subject of poetry, he says in another essay:—

"This is not the age of great poetry, but it is the age of

'poetical poetry,' to quote the phrase of one of the finest critics using the English language—one who has, unfortunately for the culture of that tongue and those who use it, written lamentably little. The great danger by which we stand menaced at present is, that our perceptions may become too exquisite and our poetry too intellectual. This, anyway, is true of poetry which may at all claim to be an expression of thought. There are in our time supreme formists in small things, carvers of cameos and walnut shells, and musical conjurors who make sweet melodies with richly vowelled syllables. But unfortunately the tendency of the poetic men of to-day is towards intellectuality, and this is a humiliating decay. In the times of Queen Elizabeth, when all the poets were Shakespeares, they cared nothing for their intellects. The intellectual side of a poet's mind is an impertinence in his art."

The author of *Caxtoniana* says:—"If the whole be greater than a part, a whole man must be greater than that part of him which is found in a book." And acknowledging this to be true, we can realise what an admirable companion Dowling was; can realise how much wit, humour, fancy, and genius were mingled in his conversation; can realise that, had the Fates been propitious, he might have given us another book as charming as that over which we have lingered.* But we can be grateful for what we have got, for to have written even one such book is no small achievement in an age when in the multiplicity of books there is so little entertainment.

P. A. SILLARD.

IN THE DARK HOUR.

BE still and murmur not, O shrinking soul!
 Though pain may pierce and dark clouds o'er thee roll.
 The Hand laid on thee only comes to bless,
 And guides the knife which shapes to perfectness.

JESSIE TULLOCH.

*An account of Richard Dowling and his writings will be found at page 13 of our present volume.

IN THE DUSK.

THE voices of the busy day
Are hushed in evening rest ;
The sun has sunk from sight away—
A pale line gilds the west.

The calm of night steals o'er the land ;
The stars peep shyly out ;
The wild-duck fly, a silent band—
The blind-bat whirs about.

The plaintive curlew's cry I hear
Float o'er the shadowed vales ;
Across the rush-fringed silvery mere
A lonely bald-coot sails.

There is a sound among the trees,
A whisper soft and low,
That brings to me sad memories
From days of long ago.

Thy gentle words I think I hear—
How far away they seem !
An echo from some vanished year,
A voice within a dream.

M. E. CONNOLLY.

MRS. JACK GROGAN.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS Charlotte Woodham had her distractions as she knelt between her sister and Mrs. Jack Grogan.

The girl (and Miss Charlotte noted it with approbation) had—with her entrance into church—pulled herself together, and, though lips still quivered, was already, beads in hand, engaged in her devotions.

One of Mrs. Tite's earliest confidences to Miss Amelia after Mrs. Jack's arrival had been, that she feared "Mrs. Jack had no learning" (Mrs. Tite's own youngest and sharpest was a teacher in a board school, and the wonder and admiration of her family), but there were different kinds of learning Miss Charlotte said to herself, and, looking at the small figure at her side—the bowed head, the reverence expressed in every gesture—Miss Charlotte's heart went out to the girl. The sacristy doors were at that moment thrown wide open, the procession was coming. Miss Charlotte, too, pulled herself together, but not before she had registered what was almost a vow, that she would do her best for Kitty Grogan, and for her harum-scarum husband.

Service was over, the worshippers had gone, and the church was empty, before Miss Charlotte touched Kitty's shoulder.

"You shall come back another day and see the church and the different altars," she said, when they once more stood in the mews. "Now we must hurry home and have our tea, for I have to run down to the wharf."

"You are not going to the wharf to-day?" Miss Amelia asked.

Miss Charlotte nodded. "Old Enhew was worse last night, and he ought to see the priest, and I have not much faith in that landlady of his; Mrs. Grogan"—Miss Charlotte turned and smiled at Kitty, walking humbly in their rear—"Mrs. Grogan will keep you company till I come back."

Kitty flushed. Not for nothing had Mrs. Tite impressed on her the magnificence of her "dining-rooms;" the "ladies" taught, to be sure, but then they were *ladies*. Their father had

been a parson, and their grandfather had been a general. None of your majors or colonels, but a general, whose name lived in history, who had fought at Waterloo, and had been complimented by the Iron Duke himself. Some day Kitty should see his portrait, Mrs. Tite had assured her. Miss Charlotte had him painted in a brooch, and Miss Amelia had his wife (and she was a baronet's daughter) to match, in another.

On the sly, too, Kitty had been taken into the ladies' parlour, and shown some of their treasures—the pictures, the china, the *real* silver, there had even been a whisper of lace, lappets that had been worn by Mrs. General Woodham when she was presented! Kitty had the Scotswoman's (however radical!) reverence for old blood, it was not for such as she to keep Miss Amelia company, but while she hesitated for an answer, Miss Charlotte spoke again, calling on her to hurry, there was their omnibus and they must not miss it.

From Edgeware Road past the big square vestry-hall, and up the grimy terrace to the gates of Peartree-lane is but a step to those who know their way, and how many times, in bad weather and good weather, winter and summer, morning, noon and night, had not the little ladies footed it, since the day that brought them to Mrs. Tite. "Catch Miss Charlotte letting the grass grow under *her* feet," that lady often said, when she caught the trip-trip of the French shoes on the pavement, for the lane was paved down to the Recluse's gate.

The lane had a Sunday look, Kitty thought. Mrs. Pierce, who lived at Number One, and took in ironing and "single gentlemen" (took in the latter with a vengeance, according to her neighbours), was sitting in unwonted leisure on a chair in her garden slip. Two children playing at ball in the lane were in their Sunday best, the Recluse's cat came to meet them and rubbed himself against Miss Amelia's skirts, reminding her of the often-given saucer of milk. The canary was still singing, the Recluse himself was in his garden, bending over his carnations.

Miss Amelia gave a little sigh of content as she pushed open Mrs. Tite's gate. "I am never tired of saying I am glad we live in the lane," she smiled at Kitty.

"And with Mrs. Tite, don't forget Mrs. Tite," Miss Charlotte laughed.

"And with Mrs. Tite," Miss Amelia nodded acquiescence.

Kit looked from one to another of the ladies.

"There are landladies and landladies," Miss Charlotte said, "and my sister and I have had our experience, and we have—" she paused—"a great respect for Mrs. Tite."

"Jack thinks a heap of her," Kitty ventured. They were now, thanks to Miss Charlotte's latch-key—Mrs. Tite locked up on Sundays—inside the house; and Kit was preparing to make her shy adieux and go upstairs to the drawing-rooms, when Miss Charlotte put out a detaining hand. "Don't go upstairs; we want you to have a cup of tea with us. You know you promised to stay with Miss Amelia, while I go to the Wharf."

Had she promised? On this matter Kitty was not clear, but have tea with the ladies! Again the girl's face flushed as she lifted a pair of scared eyes to Miss Charlotte's face.

"You are not afraid of us, are you?" Miss Charlotte smiled, and what a kind smile she had, poor Kitty thought.

"My dear, we want you," Miss Charlotte went on. "We both want you, and Mr. Grogan is not home yet."

"Mrs. Tite said I might boil the kettle at the kitchen fire," Kitty blurted out, she was wringing her hands in desperation.

"Much better have a cup of tea with us," Miss Charlotte said, and this time the words were almost a command. It was all very well for Miss Amelia and herself to make occasional raids on the kitchen premises; but Mrs. Tite and Mrs. Jack must learn their respective places, and the sooner the better. Miss Charlotte's brow puckered.

"I—I promised her—Mrs. Tite—I promised her, I would make Tite his cup if she wasn't back."

"Tite, make Tite a cup!" Miss Charlotte's eyebrows grew closer together, and for a moment her lips were tight. The next moment Kitty found herself planted in a chair with Miss Charlotte standing over her. "Mrs. Tite had no business to ask you to do such a thing." Miss Charlotte spoke with determination. "If *Mr.* Tite wants tea, he can make it for himself, as he has done a hundred times before, and if he can't, he can wait. Mrs. Tite is never late."

Kitty was too scared to move, the too ready tears came to her eyes.

"She is not angry, my dear," Miss Amelia whispered, as her sister left the room, "only Mrs. Tite knows better. She

should not have asked you to to make her husband's tea. She wouldn't have asked——" her sister and herself, Miss Charlotte was about to have said, but it was difficult she felt to explain matters, and she ended her sentence lamely enough. "You must consider that Mr. Grogan, naturally enough, would not like it, my dear."

"Jack? Jack would not mind. Jack knows I couldn't do enough for Mrs. Tite." A big tear was now standing on Mrs. Jack's cheek.

"But one has to think, my dear, some things are not quite suitable," Miss Amelia stammered, she wished Miss Charlotte would come and explain and make things clear, and she was still hesitating as to how she was to enlighten Kitty's mind, when Miss Charlotte, laden with the bread and butter and milk, came back.

"I have given Mr. Tite his tea," she said with a smile and nod to Mrs. Jack, "an old woman like me can do many things a young——" Miss Charlotte hesitated, but the word came with decision, "*lady* cannot. Don't let Mrs. Tite ask you to do such things for Mr. Tite and her son again, my dear."

Kitty was an honest little soul. Miss Amelia was handing her a cup of fragrant tea; Miss Charlotte, behind her, was standing with the delicately rolled bread and butter. "I was in a shop when Jack married me. I am no better than Mrs. Tite myself." The girl pushed away the proffered cup, stood up and looked Miss Amelia in the face.

"You are Mr. Grogan's wife," Miss Charlotte said gravely, and for a moment her hand rested on Kitty's shoulder. "My dear, do not think I want to scold you. You are Mr. Grogan's wife, and you have a great deal to learn. Don't think I am hard on you." Kitty had turned her face away. "You have a great deal to learn, and, unless I am mistaken, you will learn it *for his sake*. We have all our lesson-books," she smiled at Miss Amelia, "and many of us have lessons to learn that are harder, than, please God, yours will ever be. And now don't be angry with two old women who want to help you if they can, and take my advice about the Tites"—with the last words Miss Charlotte's voice went out in its usual cheery tones—"be as grateful to them as you like, Mrs. Tite deserves gratitude, but *keep your place*."

"Amelia," Miss Charlotte turned to her sister, "Amelia, I

thought we were to have some honey in honour of our visitor? *Heather* honey, my dear, from Dartmoore. I wish, for your sake, I could have said from Scotland," Miss Charlotte turned again to her guest.

Kitty had not finished,—she was swallowing, with difficulty, a slice of bread and butter—before Miss Charlotte, her best bonnet exchanged for second best, was off to the Wharf.

"It is wonderful what good she does," Miss Amelia said, "she is never afraid of the people however rough."

Perhaps this confession of cowardice had its effect on Mrs. Jack. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." "Jack laughs at me for being afraid of tipsy people," she said—then, with a shake of the head, "we see a heap of them in Edinburgh."

"Everywhere, I am afraid," Miss Amelia said. "Won't you take off that heavy hat, my dear? You young things put too much on your heads now-a-days."

"It's the fashion," Mrs. Jack responded, as if that settled the question. She looked with some complacency at the erection of straw and flowers and feathers Jack had chosen for her as she laid it on the table before her.

"Would you like to see what was once the fashion?" Miss Amelia asked, and brought out an old book of prints, and hunted up a portrait of a lady with a frigate in full sail upon her powdered locks.

Mrs. Jack was so surprised that she became quite interested, forgot her troubles, and very nearly her shyness.

"You like pictures?" Miss Amelia asked.

Mrs. Jack's answer came from her heart—she loved them. Jack knew she liked nothing so much as a picture paper, *The Graphic* for choice, but some of the ladies' papers were beautiful too. *The Queen*? Did not Miss Amelia like *The Queen*? She had a great many pictures cut out of that and pasted in a book. Would Miss Amelia like to see it some day? Jack had taken her to a gallery one day, but she was disappointed in that—the pictures were old and *dirty*. She liked a bit of colour, didn't Miss Amelia? There were one or two pictures of the Blessed Virgin she liked, but then *they* had no business to be there—they ought to be in the churches, didn't Miss Amelia think so?

Miss Amelia had another question; did Mrs. Jack like music?

Music? If there was anything in the world Mrs. Jack liked better than another, it was a band, a brass band—and the banjo—Miss Amelia had heard Jack play the banjo?

Miss Amelia very nearly gave a little groan, but what did it matter? The child was a *child*. "Charlotte," she said, when that lady came back to find her alone, "Charlotte, if you take that child in hand, you will have to begin at the very beginning."

"I mean to begin at the very beginning," Miss Charlotte said.

"If it had even been Augusta Tite!" Miss Amelia said as that smart and wide-awake damsel walked up the garden-path on a visit to her father.

"Augusta Tite! Amelia, I am ashamed of you!" And, while Miss Amelia lifted astonished eyes, Miss Charlotte hurried away to take off her bonnet.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Grogan took to her new, yet old, life, as a duckling does to the water, plunging herself into its comforts and its pleasures with an enjoyment that brought her sometimes, when she let herself think, what was almost a thrill of shame.

If it had not been for the servants' tales, Pierce, her smart maid, never would have guessed that for twenty years of her life, her mistress had dressed herself, brushed her own hair, darned her own stockings, not to speak of Dr. Grogan's, patched her petticoats, and had been, what Pierce would have called, her own "maid of all work."

The toilet-table was different now; Mr. Wynbroke had chosen his niece's dressing-case himself; silver-gilt and tortoise-shell made a show. And as to dress, Mr. Wynbroke was a man of the world. "Go to the right people, the right people," he had impressed on his niece, and had gone to the trouble to find out who the "right people" were, from an undisputed leader of fashion.

"Do the thing properly," he had added, and slipped the cheque, that took her breath away, into her hand.

"She pays dressing, pays dressing, eh?" he had whispered to Hammond next time that gentleman dined in Berkeley Square,

and, looking at his hostess at the head of the table, Hammond confessed that she did.

Mrs. Grogan had a conscience. Her Easter duties summed up her religion, it is true; but God had been merciful—she had never managed to kill *that*.

What would people think, she sometimes wondered, if they knew what the “purple and fine linen,” the mayonnaise sauce, the champagne meant to her? Well, there was no harm, no *sin* in enjoying them. Let her “thank God and grow fat.” Mortification was for the saints, *she* was honest at any rate, and did not pretend to walk in their steps.

How had she managed to live these twenty-five years, she asked herself. Her face did not soften as she thought of Dr. Grogan, though she confessed to herself that, where she had been as dross, he had been as gold. She ought to have been a better wife, though only he and she had ever guessed that. Well, she would have Masses offered for his soul, and would not delay to send her offering.

Jack? *Jack had made his own bed and must lie in it.* He had separated himself from her, not she from him.

If the girl had even been pretty! Mrs. Grogan shivered when she thought of Kitty’s tear-stained face, travel-stained dress.

Jack never could expect her to acknowledge a daughter-in-law like that. There was reason in all things. “I forgive him, but I cannot see him,” she had said to Mr. Hammond, who had cleared his throat, and the conscience that she hated had whispered that she had not forgiven him, either for marrying Kitty, or for disappointing her hopes.

In these days Mrs. Grogan’s heart was bitter within her. “If the girl had come to me as a housemaid, I would not have taken her,” she told Hammond one day.

“Jack’s geese were all swans,” had been another contemptuous speech, when Mr. Wynbroke had been expressing his astonishment (as he did a dozen times in the day), that the unfortunate Kitty had not even beauty to recommend her. (“A pleasant, respectable-looking girl” was all Hammond could be induced to say). “Jack’s geese were all swans; whatever is his, is perfect,” his mother had said in her bitterness, and Hammond had caught at the words.

Vanity might be a frail raft on which to float poor Kitty Grogan’s happiness, but it *was* a raft. That the poor little goose

might be always a swan was Hammond's prayer.

Mr. Wynbroke's disappointment once over, he was not ungenerous. A woman like that in days to come at the Court was of course impossible. If she had even been pretty, a beauty (the old man always harked back to that)—but a girl such as his niece described, "impossible, impossible." But the young couple couldn't starve; Hammond must see they were comfortable, and "by-and-by, by-and-by," he would see about buying a practice. But he must find another heir.

"Can't understand her being plain, plain," the old man would repeat, till Hammond almost lost patience.

"She has a pair of good eyes," he said one day, "and we have at least the consolation of knowing that she is respectable."

"Respectable, respectable! Cliffe [Cliffe was the housekeeper] is respectable," the old man returned irately.

What would he have done in such a case himself, Hammond wondered one day as he left Berkeley Square, had his boy lived and done as Jack Grogan had done? Well he never would have cast him off, of that he felt sure—and his wife would have done her best for the girl. He could even picture her taking Kitty to her breast (Anthony Hammond thanked God many a time for his wife).

If Mrs. Grogan only knew what *he* knew of family secrets—not always secrets—shame, she might be glad that her son had married as he had.

Anthony had done his best to bring about a meeting between the grand-uncle and grand-nephew. "You will not see the young fellow?" he had asked more than once. "He would like to thank you for what you have done and what you are going to do." But Mr. Wynbroke had got into what his valet called a "fluster."

"What good? what good?" he had asked, "only upset her, upset her," meaning his niece and pointing towards the drawing-room. "I am getting too old for such worries, and we don't want the woman here. Plain and dowdy, plain and dowdy—why did he marry her! And then there was Miss Somerton, Miss Somerton—there's a beauty for you! If he had only seen Miss Somerton. *Plain!* I tell you what Hammond," the old man brought his hand down on the table—"a woman *has no business to be plain.*"

"I am afraid you exaggerate Mrs. John Grogan's plainness," Hammond said. "For her station"—

"Her station! Damn you, sir, what business had a Wynbroke to marry out of his station?"

Hammond had enough to do to soothe the old man down.

Mr. Wynbroke, in his cooler moments, was not unjust to the memory of Dr. Grogan, his niece's husband.

"They brought it on themselves, on themselves," he told Hammond more than once when they were sitting over their port. "My brother and his wife brought it on themselves. Grogan was a fine fellow, a fine fellow and a good shot, and all the rest of it, and they had him there day and night. Blind as moles, blind as moles, never saw a thing when the whole country was talking of it—let him sing with her, dawdle about the poor folk with her, and run in and out like a tame cat. And he was a gentleman, a gentleman, sir, though his father was a d—d apothecary somewhere or other. When he found how matters were going, he out with it, out with it, and they showed him the door, showed him the door. You remember Sir John? When the fellow had done, John rang the bell and showed him the door."

"I remember," Hammond said.

"Yes, they had your father down, and they sent her away; but it was no good, no good, had had her own way all her life, and they had to give in. Wonder if she ever repented it, repented it? They took care she did not get a sou, except a shilling or two her grandfather left. He wasn't a bad fellow, Grogan, wasn't a bad fellow. No, no—I don't blame Grogan, and for all she's so quiet"—Mr. Wynbroke often startled Hammond by some of his comments—"I wouldn't say but that he had his trouble with her sometimes."

"You are sure you will not see his son?" Hammond asked.

"No, no. I don't wish the lad any harm, I don't wish the lad any harm; but don't bring him here."

"Like her?" the old man asked once, motioning as he nearly always did towards the drawing-room.

"Like Mrs. Grogan? Not at all," Hammond said. "A fair, bright-looking lad—with exquisite teeth," he added after a moment's thought.

"His father over again, his father over again. Red head, white teeth, good smile. I don't know that I'm sorry, Hammond,

that he is not a Wynbroke," the old man finished his sentence slowly.

"I am afraid it has been a disappointment, sir," Hammond said, "but you have Mrs. Grogan, she will make you comfortable."

"Comfortable? Comfortable? What do I want with comfort? What I want is an *heir*."

"We must find you one," Hammond smiled. "Sir Frederick's second boy, now?"

"Ducks and drakes, ducks and drakes. You know the breed as well as I do."

"Sir Frederick has been a little extravagant," Hammond began, but he was interrupted.

"I've told you I know the breed," the old man said testily, "I know the breed. I'd as soon leave the whole thing to Miss Somerton. There's Wynbroke blood there, and there's breeding, and there's beauty, beauty—by gad Hammond I never see her I don't wish I were a younger man. But she wouldn't have had me, wouldn't have had me. A queer girl, a queer girl; all the men at her feet, and not a word for one of them."

"A coquette?"

"A coquette? a *stone*. Hail-fellow-well-met with all of them, but no first favourite there."

"Her age?"

"Nineteen last September. What a fool the lad was, what a fool."

Anthony understood the allusion to his grand-nephew. "Perhaps she wouldn't have had him," he said, "if she is so obdurate."

"Obdurate, obdurate? He would have had his chance."

And not the only one he has thrown away, Hammond said to himself as he got up to make his adieux.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued).

IRISH CISTERCIAN MARTYRS.

"VALE of the Holy Saviour"* nobly named
 By saintly men, who chose of old this place
 To glorify their God and serve their race,
 Upraising here a towerèd temple famed,
 Cistercians they, who loved the poor and maimed,
 Gentle and meek, yet strong with strength of grace,
 They feared the Lord but feared not tyrant's face ;
 And so, when faithless men, with hearts inflamed
 By hate, approached to seize their cloistered home,
 Twelve vested monks came forth their foes to meet ;
 In vain those hirelings bade them lay aside
 Their vestments and forswear the faith of Rome ;
 For Christ, for Mary and Saint Bernard sweet,
 All made the martyr's choice and bravely died.

E. O'L.

* "The town and parish of Graig-na-managh ("Grange of the Monks") derive their name from the celebrated Cistercian Abbey, called *De Valle Saluatoris*, which formerly flourished here, and the noble church of which a large portion still remains." Dr. Comerford's "Dioceses of Kildare and Leighlin." See also "Our Martyrs," by the Rev. D. Murphy, S.J., page 154.

THE LATE DR. THOMAS NEDLEY.

In Memoriam.

IT is one of the ambitions of this Magazine to save from oblivion as many worthy Irish names as possible, no matter how they may have achieved distinction. The name prefixed to this paper is one of these. Dr. Nedley died at his residence 4 Rutland Square, Dublin, April 25, 1899, in the 79th year of his age. He is not likely to be commemorated in any volume such as Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, just before passing away himself, devoted to the genial and gifted man who is associated with Dr. Nedley in the following obituary which appeared in *The Freeman's Journal* on the morrow of his death. We have obtained leave to preserve this tribute in our own pages and to enhance its interest for many by naming as its author Mr. Richard Adams, Q.C., County Court Judge for Limerick, whose reputation for somewhat similar gifts has extended beyond the wide circle of his personal friends. After alluding to the important professional duties ably discharged for a long period of years by Dr. Nedley as physician to the Metropolitan Police, to All Hallows College, and during the Viceroyalty of Lord Spencer physician to the Viceregal household at the Castle, Judge Adams proceeds:—

“ But it was not as a physician that Dr. Nedley was famous in the generation now passing away. He was the last of the long dynasty of wits who have set the Dublin dinner tables in a roar. His name will, in our social annals, be always associated with that of his life-long friend, Father James Healy, of Bray. Both were brilliant humourists, but their gifts were of a different order. If a threadbare but useful phrase may be pressed into the service, Father Healy was a wit and Dr. Nedley a humourist. Father Healy lit up a conversation with some bright mot which was at once delightful and evanescent. It was impossible to repeat it with effect; all depended on the voice, the glance, the psychological moment at which it was uttered. His good things were

“ Like the snow-flake on the river,
A moment white, then lost for ever.”

Dr. Nedley was a raconteur, a most difficult rôle in a tired and impatient age. The only chance for the ordinary story-teller is

that his tales should be short, but Dr. Nedley's were of good old-fashioned length. No man with the slightest sense of humour, however, thought his longest story a second too long. No man ever heard him with any feeling save delight. A profound sense of the ridiculous, a voice rich and mellow, a countenance beaming with fun, a command of a Dublin accent which was at once true to life but glorified by the touch of genius, these were his brilliant gifts. Over the functions at which his tales were related "laughter holding both his sides" presided, and happy were those who assisted thereat.

It has somewhere been truly said by Dr. Mahaffy that the tone of Irish humour is essentially pure. Swift was an Irishman only in the accident of birth—Sheridan and Goldsmith were thorough Irishmen, brilliant wits, and the purest of great writers. Such was the note of the innocent fun of Father Healy and Dr. Nedley: the genius of humour was in their cases entirely free from the evil spirits of foulness and malice that too often dog his steps. Nedley could at times "roll and laugh in Rabelais' easy chair," but the tone of his rollicking story was pure and manly. Gifted with a pleasant voice, he sang his own ballads as well as told his own tales. The Nedley ballads were parodies on the "Come-All-Yous," sung in the Dublin streets in other days, but which of late we think, have almost disappeared. It is to be hoped that copies of Nedley's songs have been preserved. Though the events to which they referred are now forgotten, their humour is still evergreen. A few found their way into print. One for example is to be found in the autobiography of Mr. Porter, the Police Magistrate, in which a burlesque account is given of the trial of a poor ballad printer who was most absurdly arraigned by the Government of the day for sedition in some almanac he had published.

" Good luck to Frank Thorpe Porter,
That expounder of the laws,
Likewise to Adye Curran,
Who was counsel in the cause ;
They tann'd the hide of long Whiteside
And him did disregard,
And freed our Printer from his claws,
In the Lower Castle Yard."

Another famous ballad on "The Soupers" contained a stanza

which has been quoted in England as often as in our own country
It refers to the poor wretches who

“ Sell their sowls
For penny rowls,
For soup and hairy bacon.”

We have said already that Nedley was the last of his race, the last great Irish humourist. As we get farther and farther from the great days before the Union, Irish genius grows dull as Irish prosperity wanes. In his young days Nedley met old men who remembered the brilliant period of our independence, men who, having heard Grattan thunder, supped with the “ Monks of the Screw.” Something of the spirit of this great time inspired his genius, and his humour smacked of the days of Yelverton and Curran.

As a man, Nedley had some remarkable characteristics. No man had less affinity to the poor Yoricks of fiction or the Theodore Hooks of real life. He was a man of high spirit, independent almost to haughtiness; the last man living to take a liberty with. Courted as no man of his time was courted by the great, he was utterly unspoiled; his chosen associates and best friends were men of his own class. With them he was freest and happiest. He was prudent in affairs, and faultless in all the relations of private life. Profound sympathy will be felt with Dr. Nedley’s sorrowing widow, who mourns a man who was as affectionate a husband as he was a loyal friend.

* * *

Let us add that the lady alluded to in the last sentence was the only married sister of the gifted, learned, and holy Judge O’Hagan. Father James Healy’s name has in the preceding account been very fitly linked with Dr. Nedley’s. “ In death also they have not been divided.” It was noticed by many as singularly appropriate that their graves in Glasnevin are side by side. Between the *Benedictus* and the *De Profundis* of Dr. Nedley’s funeral rites, we took a note of the few words carved on the simple cross that rises above Father Healy’s remains, placed there beforehand by himself over his sister.* The first of these words

* Though the title-page does not bear her name, she was the author of a little quarto of good religious poetry, published by James Duffy and Co., called “ Legends of the Saints.”

were no doubt written by that good, kind, and charitable priest, who does not even use the usual phrase, "Pray for the repose of the soul, etc., but more simply still, "Pray for Monica Healy, who died October 8th, 1876." For himself is added, perhaps by his order, nothing but name and date—"Also the Very Rev. James Healy, P.P., Ballybrack and Killiney, who died 28th of October, 1894."

To the genial tribute paid by Judge Adams to the memory of Dr. Nedley we may join another appreciation of this good man, which appeared in *The Athenæum* of April 29. It seems well, however, to omit one passage on account of unpleasantly expressed political opinions which have no business there—a piece of bad taste which makes us reluctant to prefix to the "M." of the signature a pair of initials which country squires and others are glad to append to their names:—

The greatest of Irish humourists, and, we say it almost with dread, the last of the species in Dublin, died a few days ago. Failing health had debarred him for two or three years from joining in the society which he loved, and which had reciprocated his love; so that his death will not leave that gap which a great social force, suddenly stayed, is wont to make in men's imagination. We had become accustomed to dinner parties without him, and it was chiefly their comparative dulness which made our older men recall the days of Nedley and of Healy, of William Lefanu and of Father Tom Burke, when a dinner of men in Dublin was often far more brilliant than any attempt of the kind in England, even in London, where Irishmen abound. But, like many other delicate plants, Irish humour of Dr. Nedley's quality will not thrive beyond its native soil. The very presence of one strange or one unsympathetic face at the table would generally stay the flow of his spirits, and his simple question, "Who is that sitting down there?" was, to those who knew him well, a token that little or nothing would be drawn from him till the stranger reassured him in person, or obtained social passports from others at the table. There were also Dublin men who often met him, but never heard one word of his humour.

In direct contrast to his intimate friend and companion, Father Healy, Nedley was not a wit, but a humourist. The quick flashes for which the former was famous were not frequent with him, except,

indeed, in the wonderful conflict of both qualities which was often exhibited when they occupied head and foot of the same table. At those moments and in this encounter, at his own or at Father Healy's table, his wit seemed as great as his humour. But his distinctive quality, wherein he stood alone and unapproached, was the telling of "Irish idyls" containing dialogues among the poorer people; the singing of street ballads, mostly his own composition—in fact, the reproduction of the speech and the ways of thinking of the Irish people. He possessed not only the insight of a great comic poet, but the face of a consummate comic actor, and a tenor voice of such good quality as to render his songs as well musically as dramatically charming. Hence, no one ever tired of his dramatic sketches, however often repeated; no one even desired to hear from him something new in preference to the old favourites. In fact, his stories held the social stage in Dublin, like the approved plays of our dramatic masters, and it was the manner of telling, the subtle variations on various occasions, the profound knowledge of and sympathy with Irish national psychology, which made him the master of a very rare and delightful art.

It is an art which cannot be communicated, perpetuated, printed, or conveyed by any reporter, however accurate. Only from a like spirit may we some day hear like things, and see them pourtrayed; and he too will pass away without any possibility of recording his art; for this, like that of a great painter, consists in his individual interpretation of human nature, and if the picture be evanescent, no imitator, however intimate with its production, can reproduce it. If, therefore, any of those biographical vultures who are circling the social atmosphere in search of a corpse whereon to alight and batten themselves undertake to profane the relics of this delightful man by printing his stories, let the reader take it from one who knew them well that all such publications are a libel upon a rare and real artist.

Like all profound humourists, he was the most sympathetic and modest of men. He never thrust his conversation upon any cold or indifferent audience. It was, indeed, with reference to him that Sir Edgar Vincent once made a valuable remark—valuable, that is to say, to Englishmen—"There is no use in asking a single Irishman to dine; you must ask another to draw him out!"

Such was the man in society : genial, modest, never using his powers of satire and mimicry for any unkind purpose, hospitable to a fault, generous to the poor, passing through the storms of Irish politics without ever declaring a strong opinion, and yet respected by extreme men of every type. There will probably be found among his books many rare plays and collections of street ballads; but of his own art nothing. It lives only in the memories and hearts of the men, women, and children who knew him and loved him.

“THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS THE BEGINNING OF
WISDOM.”

“MY God, I love thee!” did I say,
And strove to say it truly—
“And I will serve Thee every day”—
And sought to serve Him duly.
But was it Love that cried and cried !
Or Faith and Fear that trembling tried ?
Alas ! I know not truly.

Another thought is mine to-day—
It fills my soul completely ;
It charms all mournful doubts away
Most tenderly and sweetly ;
“ My God ! Thou lovest, lovest me !
In Time and through eternity,
Thou holdest me completely !”

ELIZABETH CECILIA WAYLEN.
(EIRELL TANE.)

A VISIT TO THE COLOSSEUM.

"**B**RING this," said Pius V., while taking some dust from the floor of the Colosseum and giving it to the Polish Ambassador who had asked him for relics, "bring this to your master, he has but to press it and the blood of martyrs will flow." The battlefield of the first soldiers of Christ was covered with fifteen feet of sand by the Popes who would not permit the earth, saturated with the blood of martyrs, to be trodden under the feet of the tourist and the curious.

The Colosseum was known to the ancient Romans as the Flavian amphitheatre. It was built by the Flavian emperors A.D. 72, and is 157 feet high and 1,900 feet in circumference. After the siege of Jerusalem the emperors Vespasian and Titus employed the captive Jews in its construction; and thus two of the most remarkable monuments perpetuate the memory of the double captivity of this doomed and stiff-necked race; the Pyramids of Egypt and the Colosseum of Rome. Who can form an idea of the hardships endured and the tears shed by the once favoured people who would not profit by the sufferings endured for their sakes and were heedless of the tears shed over their city by Him who wished not to scatter them over a hostile world but to gather them under his protection as the hen doth gather its little ones? In truth the Flavian amphitheatre is the monument of the sufferings and tears of the Hebrew captives, as Jerusalem levelled to the ground is the symbol of their rejection.

The Colosseum is divided into four parts. The "podium," which encircled the arena, was a terrace of marble on which was the dazzling pavilion of the Emperor and the Cæsars. On the right and left were the priests and the vestal virgins, and the first dignitaries of the empire. Above the podium ranges of benches ascended, divided into compartments by passages. Here were first the seats of the knights, and above them those of the people. There were eighty arches of entrance. It held 100,000 people, and could be emptied in ten minutes. Such was the order kept and regulations observed that there was no confusion. The vast building was devoted to the exhibition of wild beasts, their

fighting together, gladiators fighting together or with wild beasts; and also naval fights. In these last displays water was let in and naval battles represented in real earnest. Suetonius says that Vespasian entertained the people with most magnificent spectacles, and in one day brought into the amphitheatre 5,000 wild beasts of all kinds.

I ascended to the topmost division—the terrace, and not without emotion I contemplated the vast amphitheatre now empty, but once so frequently the scene of martyrdom. If you should ever come to Rome, dear reader, go up to the Colosseum. You will there acquire that force and energy of which we have so much need in these days of fainting and darkness. Come here at every hour, but come especially in the evening hours when meditation so sweetly soothes the heart. Do not come merely as an admirer of nature's imposing scenes to gratify your sight with the enchantment of the moonlight among the arcades in ruins; but come to pray and to meditate. Once I was there when the moon began to pour her light from amidst the clouds, and the emotions I felt are not to be expressed in words no more than the magic scene I beheld. I knelt down, for it is easy to remain concealed amidst the myriads of arches, and it seemed to me that the vast amphitheatre again throbbed with life.

My imagination called up a thrilling scene. The broken walls standing around the arena took their once perfect shape, becoming covered and grated dens where flashed the fiery eyes of tigers and lions. More than 100,000 spectators awaited with impatience the scene of blood. In the centre of the arena old men knelt with their eyes fixed on the ground. Virgins stood, modestly but fearlessly looking up to heaven, and young men of noble aspect erect were gazing as it were on some distant object. They were Christians. The inward eyes of all were turned in one direction; they looked upon Christ their King whom they saw on the "podium." For to them Cæsar was of so little importance that he was as if he were not. There was a murmur of the spectators as that of the ocean. The discordant cries of the savage beasts pacing their dens sent a thrill of joy through the hearts of the confessors of Christ. At last they could give their Lord that proof of love greater than which no man can give, the laying down of their lives for His sake. What a spectacle it was, savage and sublime! The rays of a brilliant sun inundated all with its

light, marbles, columns, statues—all was resplendent. The velarium or awning with its graceful undulations cooled the scorching rays of the sun and tempered its brilliancy. In the middle of the arena an altar is erected, the Pontiff advances and immolates a victim to Jupiter. I seem to hear the fierce growling of the ferocious tigers. The sacrifice is finished. Cæsar arises to give the signal. No, it is not Cæsar. It is not a form such as is seen at the head of armies or in scenes of strife. I look again. It is that of a woman. It is a young girl, a vestal virgin who stands. She makes a sign, the dens encircling the arena are opened, and with bounds as if of joy at regaining their liberty the savage beasts, not yet heeding their victims, traverse the whole space again and again. One tiger stands; its attention is arrested. Suddenly all are motionless. They advance stealthily at first as if in fear—a bound! And the martyr's soul is in the embrace of his God.

The Emperor Trojan sent forth an edict, one effect of which was that St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch and disciple of St. John the Evangelist, was condemned to death. The venerable old man was thrown into chains and brought to Rome. He arrived there on the last day of the annual games and was conducted to the amphitheatre. Ignatius kneels in the arena of the vast Colosseum while the Romans to the number of 80,000 made it echo with the cry "The Christian to the lions!" The intrepid soldier of Christ murmurs these words: "I am the wheat of the Lord; I must be ground by the teeth of the lions to become the bread of the Lord Jesus Christ." Two lions instantly rushed from the dens and devoured amidst the applause of the people. I awoke from my reverie. It was time to depart. Seen through this purple haze of martyr's blood the Colosseum seemed to me worthy of respect and love. So it was meet that Benedict XIV. should consecrate the arena to the Passion of Our Redeemer. He erected there the stations of the Cross, and the people come on the Fridays to perform this touching devotion. Indeed where could one find a place more suited to excite feelings of piety towards the Passion of Our Lord? What a grand and touching spectacle! The vast arches and tiers of this immense amphitheatre in ruins—the cross* in the place of the altar of Jupiter—the crowd kneeling on the soil where the martyrs expired. What

* The cross has been taken down by an impious government.

eloquent lessons! what sublime contrasts! Once in a moment of alarm and danger for the Church Pius IX., pointing to the Colosseum, said: "This amphitheatre in the first ages of the Church received like a chalice the blood of the Christian heroes. To-day it is the vessel which receives our tears."

The blood of martyrs is the life, the glory and the strength of the Church, everything here at Rome recalls this truth; it is written in indelible characters in the depths of the catacombs, on the marble and gold of the Basilicas, but to me this truth is most eloquently expressed in the Colosseum where in a certain sense it can be touched and felt.

JEROME O'CONNELL, O.D.C.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

Nos. 53 and 54.

Only J. G. discovered the mistake we made in proposing for solution an acrostic already solved in these pages as far back as July 1887 (page 359 of our fifteenth volume). That article was the first revelation of the distinguished authorship of "Dublin Acrostics." We gave as one of the samples No. 52. The first lines do not refer to the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire but to the carving of a turkey, with which ham is often associated at table. But still, after twelve years, I am unable to see why "ham" is called "my lordly first." The second word is *let*; and *Hamlet* is a theatrical "part." The lights are *haul*, *addle*, and *must*.

J. W. A. solves correctly, but I suspect he was a little confused by the ham and turkey. Perhaps that "lordly" and the capital T put him out. J. G. gained higher merit by doing nothing but showing his acquaintance with his I. M. J. C. quotes very appositely Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," as an illustration of the third "light:"—

"This year the must shall foam
Around the feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched on Rome."

But curiously enough the second light did not suggest to him an addled egg, but Queen Anne, the sad mother of a large but short-lived family.

P. J. D. and J. R. solve No. 52 correctly in all particulars; they raise no difficulty about that puzzling "lordly."

As the next two are short, we give both of them to be solved before July 10th.

No. 53.

Close to the fire I love to stay,
E'en on a warm oppressive day.

Descended from a lordly line,
Well fitted in Hyde Park to shine.

1. An honoured name by me was won
With Falkland and with Algernon.
2. A strange incongruous medley I
Of things most contradictory.
3. Well are they named the "Gate of Tears"
Whose straits the sailor trembling nears.

O'C.

54.

My first derives his title from the tomb.
My second's products heighten beauty's bloom.
My whole let no one but my first assume.

1. I check the gout.
2. I banish doubt.
3. Not Smith but Jones.
4. I battered stones.

Q.



A SUMMER MORNING.

A BLACKBIRD wakened me this morning at dawn ; he was piping in the tree at my window. I covered up my head and tried to close my ears to the song, but the bird compelled me to listen.

He was calling me to come out, come out—to shake off my drowsy comfort and come out in the sunrise. I arose and went into my garden while the world lay dreaming around.

My garden lies to the east, and in the daytime it seems commonplace and ordinary enough ; but now in the early morning—when the sun and the dew make a network over every leaf and branch of apples and pears, of plum, and gooseberry, and currant tree, when the thick hedge is alive with singing birds and the wild cherry-tree throws out the sweetest perfume from its white blossoms—there is a strange glamour over my garden, a wonderful beauty that leaves it when the world awakes, when the sun grows hot and the filmy dews are dried.

It is in the morning the leaves hold carnival. Buds and flowers as yet are half asleep ; but the leaves are dancing and whispering, and each one, from the tiny blade of grass to the broad leaf of the sycamore, as a lamp lighted by the sun and shedding a tender green gleam around. Every tiny vein, every line and curve is distinctly visible. Ah, the leaves at this hour possess a beauty undreamt of by you who only see them when the day is advanced and the sun has moved round, taking from them their light and leaving them green and dull.

And then the birds in the dawn—you may hear them through the day and in the evening, but the music is never the same as now. In their joy of the moment they forget family cares and troubles and pour out their hearts in an ecstasy of song. The blackbird with his clear whistle rising, falling, trilling, warbling ; later his song loses its wild *abandon*, and there is a note of satiety in its sweetness. There are the thrushes too, and little merry-hearted linnets piping in the hedge.

While I am listening to their joy, I hear another note. Looking up, I see a dark speck rising higher and higher ; and the music of the lark falls about my ears. It is answered now by

another from the meadow beyond. There they go ever mounting, with their rapturous duet, the very embodiment of melody.

A lark was given to me once. I kept it through the winter months and hung it out when the sun shone; but at the first breath of spring I let it fly away. I could not bear the pain in the shy brown eye. My heart ached to see it beat its wings against the bars. Probably if I had kept it, it would have sung in time, but for me the song would ever have been a passionate reproach.

The birds in my garden are not shy. Blackbirds and thrushes hop quite boldly about my feet. In a few short weeks they will cease their singing, and the greedy little robbers will revel in the fruit; however, for another while they must be content with worms and insects, for the blossom is still on the tree.

At the end of my garden is a large old cherry tree. Its branches now bend down laden with bloom; the faint breeze stirs the leaves and flings the blossoms at my feet. Standing in the perfumed shower, I think of a cathedral where on some festival rose petals are scattered, filling the air with their whiteness and fragrance; but on this summer morning my cathedral aisle is made of brown boughs, and for rose leaves I have the white blossoms of the cherry-tree.

The hedge where the birds are so busy is not a straight, prim line. It is very high, and, although smoothly clipped, curves in, and out, and in again. Privet and lilac, elder and thorn, and ivy, go to make up its greenness. Out of the centre rises a tall young sycamore, spared because of its symmetry. Here the hedge is cut square, leaving the low wall with its thick covering of dark ivy; an ideal place for old-fashioned bee-hives if only honey-laden bees could rise above the wall on the opposite side; but alas, it is too high, and so the nook must remain empty.

Beneath the hedge are pale primroses, and delicate trailing ivy, and the vivid blue and dainty white bells of the wild hyacinth. Under the morning sun everything takes on a different aspect, even the great horses plodding up and down the field yonder do not look prosaic, and the plough they are drawing through the dark earth has turned to silver.

Pigeons, grey and purple, are wheeling round and fluttering in the wake of the plough in search of their early repast. Pigeons are breakfasting, the birds have gradually left off their singing;

the man is leading his horses away, and, as I look around, I see blue smoke curling from chimneys. A cloud has come over the sun, and the fair morn has passed into day.

I am grateful now to that importunate blackbird for his timely call; for, whether the coming hours lie dark or sunny, the perfume and the light of the happy dawn will remain with me throughout the day, and I have another sweet memory to add to my store.

H. L.

JUDGE LAWSON AMONG THE SAINTS.

SOME years ago an Irish Judge and an English so-called Historian had two points in common. James Antony Lawson and James Antony Froude, beside the unusual combination of Christian names, were partners in a special unpopularity amongst the Irish people. The judge was unpopular on account of certain political trials at a very acute crisis of our history, and the Historian on account of his passionately partizan views of Irish history, and also with some on account of his malignity towards the memory of one to whom Irish hearts turn with sympathy, for her beauty, her misfortunes, her Catholic faith, her holy death, and out of enmity to her enemy, Queen Elizabeth of England.

Judge Lawson is now almost entirely forgotten. He was a Protestant of a religious turn of mind, as appears from his Latin translation of many sacred poems and hymns in a book entitled *Hymni Usitati latine redditi*, and also from the piece to which we allude in the title of this paper.

There is a boom at present in Protestant and general literature in favour of St. Francis of Assisi. Tennyson in his second "Locksley Hall" utters an aspiration for his return among us. Young poets, like Laurence Housman in *The Dome*, sing his praises almost as rapturously as Crashaw sang the praise of St. Teresa. Dr. Sebastian Evans gives the primitive story of his life in English that approaches the winsomeness of the *Fioretti*.

Before this boom had set in, or just at the beginning of it, Mr. Justice Lawson strangely enough addressed an alcaic ode to St. Francis, St. Clare, and St. Catherine of Sienna conjointly. He submitted the manuscript to Judge O'Hagan who criticised the Latin and turned it into English, as Judge Lawson tells us in the following letter which we have found among his correspondent's papers and venture to print as not being discreditable to any one. But first let us give Lawson's ode.

IN HONOREM SS. FRANCISCI, CATHARINÆ, ET CLARÆ.

O Fausta nutrix, dives Etruria,
Tres editi sunt e gremio tuo,
Assisius Franciscus ille,
Et Catharina decor Siennæ,

Et Clara claro nomine cognita
Terris remotis: pectora fortia
Perferre paupertatem et omnes
Blanditias superare carnis.

Exempla vitæ splendida sæculo
Dabant onusto criminibus, neque
Crucis dolorem pertimebant
Quo Dominum propius tenerent.

Te, rara virtus, candida castitas,
Cœleste donum fas mihi dicere, et
Utcunque discordes movemur
Eximia pietate capti.

Nec tu, magistris fise recentibus
Scientiarum, despice pristinae
Ætatis annales, fidemque
Sanguine tunc toties probatam.

Exemplar unum proposuit Deus:
Te, Te sequamur, Christe, per omnia
Crucemque complectamur illam,
Stigmata vera animæ gerentes.

Probably Judge Lawson's question in the following letter about the spelling of Sienna regards Latin or Italian. I think the new way of spelling *Sienna* with one *n* and *Loretto* with one *t* is a mistake. The two names are naturalised in English and spelled according to our pronunciation of them. When spelled

in the Italian manner, they ought to be pronounced in the Italian manner.

Clontra, Shankill, Co. Dublin,

2 October, 1884.

My dear Judge,

Your version is *lovely*. You have hit a blot in *dabant*. I would propose to read :

Exempla vitæ splendida sæculo
Dabant onusto criminibus, neque, etc.

Should it not be Siena, not Sienna ?

By *exempla vitæ* I mean to convey what is called in one of the Collects "an example of Godly life"—is it good Latin? I have not the Latin of the Collect to refer to, in my Prayer Book; it is the Collect for the 2nd Sunday after Easter, of course it is taken from yours. I think your transposition divorces the epithet too far from the noun, mine gets rid of an epithet which is an advantage.

Your last line is perfect :—

"And bear thy stigmata within."

In my last line you have written *anima*—I think I wrote *animæ*. Which is correct ?

I should like to see the two together in print. We may be "severed in creed" but not in faith. I often think of that glorious passage at the end of the *De Senectute* as to the meeting in the next world, when all earthly dross shall have been purified.

If not printed before, they must appear in the second edition of my *Hymni*.

Believe me,

Ever yours,

J. A. LAWSON.

Animæ was given finally in print; but *anima* in the ablative would seem to be better reading. The printed copy embodied the other corrections suggested to the poet by the author of this admirably literal and admirably liquid translation.

Auspicious nurse, how rich thy dower,
Etruria, since the three are thine,
The Francis of Assisi's shrine,
And Catharine, bright Siena's flower ;

And Clare, whose name breathes clear and pure
In realms afar : the great of heart
Who chose with poverty their part
And vanquished every fleshly lure.

Examples glorious did they bring
To times defiled by guilty stain ;
Nor feared the cross with all its pain
The closer to their Lord to cling.

And may my voice thy praise express,
Thou gift of heaven, fair chastity !
In creed though severed, yet are we
Made captive by such holiness.

Nor thou, by modern masters moved
In name of Science, scorn the page
That chronicles the pristine age
And faith in blood so often proved.

One Pattern given of God hath been—
Thee, Jesus, Thee, be ours the grace
To follow still, Thy cross embrace
And bear Thy stigmata within.

When there was question of publishing the joint work of the two Judges side by side, Judge O'Hagan with his usual loyalty thought of a certain modest magazine whose Editor counts his friendship among the most precious graces of his past life ; and accordingly the Latin and English appeared on opposite pages of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* for November 1884. They were struck off on a double leaflet ; and on one of these, preserved by Judge O'Hagan among his papers, the following lines are written on the fourth page which the printers had left blank.

Methought the verses, soft as satin,
Were Tennyson in Lawson's Latin,
But now I see that Lawson's done
His Latin into Tennyson.
For surely as my name is Sam,
No bit of *In Memoriam*
Is better said, or with a fall
More delicate and musical.

These lines are signed S.F.—namely, Sir Samuel Ferguson, who imagined that Judge Lawson was the translator of his own verses. The mistake is corrected by these other lines to which are affixed the initials “J. A. L.”—Judge Lawson—who would hardly have used “plumage forged” as a substitute for “borrowed plumes,” were it not that Samuel Ferguson wrote “The Forging of the Anchor” at almost as early an age as John O'Hagan had reached when he wrote “Dear Land” and “Ourselves Alone.” There have been other “marvellous boys” besides poor Chatterton.

Your rhymes would make me, my dear Sam,
 Appear much better than I am,
 And though I fain would "forge an anchor,"
 For plumage forged I do not hanker.
 So, warned by mean Bathyllus' fate
 In "vos non vobis," let me state
 'Twas John O'Hagan clothed in satin
 His brother Lawson's ruder Latin.

I will not go to the Life of Virgil for the story of the would-be literary thief Bathyllus that Judge Lawson alludes to in connection with *Sic vos non vobis*; but I will take the excuse for quoting what he calls here a "glorious passage" very near the end of Cicero's dialogue on Old Age. Some will like to have it in Latin, and some will find the English version more intelligible. We shall consult for the convenience of both. "*Neque me vixisse poenitet; quoniam ita vixi, ut non frustra me natum existimem: et ex vita ita discedo, tamquam ex hospitio, non tamquam ex domo. Commorandi enim natura diversorium nobis, non habitandi dedit. O praeclarum diem, quum ad illud divinum animorum concilium coetumque proficiscar, quumque ex hac turba et colluvione discedam! Proficiscar enim non ad eos solum viros, de quibus ante dixi; verum etiam ad Catonem meum.*"

This is translated in the following manner by Mr. Cyrus R. Edmonds in Bohn's Classical Library. "Neither do I regret that I have lived, since I have lived in such a way that I conceive I was not born in vain: and from this life I depart as from a temporary lodging, not as from a home. For nature has assigned it to us as an inn to sojourn in, not a place of habitation. Oh, glorious day! when I shall depart to that divine company and assemblage of spirits, and quit this troubled and polluted scene. For I shall go not only to those great men of whom I have spoken before, but also to my son."

Judge Lawson might have derived better consolation from Thomas a Kempis than from Cicero. His "glorious passage" is vague and colourless beside the 48th Chapter of the 3rd Book of The Imitation. "Of the Day of Eternity and the miseries of this life." Yet this apostrophe is said by Cicero's translator to have "suggested to the greatest of pulpit orators one of his greatest perorations." If we asked our readers who this greatest preacher might be, would any of them name Robert Hall? Here are his words.

"If the mere conception of the reunion of good men in a future state infused a momentary rapture into the mind of Tully; if an airy speculation, for there is reason to fear it had little hold on his convictions, could inspire him with such delight, what may we be expected to feel who are assured of such an event by the true sayings of God! How should we rejoice in the prospect—the certainty, rather, of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we loved on earth; of seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected. What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat and the labour of the way, and to approach not the house but the throne of God in company, in order to join in the sympathy of heavenly voices, and lose ourselves amidst the splendours and fruitions of the beatific vision!"

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Natural Law and Legal Practice*. By the Rev. René Holaind, S.J. Benziger Brothers: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. [Price 7s.]

Father Holaind, who is Professor of Ethics and Sociology at Woodstock College, and Lecturer on Natural and Canon law in Georgetown University, has collected in the present volume a series of scholarly lectures delivered at the Law School of the latter Institution. The aim of the author is to set in a clear light "the fundamental principles on which the respect for right and the permanency of the social order must ultimately depend." Towards this end he discusses fully, and with constant references to writers on law like Bentham, Mill, and Spencer, such problems as "natural law," "moral causation," "human acts," "free-will," "justice," "the individual, the family, and the state," "property," "taxation," "combinations of capital and labour organisations," and allied topics. The work is, in fact, an exhaustive treatise on philosophical jurisprudence. No subject in our university curriculums is more important than this. The questions with which it is concerned are emphatically the questions of the hour; and, in general, they are discussed with a profound ignorance or misconception of the vital principles of society, government and law. Hence the need and the value of Father Holaind's treatise. Such a work was really a desideratum, and it has been excellently supplied. The publishers

have produced the volume well—good paper and type—but why are American books so unpleasantly heavy? We find that this book outweighs one of Macmillan's publications containing more than twice as many pages.

2. *Ballads and Poems*. By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). London: James Bowden, 10 Henrietta Street. [3s. 6d.]

This is the third volume of verse that Dora Sigerson has already given to us; and this circumstance bears external testimony to the richness of her poetic gift, as does also the fact that the pieces gathered in this new volume have already been read and admired in such periodicals as *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Longman's Magazine*, *The Bookman*, and in such journals as *The Spectator*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, etc. The volume, which the Publisher has produced very tastefully, consists of three divisions: the first consisting of seven ballads, the second of a large number of lyrical pieces, and then two poems, one of them of considerable length. This last, "The Me Within Thee Blind"—a mystic title borrowed from Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam—is the most ambitious effort that our poet has yet attempted, and it is indeed a poem of great dignity and power; but it would require a long separate study. Mrs. Shorter's ballads have the true ballad ring about them; yet, we must confess a strong preference for the second division, "Ireland and other poems," especially such dainty lyrics as "Little White Rose," and "Monic." All through there is the genuine spell of poetry—thoughtfulness, tenderness, originality, nothing commonplace, nothing prosaic. Each new publication of Mrs. Clement Shorter shows a distinct advance upon its predecessor. The announcement of her next volume has excited a keen curiosity; for the newspapers tell us that it is to be prose, and they even inform us that the title is to be "The Father-Confessor and Other Stories." The reader of her present volume cannot fail to ratify the verdict of *The Spectator*: "This is poetry."

3. *The Wind among the Reeds*. By W. B. Yeats. London: Elkin Mathews. [Price 3s. 6d. net.]

Mr. Yeats tells us at the end of the short preface to his volume of "Poems" recently published by Fisher Unwin that that portly volume of three hundred pages, and the present slim volume which might be printed in thirty or forty pages, contain all of his published poetry which he cares to preserve. We advise those who are not yet acquainted with this poet not to confine their study to this new volume but to take the other larger volume with it. Indeed it would be well to read his prose books also as a help to understand some of these poems, though some of them are explained here in prose notes which fill nearly half the volume. There is no doubt that Mr. Yeats is

a poet, but it needs a peculiar training and peculiar tastes to give him the place that some claim for him in our poetical literature. What Pindar is said to have said of music may be said of this sort of poetry: "As many as are not delighted by it are disturbed, perplexed, irritated." We fear that "The Wind among the Reeds" will produce this effect on many who consider themselves lovers of poetry but who will be utterly unable to feel sympathy with this poet's themes, his spirit, or his diction, though over all there is undoubtedly the glamour of poetry.

4. *The Religion of Shakespeare. Chiefly from the Writings of the late Mr. Richard Simpson, M.A.* By Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory. London: Burns and Oates. [Price 7s. 6d.]

This very laborious and important work of more than four hundred pages has an extraordinary interest for the Catholic student of the most wonderful poet of all time. Neither Mr. Simpson nor Father Bowden goes as far as M. Rio, who represented Shakespeare as an ardent champion of the Catholic faith: but they prove that in his tone towards the old faith he was a contrast to his contemporary dramatists in his freedom from all that might be expected in a partisan of the new doctrines writing for a court and audience hostile to the Church they had abandoned. His sentiments are ascertained by a minute study of all his writings, illustrated by many passages from old manuscripts, &c., in various collections which have of late years been rendered accessible to students. Father Bowden, with characteristic modesty, puts forward very emphatically the late Mr. Simpson's share in the work, even on the title page. Apart from the thesis that they prove, the quotations and discussions are of extreme interest. The careful index of proper names at the end bears witness to the great and persevering industry which makes this work the most authoritative and probably final treatise on its subject.

5. *The King's Mother. Memoirs of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby.* By Lady Margaret Domville. London: Burns and Oates. [Price 3s. 6d.]

This new biographer of the saintly grandmother of the unsaintly Henry VIII., begins very effectively by stating that the Countess of Richmond was the only woman named in a list of fourteen holy but uncanonised men and women whom Cardinal Newman at one time intended to append to his "Lives of English Saints." It is an extremely edifying and interesting biography, and Lady Margaret Domville has shown great industry and skill. A page or two of index or minute table of contents would have been useful. The extract from Margaret Beaufort's translation of *The Imitation of Christ* is delightful; but the note seems to refer to a note which does not exist, and Ovid's famous line

(quoted also, not in the third but the thirteenth chapter of Book I.) is funnily referred to as "*Nihil obstat*," whereas it runs thus :

"*Principiis obsta : sero medicina paratur.*"

6. *Maria Santissima* : a Record of 150 Spiritual and Temporal Favours. Selected and adapted from the German of the Rev. Dom Joseph Keller, D.D. R. and T. Washbourne. [Price 3s. 6d.]

This large and very cheap volume is not intended for critical readers who want strict proof for everything ; but it will be read with pleasure and profit by a great many people. It would not, however, be less edifying if there were a little less vagueness in the manner of specifying places, persons, and dates.

7 *The Child Abel*. By Claud Nicholson. (George Allen : London).

This book is a good deal out of the common. It is the story of a very young French child of irreligious parents with miserable surroundings, and then suddenly placed under holy Christian influences. The second part is evidently written from closer knowledge than the first, which is necessary as the dark background of the picture. There is a peculiar charm about many of the descriptions ; and you are struck now and then with phrases of very exceptional picturesqueness and even power. Mr. Nicholson is so much at home with French ways of living and thinking and expressing one's self that we are surprised at frequent slips that can hardly be laid to the charge of the printer, even if proof-sheets were dispensed with. "*Matilde*" is an arrant cockney, for she persistently drops her *h*. "*Trained*" seems to be given as the English of *trainé* in page 5 ; and very often *emit*, *fanatic*, and some other words are used in ways that they never were used before. In the last paragraph of all "a fanatic voice" sounds very oddly and discordantly, spoiling a beautiful scene. There is a great deal of subtle observation of character, and even Grégoire the cat is most life-like and natural. This graceful and thoughtful book has been brought out with the good taste that one expects from John Ruskin's special Publisher.

8. The output of the Catholic Truth Society for this month includes the following penny tracts ; "*A Lifelong Battle*," an excellent story of a mixed marriage by the Rev. George Bampffield ; another penny book of stories by the Rev. Langton Vere ; Bishop Hedley's Pastoral Letters on Ritual and on the Real Presence ; and an address on the Public Spirit of the Catholic Laity ; "*Analogy between the Mysteries of Nature and Grace*" by Cardinal Newman ; and a very complete sketch of Monsieur Olier (1608-1657) by Dr. Bellord, the new Bishop of Gibraltar. We notice that the life of this

holy man reached only 49 years, the limit of another very fruitful life—Father Faber's.

9. Saint Anthony of Padua is the most popular saint of the day. The Benzigers of New York send us a neat and thick volume from the German of Dr. Joseph Keller, consisting of anecdotes illustrative of his power; and R. and T. Washbourne of London have published "The Guild Life of St. Anthony of Padua," in paper covers for sixpence, and very neatly bound a shilling.

10. The Very Rev. Charles Cox, the English Provincial of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, has issued through R. and T. Washbourne, of Paternoster Row, a second series of "Retreat Conferences" for Convents. It is not long since the first series was issued. The two volumes are quite distinct; and separately or together, they will furnish excellent spiritual reading in religious communities during the time of Retreat or through the ordinary course of the year. The price of the new volume is five shillings.

11. Messrs. Burns and Oates have published in a shilling volume Father Joseph Rickaby's second series of "Cambridge Conferences" delivered to the Catholic Undergraduates of the University of Cambridge. These eight conferences should be read in connection with the preceding series and with the two series of "Oxford Conferences." Each of the four volumes costs a shilling.

The Very Rev. Dean Albert Lings, author of "Our Favourite Devotions," "Our Favourite Novenas," etc., has now added a collection of "Our Monthly Devotions:" namely, the Holy Infancy in January, the Holy Family in February, St. Joseph in March, the Passion in April, the Blessed Virgin in May, the Sacred Heart in June, the Precious Blood in July, the Holy Ghost in August, the Immaculate Heart of Mary in September, the Angels in October, the Holy Souls in Purgatory in November, and in December the Advent of Our Lord. The Benzigers have brought out the book with great neatness, but it is somewhat dear at five shillings. From America also comes an admirable essay by Father Edmund Hill, O.P., entitled "Unbelief a Sin." Father Henry Cafferata's "Catechism Simply Explained," (Art and Book Company: London and Leamington) has been issued in a second edition, the first, of three thousand copies, having been exhausted in a year. This work has high episcopal approbation and may be usefully employed in the instruction of adult converts. We may mention here, out of its place, an excellent little book on the Devotion of the Bona Mors by the Rev. Joseph MacDonnell, S.J., which may be had from the *Irish Messenger* office, 5 Great Denmark Street, Dublin.

12. We have received the May number of "The Ulster Journal of Archaeology" (McCaw, Stevenson and Orr: Belfast) containing seven excellent antiquarian articles, chiefly relating to county Antrim, admirably printed and admirably illustrated. It is a publication of great interest and worth.

We remember a paper in an American Magazine arguing that San Francisco would be the literary centre of the United States in the twentieth century; perhaps the literary centre of the world in the twenty-first century will be Cape Town. Already it has *The South African Catholic Magazine*, and *Silver Leaves*, each of them amongst the very best of its class. Dr. Kolbe has returned with vigour renewed to his post. He and Uncle Joe must have been welcomed back with a *cead mile failte*. That last sentence has been framed so as not to indicate singular or plural in verb or pronoun. "Silver Leaves" is the organ of the pupils of St. Mary's Dominican Convent, Wynberg. In "All I know about the Saint I love best" Katie Murray agrees with the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien of Limavady in the June Number of *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* in his very learned and original article on so old a subject as "The Birthplace of St. Patrick." The Painter of "The Roll Call" has inspired many verses, none more graceful than those which welcomed her to Wynberg. Other leaves introduce us very pleasantly to "Little Jacko" and the Evening Primrose, and make us feel the rapture of a ride on the Veldt.

We are only able to mention a "Plea for the Intermediates" by Dr. Maurice Hime who defends the present system of examinations which has been recently the subject of a Commission of Enquiry. Dr. Hime's long experience in matters pedagogical lends weight to his opinions. His suggestions about testing knowledge of French pronunciation in examination papers are very useful and quite practical.

13. No. 2 of Volume 2 of *The Clongownian* (June, 1899) is, we think, the best of the series, the most interesting and from a literary point of view the most excellent. The items contributed by the London Oratorian, Father William Bullen Morris, and by M. M. of Stonyhurst, are particularly attractive. The pictures are less numerous than usual, and so much the better. The literary merit of magazines has not been improved by the present rage for illustrations.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

Early Devotion to St. Joseph.

A WRITER in *The Tablet*, reviewing "St. Joseph of Jesus and Mary" (M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin), called the attention of the Author to the omission of any reference to certain very ancient examples of devotion paid to St. Joseph. These were alluded to in very brief "Notes" published in *The Tablet* of November 9th and 16th, 1895. In the Cotton Manuscripts Vitellius E. XVIII. on the 19th of March is entered *Sancti Joseph Sponsi*. This is a Winchester Calendar of the first half of the Eleventh Century. Also Dom. Ursmer Berliere, O.S.B. discovered in the Royal Library at Brussels, an ancient Office in honour of St. Joseph, in a manuscript of the Thirteenth Century.

With these ancient tributes to St. Joseph we may join one of the most recent, paid by Miss Jessie Tulloch. An accident has kept it in manuscript till now.

The Guardian Saint.

As springeth up a snow-drop from the snow,
 So Mary seemed to grow ;
 And she found favour ever with the Lord,
 And she conceived the Word.
 Thus in her whiteness lay enfolded One,
 God's Son and her own Son ;
 And they, most precious in the eyes of Heaven,
 To Joseph's care were given.
 O Saint, who drew perfection from the face
 Of Jesus, gain us grace
 To love His Mother, His for aye to be
 And place due trust in thee.

The Robin and St. Joseph's, Maynooth.

J. G. in *Nature Notes* for June, 1899, says that this year a pair of robins made their nest at the top of the reredos of St. Joseph's altar in one of the chapels—in a small cavity between the reredos and the wall. "This chapel is used as an oratory by the students of St. Joseph's Division, numbering about 200, who visit it almost every hour in the day, and two Masses are

celebrated at the altar in question every day in the week. I think it showed very great trustfulness on the part of the robins to set about making a nest in such a place and under such conditions. But they not only made their nest but brought out three young ones and took them away, full-fledged, on one of the last days of April."

The Happiest Time of Life.

Mr. Quiller Couch in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for March, 1899, brought to an end his series of miscellaneous essays and paragraphs to which he gave the title "From a Cornish Window." One of the topics that he discusses in this final instalment is whether we are really happy in our childhood; and he argues with much force and very plausibly for the negative.

A parson in *Notes and Queries* about the year 1860 expressed his fears that it was not true to say of men in general, that, when approaching the end of life, they would not like to begin life again. Sir Thomas Browne was wiser than most people when he said in the 42nd chapter of his *Religio Medici*: "Though I think no man could live well once, but that he could live twice, yet, for my own part I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the thread of my days; not upon Cicero's ground, because I have lived them well, but for fear I should live them worse. I find my growing judgment daily instruct me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitiosity make me daily do worse. I find in my confirmed age the same sins I discovered in my youth; I committed many then, because I was a child; and because I commit them still, I am yet an infant; therefore I perceive a man may be twice a child before the days of dotage, and stand in need of Eson's bath before threescore."

AUGUST, 1899.

MRS. JACK GROGAN.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was on a July afternoon that Mr. Wynbroke took his niece —no long journey—home to the Court.

The old man was full of memories as they steamed through the verdant country. That house, to the left, was Lord Bletchington's place, Connie remembered? A fine place, a fine place, but in the hands of the Jews, yes, the Jews—and the tower among the trees, she had not forgotten that? No one there now but Mrs. Upton. A sad story, a sad story—all gone, all gone, not one of the young ones left, but the cripple. Sad, sad, only the cripple left, only the cripple. And that house with the ivy—that was new, beer built it, and soap lived in it. Mr. Wynbroke shook his head. And that palace, "Windsor Castle"—the people called it—that was beer again; but capital people, capital people, as Connie would see. Then, when they got into their own country and began to slacken speed, there were other questions.

Connie remembered Martin? Martin was still station-master, just as young as ever. Connie should see, just as young, just as young, and must have turned sixty. And when Martin himself, pushing the porter aside, opened the door for his Squire, he was called upon at once to recognise—"Miss Connie."

"Remember Miss Connie, Martin? Remember Miss Connie? Brought her home, brought her home for good," the old man chuckled.

Martin remembered "Miss Connie" and—her history well. He looked at her curiously as he touched his hat, and ventured a "glad to see you back, ma'am." The last time she had been at the Court had been just before her marriage to Dr. Grogan. Absence, new scenes, the father and mother had thought might wean her from her lover, but "absence makes the heart grow fonder," at the end of two months the girl had come home—firm in her devotion—as before.

At the first lodge, the old man called to the coachman to pull up. It was the scene at the station over again, Mitford remembered Miss Connie? Mitford dropped her curtsey. Well, here was Miss Connie back again, back again, and for good, for good.

Miss Connie was not a bit changed, old Mitford said, and put on her glasses to see her better, "a real Wynbroke Miss Constance had always been, the breathing image, she might say, if it were not a liberty, of her father, and the young gentleman?" Mitford, who was privileged, peered into the carriage. The young gentleman would be walking from the station?

It was Mrs. Grogan, who, with white face, bent forward to say that Mr. Jack was in London, while Mr. Wynbroke called with haste to the coachman to drive on.

At the second lodge the coachman pulled up again in spite of the old man's testy "Drive on, Gibson, drive on. I didn't tell you to stop here," and at the repetition of the words the footman jumped to the ground and came to the window with a touch of the hat and an apologetic "Miss Somerton, sir."

"Eh? eh?" Mr. Wynbroke cried. "Miss Somerton, Miss Somerton, eh?"

The footman drew back discreetly, and the next moment Mrs. Grogan saw that a girl, a girl all in white, was holding the gate open, while she dipped curtsey after curtsey, holding out the unemployed hand as if for alms.

"Mary, you young scoundrel," the old man, delighted, cried, and fumbling in his pocket tossed out a sovereign.

"Thank you, sir," the girl coming up to the carriage door dropped another curtsey, "his reverence's thanks—and mine."

"Come in, you monkey, come in. Jackson, open the door for Miss Somerton. Come in, Mary, come in."

The girl shook her head. "I shall run by the kennels. I shall

be at the house as soon as you, and then, perhaps"—there was a gleam of mischief in the girl's eye—"you will introduce me to Mrs. Grogan."

"What? What? To be sure. Connie——" but Miss Somerton had disappeared.

"Mary can run as well as any boy," the old man said with approval. "Between ourselves, my dear, between ourselves, there are few things the monkey can't do. A good child, a good child." There was a moment's pause, then he went on, "Never plan, my dear, never plan," the old hand stole out and patted his niece's, "but she would have made a good daughter-in-law, a good daughter-in-law, eh?"

An answer was not needed. The carriage at the moment pulled up for the third time, and, standing hat in hand on the door-step smiling a welcome home was Mary Somerton.

Mary's friends were fond of saying that she looked as if she had "stepped out of a picture," and the girl certainly possessed all the charm and grace that that phrase is supposed to convey, but the true beauty of the face lay in its expression.

At a convent school, where nicknames were forbidden, her companions had named her "Mary Sweet." Her father had called her his "sunbeam;" a girl friend once had said, "you have only to look into Mary Somerton's eyes to love her," and another had added—an American who had been with her at the *Sacré Cœur*—"well, it makes me feel good to see her smile." One of her mistresses had said, half in fun, "I have to find out Mary's faults." Her Director had said to her one day *à propos* (it seemed to the girl) of nothing; "God has been very good to you, see you are good to Him." "If Mary had been as ugly as sin, she would have been beautiful," another school-friend said, describing her to a friend, and her listener understood.

"I'm awful scared you'll be a nun some day," the American already quoted said to her one day, "you're too good for this earth," but Mary had shown, as yet, no signs of a vocation, but lived very happily and contentedly with the aunt who was her chaperon and her guardian.

Afternoon tea was waiting in the hall, and the girl, who had taken up the tea-pot, put it down quickly, and the pink came to her cheek. "I beg your pardon," she said to Mrs. Grogan.

"No, no, go on, go on, Mary, we'll not depose you yet," Mr.

Wynbroke cried. "Why, this child comes every day of her life across the woods to give the old man his tea. Good child, good child," he patted the hand that had given him his cup. "Walking, Mary?" he went on.

Mary Somerton shook her head, and came and stood in front of him. "Driving—don't you see my best frock? Auntie and I have been at a function; she dropped me at the lodge, and will send for me later."

"We must have a garden-party ourselves, now Connie has come," the old man said. "You would like to see the neighbours, eh, Connie?—the neighbours, you know?"

Mrs. Grogan answered in the affirmative, but her thoughts were with the girl, as she watched her every motion and listened to each word. Jack might have married this girl (it no more entered Mrs. Grogan's than it had entered Mr. Wynbroke's head that Miss Somerton might have said Jack, *No*)—and he had settled down with—Kit.

Mrs. Grogan pulled herself together as her uncle spoke to her again. "That child wants to ruin me, Connie, ruin me. First, a new church, and then schools, and now Sisters, Sisters. What on earth you and his Reverence want with *Sisters*, I don't know," he turned again to Mary Somerton.

"To pray for us poor sinners," the girl laughed back with a little nod of the head.

"Well, well," the old man said, "I suppose you know best; but I won't have you shutting yourself up with them, mind that, mind that!"

Suddenly Mary Somerton remembered something, "and Mr. Grogan?" she asked. "Mr. Grogan has not come?" Waiting for an answer, she looked first at uncle and then at niece.

There was a moment's pause; then Mr. Wynbroke spoke: "The lad has made a fool of himself, a——" he altered his word—"a confounded fool of himself." The old man spoke with petulance.

Mrs. Grogan pushed back her chair, got up and went to the window. She could bear much, she told herself, but not that this girl should hear the tale of Jack's mis-alliance—hear, perhaps a description of Kit, even seen through Mr. Hammond's eyes.

A bell rang and went clanging through the hall. "His Reverence," Mary Somerton ran and pushed open the big door.

"Father, I forgot to tell Mr. Wynbroke you were coming. Mea culpa."

Mary was as thankful as Mrs. Grogan for the interruption.

CHAPTER X.

Father Stokes at college had been known to his class-mates as St. Christopher—a name given not only from a fancied resemblance to a statue of the giant saint that stood, in one of the whitewashed corridors, just opposite the chapel door, but from his readiness to bear his companion's burdens, as far as might be, on his own broad shoulders.

The Father, truth to tell, was ashamed of his size, of the height and breadth that dwarfed most men who stood beside him.

It was small comfort to be assured by some would-be complimentary member of his ever-succeeding flocks, that, when his time came, he would make a "fine bishop." He was tired of his brother priests' joke that he, of course, looked down on them all. His bishop too, when he moved him from one mission to another, was ready to hint to him that he might have left him in peace had he not been such a man of weight, for, indeed, wherever Father Stokes was sent, churches and schools sprang up like magic, debts and difficulties disappeared, order, in many cases, succeeded chaos.

There was a story in the diocese that a sturdy yeoman, who had long refused a site for a chapel, yielded to Father Stokes' first petition.

"You didn't expect me to stand up to a fellow who could have chucked me over his head?" had been his answer to his remonstrating Rector.

The Father, however, enjoyed a joke against himself; routed on one occasion, he had confessed his defeat to a parishioner. "Well, I caught it that time, John." And John had answered, with demureness "That's as may be; to my mind the lot of them looked small beside your Reverence."

Father Stokes spoke of himself as a "rolling stone"—"*that gathered moss.*" Mary Somerton emended when she heard this often-made speech.

The Father had now been three years at Somerton, and

already his bishop had given him a hint that a fresh field for his labours was waiting for him.

Though sixty-five, the Father was vigorous as he had been in youth; when some friend asked him the secret of this perpetual vigour, his answer was a shake of the head; he had no recipe, no fad, a "gift from the Lord," he always said.

Mrs. Grogan was a tall woman, but she had to look up to meet the eyes that looked so kindly yet keenly into her face.

"And this is the niece?" he asked, as he shook her hand, and then he looked round—for *Jack*. Mrs. Grogan knew it. Her hand stole up to her heart, but Father Stokes was discreet; if he wondered what had become of the lad, Mr. Wynbrooke's heir, who was to have been brought home in triumph as master of the Court, he had more discretion than Betty Mitford at the lodge, and asked no questions.

The footman, who had come to find his work done, had now come back a second time with a loaf of home-made bread and a basin of milk—the father's tastes were evidently understood—and Miss Somerton, standing by the table, began to cut long fingers of the bread, which the priest, as he talked, dipped into his bowl and eat.

"Dinner? Dinner, eh?" Mr. Wynbrooke asked.

"Supper," Father Stokes said, and laughed.

Of a sudden Mary Somerton laid her sovereign by his side.

"For the good of the parish, Father, earned by the honest sweat of my brow."

"Hark to her, hark to her," Mr. Wynbrooke said. "You and she, between you, will be the ruin of me yet, Father."

"We want to save your soul," the priest replied, as he took out a long knitted purse and put the sovereign carefully into one end. "Amen, I say unto you——" he stopped.

"And the rich women, the rich women, eh?" Mr. Wynbrooke nodded towards Mary Somerton.

"There never are any," Mary said, "they know better."

"Let themselves be fleeced by every impostor in the country, that's true, that's true," the old man gave a little chuckle, as he saw his favourite flush.

"Mary has a cult for beggars," the Father said, "to tell the truth, so have I; and you?"—he turned to Mrs. Grogan.

Mrs. Grogan started, in her own mind she had finished the

priest's unfinished sentence, "Amen, I say unto you that a rich man shall hardly enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." She recovered herself as the priest repeated his question, bending forward so as to see her face.

"Beggars? I am afraid I know very little about them."

"Dirty, very dirty," Mr. Wynbroke put in.

"Prefer the respectable poor?" It seemed to Mrs. Grogan there was something very like a twinkle in the Father's eye as he asked the question.

"I have had few opportunities of working among the poor," Mrs. Grogan said coldly.

"Ah, we can mend that," the Father said. "Mary, is there any more milk? I am too poor to keep a cow," he said apologetically as he turned again to Mrs. Grogan, who found it difficult to know how much was fun, how much earnest.

"You would not be inclined to join Mary's community?" the priest went on.

"Eh? eh? What's that?" Mr. Wynbroke looked up. "What's that, Mary? What's that?"

Again Mary Somerton flushed, but the Father did not give her time to answer.

"Mary wants to found a community—of widows—*rich* widows (in spite of what we have just been saying). They *are* to be rich, are they not, Mary?"

"Father, it is not fair," Mary looked at Mrs. Grogan.

"Let Mr. Wynbroke hear," the priest went on. ("Another finger of bread, if you please). Mr. Wynbroke, here is a young lady who proposes to found a community to do the priest's work."

Again Mary flushed.

"A community of widows, *rich* widows."

"St. Francois of Sales liked widows," Mr. Wynbroke put in. He too looked at his niece as if he thought the subject of widowhood should be left unmentioned.

"So he did," the priest said, "but Mary's community——"

"Father, let me tell my own story," Mary Somerton cried, interrupting with a pretty gesture. "Cousin John," she went over and stood by Mr. Wynbroke's chair. "All I said was,

it would be nice to have Sisters who could be sent out, two and two, wherever and whenever they were wanted, and—and—" Mary looked again at Mrs. Grogan, "I thought widows would be best, they have so often something of their own"—"and nothing to do," (the priest interpolated) "and," Mary went on, paying no attention to this interruption, "my nuns are to pay their own way."

Father Stokes, draining his bowl, laughed.

"In a very poor parish, you might be glad of them, yourself, Father," Miss Somerton went on with more warmth.

"Glad of a rich widow or two, very likely," the Father said, his eyes still twinkling.

"Cousin John, he won't listen to me, but *you* will understand. I have thought it out over and over again."

"Go on," the priest said.

"There would be a noviciate, of course."

"With Mary for novice-mistress," Father Stokes said with gravity.

"Please, Father, let me explain to cousin John. Cousin John, it is not to be a strict order, but there is to be a noviciate, and my nuns——"

"Widows," the priest said.

"Nuns," Mary nodded her head with a little air of defiance, "are to live under rule."

"What about vows?" the priest asked.

"Father, I never thought about vows"—(the priest laughed). "Yes, my nuns are to take vows and renew them every year, and they are to be ready to go wherever they are sent for, two and two, to prepare the children for Communion, instruct converts, or prepare the sick for the Sacraments."

"Do the priest's work for him, as I said," Father Stokes broke in, his eyes still twinkling, as he looked from the girl's eager face to Mrs. Grogan's with its half puzzled expression.

"But never be away from their convent for more than six weeks at a time."

"I am glad to hear of that," Father Stokes said with pretended gravity.

"And they are to be able to pay their own way *entirely* where necessary, and that's why I thought of——" Mary stopped.

"Rich widows," the Father finished composedly. "Mrs.

Grogan, are you disposed to join Mary's community?"

Before Mrs. Grogan had time to answer, Mr. Wynbroke spoke. He too was a little puzzled as to how much was nonsense in the conversation.

"But, Mary, my dear, you are not a widow."

"That's the worst of it," Mary said with such earnestness that even Mrs. Grogan laughed.

"Well," Father Stokes said, as he got up to say good-bye, "Mary's community is in the future; no one knows what may happen. In the meantime we must content ourselves with the Sisters the Bishop is going to send us."

"Father, you never told me," Mary Somerton sprang to her feet.

"That is my news," the Father said.

"Cousin John, you and I shall have to build a convent," the girl cried.

"I verily believe we shall save his soul," the priest said, as he and the old man exchanged smiles.

"Why didn't you tell me before, Father?" Mary Somerton asked.

"For a very good reason; I had only the Bishop's telegram an hour ago."

"Oh," Mary said.

"Mrs. Grogan, do you sing?" The priest had held out his hand to say good-bye.

"I used to sing a little when I was a girl," Mrs. Grogan said.

"Then we shall have you in the choir."

"The Father makes us all work," Mary Somerton said when the priest had gone.

"Quite right, quite right," Mr. Wynbroke nodded his head.

"Except you, cousin John," the girl added, mischief in her tone.

"He gives me quite enough to do in signing my cheque-book, quite enough to do signing my cheque-book," the old man nodded his head again.

"And you like doing it, cousin John," Mary said with emphasis.

"To-morrow, Mary? You will come to-morrow?" Mr. Wynbroke asked, as the girl, in her turn, got up to say good-bye.

Mary Somerton looked at Mrs. Grogan. Nearly every day of her life she walked or rode across the park to chat with Mr. Wynbroke, to read to him, pour out his tea, write, sometimes, from his dictation ; but now—his own niece was there. Mary hesitated, but Mrs. Grogan made no sign, and at last she spoke. "Not to-morrow, cousin John; the day after, if I may?" Again she looked at Mrs. Grogan, but again no answer came, and Mary repeating, "the day after to-morrow, cousin John," to satisfy Mr. Wynbroke, made her adieux, and with a half-disappointed expression on her face went away.

Mrs. Grogan had no reason to complain of the rooms given to her for her own use, the rooms that had always been allotted to the mistress of the Court. The little sitting-room was gay with rose-covered ohintz and flowers; a curtain-covered door led to a stair-case in the wall that in its turn led to a tribune opening on the chapel below.

Mrs. Grogan remembered ; she softly opened the door and as softly went down the stairs. The Blessed Sacrament was no longer there, though Mass was permitted on occasions; but the chapel was clean and cared for. Pots of flowers stood before Our Lady's statue, a lamp burned under that of the Sacred Heart, and kneeling under it, her face covered with her hands, was Mary Somerton. Mrs. Grogan watched her a moment, and as she got up from her knees, she drew back—it seemed to her as if she had been almost prying on the girl. When she heard the chapel-door close, she too got up and went slowly back to the boudoir and through it to the dressing-room where her maid was waiting for her.

"Pierce, that is too much of a toilet for to-night," she said, when she saw the dress the maid had put out for evening wear.

"I thought you would like it, madam," was the girl's reply. Pierce had her reasons for wishing her new mistress to impress the household; "cooked her own dinner and washed her own clothes, from what we hear," one of Mr. Wynbroke's spoiled household had said with contempt.

"Look at her hands, and you'll know it's a lie," Pierce had returned, but she had not forgotten the speech.

When Mrs. Grogan, diamonds in her ears, diamonds fastening the pretence of a widow's cap that rested on the coils of thick dark hair, the soft folds of her dress trailing behind her, "for all

the world like a court train," according to an admiring housemaid, peeping at her from the gallery, swept into the dining-room on her uncle's arm, even Smart confessed she "might have been a duchess!"

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Wynbroke had been an easy-going Catholic, not that he would have married—and notwithstanding his ready admiration for a pretty face, he never *had* married—out of the Faith, no Wynbroke had ever done *that*; not that he would have missed his Sunday or Day of Obligation Mass, or eaten meat on Fridays (when he dined out on that day in his own neighbourhood, it was understood he had his special "plats") for the weight of the world in gold. But he was a Catholic, a Wynbroke, the *right thing*, that was enough. He had a fine, if contemptuous, toleration for such as were outside the Fold, the toleration he extended to "new people," Manchester or Liverpool men; if *they* had no good blood in their veins, it was not their fault, poor beggars!

As to saying his prayers, opening a book of devotion, well, he was like other men there, and if he could rap out an oath or two—to the admiration of his game-keepers—his father had done it before him, it was habit, not vice. And if he liked his glass of wine (in his way he was a connoisseur) it was only once in a way, and on a special occasion, that he, as his valet put it, "enjoyed himself."

He had been a dandy in his day, and was still fastidious about his clothes (Clarke, sometimes, came out of his room, a dozen or so of neckties hanging over his arm—failures).

If his habit of repetition made him, to some, a wearisome companion, the old man on the whole was a favourite. No one could deny that, in word and deed, "old Wynbroke," if an old-fashioned one, was a gentleman.

It was with Mary Somerton's advent from her Convent School that a change came in Mr. Wynbroke's life. The girl, an orphan and an heiress, was alone in the world, a beauty too! Chivalry, as well as admiration, put her kinsman at her feet; at the Court her word was soon law. If Mary took it for granted

(and from the first she did) that "cousin John" was going to Benediction, cousin John went. If Mary said, "I suppose to-morrow we shall meet at Vespers," at Vespers cousin John was sure to be found. And if Mary thought his purse was open, as her own, to every charitable call, Mr. Wynbroke did not hesitate to untie the strings.

When Mr. Wynbroke found himself at his confession, preparatory to one of Our Lady's Feasts, he dubbed himself an old humbug to Father Stokes.

"Ah well, we take our doses of medicine for different reasons," was that astute ecclesiastic's reply, and Mr. Wynbroke humbly allowed it was time he was making his preparation for a journey that had to be taken ere long—a journey that led to another world; and as the weeks went on, he found himself "slipping," as he put it, into "Mary's ways." He did not deny the comfort.

Mary Somerton had reddened, to the roots of her hair, the first time she heard her cousin swear at a rabbit gin found in a hedge; but the girl never heard another oath. Mr. Wynbroke might tighten his lips, and draw in his breath till his face looked apoplectic, but the words were kept in. "It's the devil of a habit," as he frankly confessed to Father Stokes, and wondered why that gentleman bit his lips.

As time went on, Mary Somerton became as a daughter at the Court, and few days passed that did not find her, with the step-aunt who was both chaperon and companion, there. At least at afternoon tea the three friends met.

That it was a mistake for a woman to have too much money at her command was Mr. Wynbroke's firm conviction. His own mother had been an heiress (it was through her he had succeeded to the Court)—and in her widowhood, what a mess she had made of her affairs! Then, look at his cousin Lady Mendip. She had insisted on marrying the man of her choice without settlements, and, in a couple of years, where had most of her thousands flown? And Mary Somerton's own mother, an heiress like herself—she too had made a fool of herself. Why, it had taken Mary's long minority to put things straight. And here was Mary herself, in all other respects a sensible girl, ready to part with her last farthing to any scoundrel who came to her with a plausible tale, or to any old wife who was ready with her whine. Remonstrance was no good, Mary was ready with her mutinous little *moue*, the

half-tender, half mischievous sparkle in her eye, "Cousin John, would you like to beg for your 'bit of baccy,' or have only one blanket on your bed? I wonder what Our Lord would have done?"

("I can guess what Our Lady would have done at any rate," had been Hammond's aside once when listening to one of these conversations).

"God is good to us whether we are bad or good," had been another of Mary's retorts, and another time the girl, flushing pink, had said, "Cousin John, I thought I should like to know what it was to be hungry, and one time when Aunt Veronica was away, I"—the face grew pinker still—"I said I should wait on myself, and carried out the food to the fowls, and—cousin John——"

"Yes, yes," Mr. Wynbroke cried, half-startled, half impressed by this tale.

"I—I——" the soft cheek was turned away—"I *dare* not know anyone was hungry again."

"Women have no sense, not an atom of sense," Mr. Wynbroke returned irately. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, ashamed of yourself. You might have made yourself ill."

"I wasn't ill," Mary said, "not a bit. I only thought I would never like to be a Carmelite."

"That's right, that's right," Mr. Wynbroke patted her hand. When he contemplated the virtues of his favourite, he was always afraid she might develop a vocation.

"You ought to be put through a course of political economy," he told her another day, with unusual severity and want of repetition, but had it not come to his ears that Miss Somerton had pensioned a sinner black enough to be a poacher?

"He won't poach any more," the girl returned with serenity. "He told me himself he was getting so stiff he would be glad to live respectably at home."

"Not a bit of him, not a bit of him," Mr. Wynbroke cried with vivacity, "unless he were bed-ridden, I wouldn't take his word for it. A poacher is a poacher to the end of the chapter. You are not wise, Mary, not wise," Mr. Wynbroke shook his head. "Why don't you have a little worldly wisdom? We all need it, we all need it."

"Because I prefer Heavenly." Mary made a mischievous

courtsey and danced away, and Father Stokes, turning over an old volume in a corner, chuckled.

There was no doubt about it; not one woman in a thousand was fit to be trusted with wealth. But what to do with the Court was becoming a serious question. His eldest brother's sons were spendthrifts, his younger brother's sons well provided for. His nieces' husbands were nothing to him—one had even married a Protestant. There was the Church to be sure, but to the Church a big bequest, in the old man's experience, had always brought litigation, and I am not sure that, in his secret soul, he did not hold that the Church—like a woman—was better poor. The idea might be hazy, but it was there; he would not have liked to be poor himself, but—God's riches lay in poverty.

No, the Court should not go to the Church, nor to his brothers, nor to their children, nor to Mary Somerton, nor even—as had been suggested to him—to the Yorkshire distant cousin who was such an exemplary youth, and was held up as a model of a Catholic husband and landlord. He had half a dozen places already; the Court would be shut up and visited once in ten years perhaps. He could not, he thought, even in his grave, stand *that*.

More than once the old man had thought of Anthony Hammond as his heir. The Hammonds had gentle blood, Anthony was an upright, honest man, but Anthony's son had died; it was a question of women again. Then a day came that, turning over the leaves of his *Tablet*, Mr. Wynbroke's eye fell on a paragraph devoted to the memory of Dr. Grogan; the writer spoke of him as a fervent Catholic, of his devotion to his profession, of his charity to the poor of his own and other denominations, of the respect in which he was held by his fellow-citizens, and ended by mentioning that he had left a widow who belonged to a well-known English aristocratic house, and a son who was to follow his father's profession.

A son! Should the lad have inherited his father's virtues—aristocrat as he was, Mr. Wynbroke did Dr. Grogan justice—and his mother's beauty—(the old man had never forgotten his niece)—here was an heir, and a suitable one, ready to his hand. Mr. Wynbroke sat down and wrote to Hammond on the spot.

Later reflection brought another hope. Up till now the heiress of Somerton had not shown herself susceptible, suitors had come,

alliances had been planned, yet Mary still walked fancy-free. But Mr. Wynbroke had faith in propinquity. Throw the young people together, and what might not happen? The young man must be blind indeed who was blind to Mary's charms.

The old man pictured a son and daughter to solace him in his old age, children to be what grandchildren might have been, a good Catholic marriage worthy of a blessing, the Court and Somerton linked together, as they once had been two centuries before.

Mary Somerton, driving over that afternoon, thought she had never seen her kinsman so happy, and as the pair drove, after tea, back to Somerton for Benediction, the old man suddenly asked her, "Mary, you have heard of my niece, Mrs. Grogan."

Mary shook her head; her life, save for the vacations spent in London with her mother's people, had been passed at the Convent school; that bit of family scandal had never reached her ears.

Mr. Wynbroke hemmed. "Well, well, a handsome woman, a handsome woman. We can't all marry as we want to. She has been left a widow, a widow with an only son."

"Yes," Mary said with all innocence, "a child?"

"A child!" Mr. Wynbroke was provoked, "a child! a young man; and if he takes after his mother, a good-looking one." Mr. Wynbroke wagged his head to accentuate his words.

"Yes?" Mary said again; the girl was always amused with the stress the old man laid on the importance of looks.

"If Connie had not married Grogan, she might have married anyone," the old man went on, "anyone."

"And Mr. Grogan?" the girl asked.

"Dr. Grogan?" Mr. Wynbroke hesitated, "a good fellow, a very good fellow, but not, not the husband Connie should have chosen. No, no; there is a fitness in all things. Not the husband Connie should have chosen."

"But if he were good?" Mary Somerton asked.

"Good? Good? Goodness had nothing to do with it. He—" Mr. Wynbroke sank his voice—"was the village Doctor, a love match, a love match, but you know nothing about these things, my dear." Mr. Wynbroke pulled himself up as if he had been guilty of some impropriety.

Mary Somerton always went to the point. "Was Dr. Grogan

not a gentleman ? ” she asked.

“ A gentleman ? a gentleman ? ” Mr. Wynbroke hesitated, then he gave a little chuckle. “ By gad, I believe till he fell in love with Connie, they all thought he was. ”

Mary Somerton opened astonished eyes, but at that moment the carriage drew up at the church porch.

Mary was full of congratulations and interest when she heard that Mrs. Grogan and her son were to make their home at the Court. That was why her cousin looked so happy, and the girl was happy for the news.

Then came the visit to London, the disappointment, the return without the promised heir.

“ Made a mess of himself, made a mess of himself—in the blood, in the blood. ” Mr. Wynbroke told her the first time they found themselves alone ; “ a dirty little shop-girl, not even looks to recommend her. ”

“ Had he seen her ? ” Mary asked.

“ Seen her ? he did not want to see her. Connie had seen her. ” Mr. Wynbroke waved his hand towards his niece’s window. They were sitting on the terrace.

“ Mrs. Grogan did not like her ? ” Mary could not help being interested.

“ Like her ? like her ? ” Mr. Wynbroke was excited. “ Would anyone like a daughter-in-law of that kind ? ” and Mary apologetically supposed nobody could.

“ Connie was not much company, ” Mr. Wynbroke complained to Hammond, the first time that gentleman ran down. Of course she had just lost her husband, and had this disappointment about her son ; but it was time she began to cheer up.

“ I saw her son yesterday, ” Hammond said.

“ Getting on ? Getting on ? Working, eh ? ” the old man asked.

“ The session has begun, ” Hammond answered diplomatically.

“ Steady, eh ? ”

“ The young fellow certainly does not drink. ” Hammond could answer this with decision.

“ And the girl, the girl—nothing to be made of her ? ”

Hammond’s heart was touched as he met the anxious eye.

“ Ah, that we can’t tell in a month or two. An aunt has been up from Scotland to see what is going on, a respectable woman at

all events, and feels the marriage," Hammond gave a little laugh, "as much as we can do."

Mr. Wynbroke grunted.

"It says something for the respectability of the family at any rate," Hammond said.

"The confectioners, eh? The confectioners."

"But for the matter of the secret marriage, the girl has a clean record," Hammond said with dryness.

But no imagination on Hammond's part could picture Kit at the Court. The well-trained housemaids, in appearance, would have put her to the blush; and, as one of these small-waisted ladies passed him in the passage, on his way to his bedroom, he pictured Kitty as he had seen her last, sitting forlorn on a corner of Miss Woodham's sofa, flushing and wringing her hands when he addressed her, or turning imploring eyes on Miss Amelia to answer for her.

There was nothing impudent, nothing bold about the lady of Jack Grogan's choice, but why he had chosen her was a mystery, a mystery Hammond did not pretend to fathom.

And yet Kitty had an independence that sometimes startled Miss Woodham.

"Oh, you don't know Kit," her husband said one day. "If a thing has to be done Kit does it. I'll back Kit for that."

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued.)

MOTHER AND CHILD.

ONLY a little, helpless, human Child,
 Though beautiful above the sons of men ;
 Only two fragile Hands that sought her hand,
 Or pulled her by the skirt, or drew her on
 With smiles and broken words, and coaxing voice,
 Into the jonquil fields that He might play,
 Or gather flowers, or run by the lake's edge,
 And dabbling with the soft gray sand, build up
 His pyramids as any other child,
 Then back to her with " Mother, Mother, see !"
 The little fingers to be dried and kissed,
 And so away amidst the flowers once more,
 Till, tired at last, with stumbling steps He turns,
 And Mary gathers Him within her arms,
 And sings, and softly rocks Him to and fro,
 Thus bearing Him the silent house within
 Where Joseph waits for them in work and prayer.
 She places Him upon the snow-white cot,
 Her hand, meanwhile, a pillow for His head,
 And hushing Him to sleep, she kneels, as wont,
 In humble adoration at His side,
 Until the wondering stars peep slowly out,
 And the pale moon goes trembling past the pane,
 Fearful lest Mary move, and He might wake,
 Until the Child laughs low, and bids her rise ;
 The happy watch was long, and she needs rest,
 He passes the small Hand across her brows
 As if to bless : She, kissing Him, withdraws.

O Lady, of another hour I dream,
And wonder, was it Syrian dawn, or eve,
Or 'mid an ardent noon, when first He tried
To lisp your name and call you "Mother, Mother!"
Your God, your Saviour, yet your little child,
But beautiful above the sons of men.
By that one moment of ecstatic bliss,
Bend down to us, to-day from your white Throne,
And fold us in the shelter of your heart;
Your voice is still your Maker's primal law,
As it was erst for three and thirty years
When He had wants, and you were all in all.
Oh, when you speak in any lowest tone,
The cherubim and seraphim are dumb,
The thunder of the grandest organ peal
In Heaven is hushed for Him. Your voice is sweet.
Oh, sweeter than the viol and the harp,
Oh, sweeter than the sweetest of the songs,
That ever the Nine Choirs in chorus sang,
Or any virgin following the Lamb
(Guardian of virgins, you, as of the Lamb)
Oh, sweeter yet! And evermore His law,
To-day, as when beside the Nile's strange banks
Homeless ye stood, or in green Nazareth,
Where Joseph made a home for Him and you,
And He abided subject to you both,
In grace and wisdom before God and man.

ALICE ESMONDE.

NAMUR LA BELLE.

THE good folk of Namur are not a little proud of their ancient town. With pardonable conceit they style it Namur la Belle, a designation which will not be considered wholly inappropriate by any one acquainted with the cities of Belgium. Not that the town possesses any splendid monuments, ecclesiastical or secular, to be compared with the beautiful structures which win the admiration of the visitor to Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, or Louvain, for, architecturally regarded, Namur is modern and commonplace. It is rather in the picturesqueness of its site and the singular charm of its environs that the boast of the Namurois finds its justification. Cosily situated at the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse, with hills of moderate elevation surrounding it—the highest the steep on which its once famous citadel is built—it is only as the train steams into the busy railway station that the traveller, whether from Brussels or Liège, catches his first glimpse of the town.

In a walk of an hour or two all the principal streets of Namur may be seen. The visitor cannot fail to be struck with the extreme cleanliness everywhere prevailing, the neatness and taste displayed in the shops and business houses, the evidences of comfort and prosperity that will meet his eye at every turn. After having visited the more remarkable churches and places of interest he may extend his rambles to one or other of the many pretty hamlets and villages which skirt the Meuse within easy distance of the town. In the direction of Dinant, nestled in dark woods and overhung by rocky heights, is the little village of Dave, the seat of the Duc de Fernan Nunez, and a few miles down the stream, towards Liège, is Marche-les-Dames, where the Duc d'Arenberg has a splendid chateau, of which the park and gardens are easily accessible to tourists. On either bank of the river between Namur and Dinant are numerous handsome villas and chateaux, all occupied in the summertime by their wealthy owners or by strangers who come to pass their *villégiature* in the pleasant valley of the Meuse.

Eminently Catholic though Belgium undoubtedly is, the religious loyalty of its great towns leaves much to be desired.

Among the middle classes especially Liberalism has long been active in sapping the foundations of the Faith, and of late years Socialism has entered on the scene, carrying on with feverish energy a propaganda destructive at once of social order and religious practice among the masses. Namur is one of the very few of the larger towns in which Socialistic doctrines have so far found slender encouragement. For a long period the majority in the communal administration was Liberal, but at the elections a couple of years ago the Catholics threw themselves with ardour into the struggle, inflicted a crushing defeat on their opponents, and now a Catholic council is seated in the Hotel de Ville. Namur is at present probably the only town in the kingdom of equal population where the municipal government is not either Liberal or Socialist.

Nothing perhaps better illustrates the truly Catholic and religious spirit of the inhabitants than the number and variety of benevolent and charitable institutions with which the place is provided. For orphan children there are four establishments, the poor are cared for in two large and well-managed hospices, there is a "home" for the aged under the care of the Little Sisters of the Poor, there are no fewer than three hospitals, and in the immediate vicinity of the town there is an institution for deaf-mutes with close on a hundred inmates, all these asylums being directed by nuns of various orders. Some of those benevolent works are maintained from communal funds, some are supported by voluntary contributions, and two additional ones owe their foundation to private generosity. The Hospice d'Harscamp, which accommodates upwards of 200 aged persons of both sexes, who once occupying a good position have, by adverse circumstances, been reduced to respectable poverty, derives its name from Isabel Brunell, Countess of Harscamp, who devoted a large part of her fortune to its endowment. The building, once a convent of the Franciscans, was confiscated at the time of the French Revolution and made over to the Hospice. The statue of the munificent foundress stands in the Hospice garden. Through the liberality of a Namur family a fine institution was erected a few years back in the suburb of Salzinnes for crippled and otherwise infirm children, the generous benefactors securing its future stability by an adequate endowment.

With the exception of one or two, all the Namur churches are

relatively modern. The oldest of them, the Church of St. John the Baptist, was founded in the fifteenth century, and restored in the commencement of the seventeenth. The Cathedral which is dedicated to St. Aubain, was erected between 1751 and 1767, after the designs of the Milanese architect, Pizzoni. It is in the Renaissance style, with a handsome Corinthian portico, and is supposed to be modelled on St. Peter's at Rome, but the copy, needless to say, is on a very reduced scale. The church possesses a number of paintings, but none of them are of especial note. A very elaborate carved oak pulpit representing the Holy Virgin taking the town of Namur under her protection, executed by Geerts in 1848, is the gift of the princely family of Arenberg. In the transept are two fine marble monuments to former Bishops of Namur—Mgr. de Pisani, who died in 1826, and Mgr. de Hesselde, who died in 1865. Under the cupola are statues by Delvaux of the four great Doctors of the Church—St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, St. Jerome, and St. Augustin—which formerly belonged to the neighbouring Premonstratensian Abbey of Floreffe, now one of the Petits Seminaires of the diocese. Behind the high altar is a mural tablet erected by Alexander Farnese to the memory of Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, who, on the 1st of October, 1578, died at the camp of Bouge in the outskirts of Namur. His heart is preserved beneath the altar. Among the relics of the *trésor* of the Cathedral is a portion of the true Cross, given in 1205 by Henry, Emperor of Constantinople, to his brother Philip, Marquis of Namur, and the diadem of the Counts of Namur, in which are encased some of the thorns of Our Saviour's Crown. This latter relic has been in the possession of the Chapter since the death, in 1429, of John II., the last of the Counts of Namur. In the "dark and evil days" of the Revolution the Cathedral, as so many other churches in Belgium, suffered profanation at the hands of the *sans culottes*. It was first converted, in 1797, into a barrack and magazine, then ordered to be sold as national property, and then again "consecrated" to the cult of the goddess Reason. A platform erected under the dome served as the altar of the Republican deity, the Prefect Pérès himself offering incense to the new divinity.

Leaving the Cathedral and entering the Rue du Collège which is opposite, we reach in two or three minutes the Church of St. Loup, built in 1612, the most remarkable and most interesting

of the religious edifices of Namur. St. Loup formerly belonged to the Jesuits, and contiguous to it was their college, from which the street gets its name. More than a century ago the Society was deprived of both church and college, the former now serving the needs of the parish, while the college buildings, still devoted to educational purposes, are at present known as the *Athénée Royale*. Exteriorly the church of St. Loup is characterized by much simplicity, but the interior is strikingly impressive. The roof is supported by twelve Doric columns of red marble, and the vault is adorned with exquisitely wrought arabesques in white stone, the work of a Jesuit brother who, it is said, devoted a lifetime to this special feature in the ornamentation of the sacred building. Between the columns are massive brass candelabra which relieve the severity of the *ensemble*. The walls are panelled in oak, and the confessionals (ten in number) are of the same material, both panelling and confessionals illustrating the perfection to which wood-carving has long since been brought by Flemish sculptors. For variety and richness of design as well as delicacy of execution, it may be questioned whether any finer specimens of the art are to be seen elsewhere in Belgium. Victor Hugo referring to the Church of St. Loup in *Les Misérables*, calls it "the *chef-d'œuvre* of Jesuit architecture," and adds that it is worth the journey to Namur.

The parish church of Notre Dame adjoining the Hospice d'Harscamp, once the property of the Franciscans, but confiscated towards the close of the last century, is a spacious and handsome edifice. It contains several pictures of considerable merit, not the least valuable being the Stations of the Cross by Van Severdonck. At the right of the high altar are the tombs of William I. and William II., Counts of Namur.

No other town of its size in the Walloon part of Belgium approaches Namur in the number of its conventual institutions. Quite a dozen different religious Orders of Nuns are represented, among them, the Sisters of Notre Dame, the *Sœurs de Ste. Marie*, the Carmelites, the Ursulines, the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, etc., and of these congregations there are three which have their Mother-house at Namur—the Sisters of Notre Dame, the *Sœurs de Ste. Marie*, and the Sisters of Charity of Namur. The great establishment of the Sisters of Notre Dame comprises the novitiate of the Order, a large and flourishing boarding-

school for young ladies, and numerous attended day schools for children of the poorer classes. One of the town orphanages for girls is also under the direction of the community. In the *trésor* of the convent chapel there is a beautiful and valuable collection of specimens of ancient ecclesiastical art, the most interesting being the work of Brother Hugo, a monk of the Augustinian Abbey of Oignies, who lived at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Among other objects shown attesting the gifted Brother's artistic skill are several elaborately wrought reliquaries ornamented with jewels, four phylacteries, a superb chalice and paten, a cover of a copy of the Gospels—a real *chef-d'œuvre*—and a curious Byzantine cross of the eleventh century to which a delicately finished foot was added by this monk. Besides the above the *trésor* includes a portable altar of the eleventh century, some antique monstrances, chalices, and ciboriums, a crozier of the twelfth century, which belonged to Cardinal James Vitry, who died in 1244, and several rich ecclesiastical vestments dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Most of these treasures were lent for the Ancient Art Exhibition which was held at Brussels in 1888. In a handsome mortuary chapel in the convent garden the Sisters have raised a monument to their saintly foundress, the Venerable Julia Billiard, the process of whose beatification is now being actively promoted at Rome. Next in importance to the convent of the Notre Dame nuns is the Mother-house of the Sœurs de Ste. Marie, a teaching congregation which, though of comparatively recent foundation, has numerous branches in Belgium and several in the United States and Canada. A couple of years ago these nuns opened their first English house at Bishop Stratford in the archdiocese of Westminster. Attached to the Mother-house are their novitiate and training school, a very successful *pensionnat* and poor schools. The establishment is situated in the Rue du Président, within a stone's throw of the Church of St. Loup.

Among the institutions distinctively Catholic for the education of boys may be mentioned the College de la Paix, of the Jesuit Fathers, the St. Louis School, conducted by secular priests, and several establishments directed by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. The College de la Paix, in the Rue de Bruxelles, the most important and best equipped of the Jesuit educational institutions in Belgium, embraces a school of science, philosophy, and letters, and from its halls have passed out some of the men

now holding the highest professional and political positions in the country. Of the present Cabinet Ministers four, including the Premier, are old students of la Paix. Originally an Abbey of Benedictine nuns, the building was purchased by the Society shortly after the Revolution of 1830, and among the extensive additions that have since been made is a very handsome little church which is open to the public.

The Archæological Museum of Namur well deserves a visit. Its collection of antiquities of the Roman and Merovingian periods is one of the finest, if not indeed the largest and most valuable, in the kingdom. All the articles have been discovered in the province and have been admirably classified and arranged by the local archæological society. The collection is especially rich in curiosities in gold, silver, and ivory—brooches, pins, rings, bracelets, coins, etc., while there are many exceedingly rare and beautiful specimens of ancient pottery and glass.

On the lofty height which rises abruptly near the point where the Sambre joins the Meuse stands the historic citadel, for the possession of which Austrians and French and English and Dutch successively struggled. Here are the remains of the chateau which had been for centuries the stronghold of the Counts of Namur. To the later history of the ancient citadel no small interest attaches. In 1692 the town was besieged by the French, Louis XIV., who commanded the army in person, establishing his headquarters at the Abbey of Malonne, five or six miles distant, now a *pensionnat* and normal school of the Christian Brothers. The Court accompanied the monarch, the poets Boileau and Racine being of the royal party. After a siege of about a month the town capitulated, the capitulation being followed a few days later by the surrender of the citadel garrison. In the hands of the French the fortifications were repaired and enlarged under the directions of the renowned engineer Vauban, after whom one of the walls is still named. Three years subsequently, in 1695, Namur was attacked by the Allies, the operations being conducted under the eye of the English king, William III., who also for a time had his headquarters at the old Augustinian Abbey of Malonne. At the end of three or four weeks the town surrendered, one of the articles of capitulation providing, curiously enough, "That the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion shall alone be maintained in the town of Namur, and that no other religion

shall be exercised therein," a condition which may be regarded as illustrative of the temper of that age. The citadel held out for five weeks longer, the French making a gallant but ineffectual resistance, and it was only when the garrison was reduced to the utmost extremities that Marshal de Boufflers, the general in command, decided on a surrender. This siege was attended with great loss on either side, more than 20,000 men having been killed in the several assaults. It was when the English were before Namur that Uncle Toby, of the Shandean family, received near the Porte St. Nicolas that memorable wound which ever after was an unfailing topic with the garrulous old soldier. Besieged by the Dutch in 1704, captured by the French in 1746, surrendered by the Austrians to the French in 1794, coming once again into the possession of the Dutch, the citadel was finally taken by the patriots of Namur at the revolution which secured Belgian independence in 1830. The spot where the Porte St. Nicolas stood still retains the name, but this gate and the other gates and defences of the town have disappeared, and to the Namurois of to-day they are but a memory. The citadel itself was dismantled in 1891, though a few companies of soldiers still occupy the barracks, and the extensive plateau behind the old fortress, the scene of many a fierce fight, has been made over to the town for the more peaceful purposes of a people's park. Though only a few years in possession of the town both fortress and plateau have undergone a complete transformation. At very considerable expense handsome carriage drives and walks have been constructed, the hill-sides have been planted, and many other notable improvements effected. Last year a funicular railway was completed, connecting the suburb of La Plante with the splendid new hotel which crowns the summit of the hill. "The citadel," as the whole area is popularly called, is a favourite resort of the townsfolk, and from various "coigns of vantage" one commands delightful glimpses of the winding valleys of the Sambre and the Meuse.

Unlike some of the other Belgian towns, Namur has few historical associations of special interest to Irishmen. In the two sieges which the place sustained in the time of Louis XIV. and William III. the Irish exiles in the service of France bore a distinguished part, as is testified by the military annals of the period. Namur was also one of the halting-places of the Princes

of Tyrone and Tyrconnell when journeying across the Continent on their pilgrimage to the City of the Popes. In the first half of the last century the diocese was governed by a prelate of English, or as some maintain, of Irish extraction, Mgr. Thomas John Francis Strickland. Mgr. Strickland emigrated to France at an early age, studied at Paris, took the degree of Doctor at the Sorbonne, and became Vicar-General of Soissons. The Emperor Charles VI. nominated him to the bishopric of Namur in 1725, and in 1727 the new prelate took possession of his See. He is described by a Namur chronicler as "*un homme de cœur et d'intelligence, un ami des arts*, truly religious, sincerely devoted to the delicate functions which devolved upon him, at once firm and respectful towards the sovereign when there was question of defending imprescriptible rights." Two monuments of the zealous Bishop's activity remain—the Grand Seminaire and the magnificent episcopal palace. Both were erected by him. The latter building was seized during the French Revolution, and for a time used for the offices of the departmental authorities, becoming later on the residence of the Prefect and of the Governors of Namur. Mgr. Strickland died suddenly in January, 1740, at Louvain, whither he had gone to recruit his health. The list of former canons of the Cathedral of St. Aubain contains the name of one Irish member of the Chapter, the Very Rev. Eugene Brady, President of the Irish College at Tournai. No details are given as to the date or circumstances of his appointment, nor is it stated whether he resided at Namur. He died at Tournai on the 8th of April, 1767. At a relatively recent date Ireland had a more intimate connexion with Namur in the person of Mgr. Barrett, the nineteenth Bishop of the See. John Arnold Barrett was the son of a distinguished Irish physician named Giles Barrett whose family, driven from their native land in the days of persecution, came to Belgium and settled down in the province of Limburg. The future Bishop was born at the village of Looz, a few miles from St. Trond, on the 22nd of February, 1770. After having made his preparatory studies at the Seminary of St. Trond and subsequently at Liège, he proceeded to the German College at Rome, and was ordained priest in that city in 1793. In 1801, whilst still comparatively young, he was appointed to a canonry of the Cathedral of Liège, and ten years later, on his refusal to subscribe to the nomination of a creature of

Napoleon's for the episcopal See of Liège, he was arrested and deported to Besançon, where he remained for three years. The events of 1814 having restored peace to the Church in Belgium, Canon Barrett returned to Liège, and in recognition of his superior merit was immediately elected Vicar Capitular of the diocese. During a period of fifteen years he discharged the highly onerous duties of the post with admirable prudence and zeal. In 1833 Pope Gregory XVI. nominated him *motu proprio* Bishop of Namur, the venerable Pontiff thus testifying his sense of the eminent merits of this worthy ecclesiastic and his appreciation of the important services he had rendered the Church in times of exceptional difficulty and danger. The new Bishop's tenure of the See of Namur was very brief. He died at the age of 66, on the 31st of July 1835, having, however, during his short administration reorganised the Cathedral Chapter and done much for the restoration of ecclesiastical discipline and the promotion of piety among his flock. The portraits of Mgr. Barrett and Mgr. Strickland are to be seen in the reception room of the present episcopal palace. One other Irish association is worthy of note. There are at Namur several representatives of two well-known *bourgeois* families long connected with the town, who bear the names of O'Kelly and Fallon, patronymics which, unquestionably, are neither Flemish nor Walloon. These Hiberno-Belgians are proud of their Irish ancestry. The head of one of the branches of the Fallon family, a man who played a prominent part in the Revolution of 1830, and was for several years Vice-President and President of the Chamber of Deputies, was created Baron by Leopold I. in 1856; three or four of his descendants now enjoy that title.

Some twelve or fourteen miles distant from the town, on the Namur-Tirlemont line of railway, is the far-famed village of Ramillies, which, by a strange blunder, Mr. Eugene Davis in his "Irish Footprints" locates near Ypres, in West Flanders. Neither in the village itself nor on the surrounding "bloody field" is any memorial to be found of the decisive encounter which here came off on the 23rd of May, 1706, between "the baffled French" and "the victor Saxon." Save a few cannon-ball marks in the gable of an old farmhouse, an odd relic picked up hereabouts, and a mound which covers the resting place of the slain, the peasantry are unable to show anything to gratify the

curiosity of the visitor, nor have they any traditional information to impart respecting the great event of which their fields were the scene in that memorable year. The Irish pilgrim to Ramillies will hear nothing of the doughty deeds of his countrymen, little even of the exploits of "Malbrouck"—long a name of dread in the Flanders; he may, however, be interested to find that the wayside chapel which stands at a short distance from the village is dedicated to St. Donat, one of the many Irish missionaries who lived and laboured in Belgium and whose memory is still profoundly venerated by her people.

T. A. W.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

'TIS but a maid with childlike face,
A maid of David's royal race,
Whom Gabriel greets, "Hail, full of grace!"

"The Lord is with thee," maiden blest!
But in thy heart He fain would rest,
And be thy babe, by thee caressed.

A look of reverent loving fear,
The glistening of a precious tear,
Then Mary says in accents clear:

"The handmaid of the Lord behold"—
Ah, Maid! to thee God's son was sold,
Bought by thy heart of purest gold.

BESSIE BENTLEY.

LA SERVILLETA.

SCENE :—Church of the Capuchin Monastery, Madrid.

A.D. 16—

“HONOURED,” you say? What, I? May God forgive!
 Such thought shall never find an entrance where
 Nought but contempt of self may ever abide.
 I am the servant of God’s servants poor,
 The lowliest of Saint Francis’ lowliest sons—
 A dresser of mean meats for begging friars.

But how I loved that son of sacred art—
 Murillo—painter of th’ Eternal Child,
 Chaste limner of the Blessed Mother-Maid,
 Pure tracer of the visages of saints!
 I who had prayed as he bent o’er the face
 Of Mary in the tablature you know;
 I, who in passing, scarcely dared to raise
 An eye of wonder to that work divine,
 But, going from my prayer, prayed on for him
 Amid my kitchen toil through all the hours.
 Yea, but the *olla* for his daily meal
 Was made with all the skill that I could boast;
 His bread was ever whole and fine and white,
 His melon ripe and juicy from the stem.
 What I might do, I did. And he the great,
 The honoured, and the good—content as any friar
 With humble fare—oft praising my poor art—
 Emboldened me to speak my soul’s desire;
 To beg with glistening eyes for one small alms—
 One little, *little* face of that sweet child,
 And of His Mother, the Immaculate.

It was presumption, yea—a heavy fault:
 (May Christ forgive!): but he, while kindness shone
 In his keen eyes and o’er his dusky face,
 Took straightway his coarse napkin and began.
 May, never *mine* the heavenly thing he wrought;
 Here is its place for ages yet to come—
 The maiden Mother and her lovely child!
 So am I happy in the thought of him,
 Happier knowing my unworthy name
 Will ne’er be spoken in the days to be,
 When stranger eyes, gazing on his great work
 Beneath this roof, shall turn aside to scan
 LA SERVILLETA; wondering, perchance,
 A gem so small upon the Merced walls
 Should hang . . . Enough, indeed, that men may say—
 “Our great Murillo, at the humble quest
 Of some poor serving-brother of the friars,
 Limned these loved Faces on the linen coarse.”

DAVID BEARNE, S.J

IRISH WRITERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ROSE KAVANAGH, a gifted and amiable Irishwoman whom consumption carried off soon after she had left girlhood behind her, was the original Uncle Remus, who presided very genially over a Fireside Club of young folk in the clever pages of *The Irish Fireside*, an offshoot of *The Freeman's Journal*. When it was decided to give up that little magazine—for reasons quite different from those that usually kill magazines—the Fireside Club, too popular to be thus summarily broken up, was transferred to the capacious columns of *The Weekly Freeman* where it still flourishes under the genial sway of—but we must not reveal who is Rose Kavanagh's worthy successor as Uncle Remus. One of the competitions proposed by Miss Kavanagh in those primeval days of the Fireside Club was to draw up a list of Irish men and women of letters from 1800 to the present day. The prize for the best list was gained by Thomas P. Keawell of Carrick-on-Suir. Here is his list.

Thomas Moore
Thomas Davis
J. Clarence Mangan
D. F. M'Carthy
O. Gavan Duffy
R. D'Alton Williams
Sir Samuel Ferguson
Aubrey de Vere
Dr. R. D. Joyce
Katherine Tynan
Dr. Ingram
Lady Wilde
Fauny Parnell
Wm. Allingham
T. D. Sullivan
A. P. Graves
Rev. Francis Mahony
Judge O'Hagan
Edward Walsh
C. J. Kickham
Gerald Griffin
W. Carleton
Michael Banim

Mrs. Atkinson
J. C. O'Callaghan
Martin Haverty
J. Prendergast
Dr. R. R. Madden
J. F. Maguire
W. J. Fitzpatrick
Canon O'Rourke
Rev. D. Murphy, S.J.
T. P. O'Connor
Sir J. Pope Hennessy
W. O'Neill Daunt
Standish O'Grady
John Augustus O'Shea
T. Clarke Luby
Swift M'Neill
Thomas McNevin
Rev. P. F. Kavanagh
M. J. Barry
T. C. Irwin
J. J. Callanan
Francis Davis
Ellen Forrester

John Banim
 Charles Lever
 Samuel Lover
 Lady Morgan
 Mrs. Sadlier
 J. K. Casey
 De Jean Frazer
 Arthur O'Shaughnessy
 J. F. O'Donnell
 John Mitchel
 D'Arcy M'Gee
 W. E. H. Lecky
 Rev. C. P. Meehan
 Barry O'Brien
 A. M. Sullivan
 J. H. M'Carthy
 Justin McCarthy
 Maurice Lenihan
 Miss Cusaak
 Sir J. T. Gilbert
 Richard Dowling
 Rosa Mulholland
 Attie O'Brien
 Annie Keary
 Sir R. Kane
 Sir W. Wilde
 Rev. J. F. Shearman
 P. W. Joyce
 Eugene O'Curry
 John O'Donovan
 W. F. Wakeman
 Dr. Petrie
 Canon O'Hanlon
 Rev. Joseph Farrell
 Cardinal Moran

Eugene Davis
 Denny Lane
 Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.
 "Eva" (Mrs. K. I. O'Doherty)
 "Mary" (Miss Downing)
 "Thomasine"
 J. Boyle O'Reilly
 Francis A. Fahy
 Emily Lawless
 Charlotte O'Brien
 "Brigid" (Miss Kate Murphy)
 Miss M. I. O'Byrne
 Mrs. Hartley
 Miss Brew
 Mrs. Cashel Hoey
 Julia Kavanagh
 Kathleen O'Meara
 J. S. Lefanu
 Dean R. B. O'Brien
 P. G. Smyth
 James Murphy
 E. Owens Blackburne
 "Basil" (Richard Ashe King)
 Alfred Webb
 Prof. Edward Dowden
 John O'Leary
 John O'Hart
 Dr. W. K. Sullivan
 Dr. Sigerson
 Canon Bourke
 Dr. Todd
 Dr. Reeves
 W. M. Hennessy
 Lord Dunraven
 Miss Stokes

Uncle Remus supplemented this with the following additional names :

Miss Edgeworth
 Sheridan Knowles
 Richard Lalor Sheil
 Mrs. Hall
 Anna Jameson
 Dr. Anster
 Archbishop Trench
 John Wilson Croker
 Elizabeth Hamilton
 Denis Holland
 C. G. Halpine

Dr. Croly
 Crofton Croker
 Dr. Drennan
 Dr. Drummond
 Lady Dufferin
 Archbishop Hughes
 Michael Doheny
 Sir Jonah Barrington
 William Maginn
 Mary Tighe
 Charles Wolfe

Cecilia Caddell
Edward Lysaght
Frances Brown
Bartholomew Simmons
Maurice Francis Egan

Richard B. Sheridan
Charles Maturin
Countess of Blessington
T. O'Keefe
Father Abram Ryan

Uncle Remus promised to return to the subject—which he (or she) probably never did—and ended by advising his young people to study the lines and works of the men and women of their own land.

Before pointing out some of the omissions in the foregoing catalogue, let a word be said on this last recommendation about studying the writings of Irishmen especially.

Two or three members of Parliament were once discussing the characteristics of sundry politicians, and one of them interrupted the discussion at a certain stage by exclaiming—"But *he* is not an Irishman." "Well, we can't all be perfect," said an M.P. with a strong Irish accent, who was afterwards known as Baron Dowse. We must not claim for ourselves a monopoly of literary gifts. Considering our scant opportunities and our peculiar history, it is wonderful what the Irish race has done for English literature; but it would be silly to pretend to deny that many not born in Ireland are in themselves more worthy of diligent study. Yet, though the study of some "intelligent outsiders" like Shakespeare is necessary for all, it is nevertheless true that a young Irishman may derive more profit from reading certain Irish writers than from reading English writers who are superior to them. It is a great thing to eat with an appetite. The very feeling that suggests such a choice may help us to read with more sympathy and attention. What is not by any means best in itself absolutely may at this given moment be best for us.

Many names have been omitted in the preceding list which either had not been heard of at all at the time or not so widely and so favourably as they have since been heard of; such as Miss Jane Barlow, W. B. Yeats, Margaret Ryan ("Alice Esmonde") Frances Wynne, Frank Mathew, Mrs Francis Blundell ("M. E. Francis") Elinor Sweetman, Archbishop Alexander and his wife, George Russell ("A. E."), Rev. P. A. Sheehan, Charlotte O'Connor Eccles, Shan Bullock, Stephen Gwynne, the Rev. William Barry, D.D., Dora Sigerson.

We must not, however, try to make our list exhaustive. But

we cannot refrain from noticing some grave omissions not only in the list of the coming men but in the list of those who are past and gone. Edward Fitzgerald, the supreme translator of Omar Khayyam, the son of an Irishman and of Mary Purcell an Irishwoman, was an Irishman, however un-Irish he may possibly have become. The "Dr Croly" of the supplementary list was of course the Rev. George Croly (so indeed it is rightly spelled here) author of "Salathiel," not the Rev. George Crolley of Maynooth, who did not, however, confine himself to a learned treatise *De Justitia et Jure* but wrote much in English, especially in *The Dublin Review*. He has hardly a right, however, to rank as a man of letters in English; but his colleague, Dr. Murray, has, and still more their President, Dr. O. W. Russell, author of the "Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti" and of many articles in the *Edinburgh Review** and of an immense number of articles in *The Dublin Review*—articles which are not only erudition but literature.

Miles Gerald Keon must be added to the list. His *Dion and the Sibyls* is much better known and appreciated in the United States where some distinguished critics rank it above *Fabiola* as a Christian historical novel. And if from those United States we are to claim Father Abram Ryan and Maurice Francis Egan, we must claim also James Jeffrey Roche, Brother Azarias Mullany, Katherine Conway, Eleanor Donnelly, and many others. And nearer home, in England, since Uncle Remus claims the Rev. Dr. Barry as an Irishman of letters, he may claim also the Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J., who brings to the discussion of more professional and less literary subjects a style so vivid and refined that in his books profound and original thought becomes delightful literature.

Many other omissions might be discovered in these lists, but we may end for the present by coupling the names of the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., and the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy.

M. B.

* Some ten or twelve of these are identified and described in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for July, 1899, by the help chiefly of letters found among Dr. O. W. Russell's papers from Mr Henry Reeve, Editor of *The Edinburgh Review* and also of "The Greville Memoirs."

A SONG OF THE DAWN.

I COME, I come from my radiant home,
 Pure and fresh as the driven foam,
 Filling with glory Heaven's dusky dome.

I rise, I rise to the spangled skies,
 The stars forth gleaming in mild surprise
 As I quench the light of their shining eyes.

I creep, I creep down the mountain steep,
 Shadows of night in the valleys deep
 Holding the world in the thrall of sleep.

I break, I break on the cold grey lake—
 The misty vapours shiver and shake,
 Streaming adrift in my shining wake.

I train, I train o'er the fruitful plain,
 Waking the children to play again
 And men to the labour of hand and brain.

And wherever I go,
 Above or below,
 O'er emerald plain or silver snow—
 Wherever I fall,
 On crib or on stall,
 On lowly hut or on stately hall—
 Wherever I rest,
 I'm a welcome guest ;
 For the sons of God by my light are blest.

To the skies I rise,
 Down the steep I creep,
 On the lake I break,
 O'er the plain I train,
 Oho ! Oho !
 I merrily go !
 And all the world's sadness
 Is changed into gladness.

X. WRAIGH.

RACHEL'S TEARS.*

WHEN the Duke of Orleans was killed, coming out of a Paris Theatre on the 13th of July, 1842, Father de Ravignan, S.J., wrote a letter which was meant to be shown to the poor mother, Queen Mary Amelia. Words of consolation under such circumstances were more difficult than when one tries to console a mother whose child has been taken away from earth in its baptismal innocence. Such a mother, if a true Christian, ought to be able to smile amidst her tears. Was it of such a mother that Thomas Hood spoke in the last stanza of "The Two Swans?"

Then came the Morn and with her pearly showers
Wept on them, like a mother in whose eyes
Tears are no grief.

To such a mother the Canon of Augsburg, Christopher von Schmid, addressed, in one of his stories for children, the following lines which Dr. Russell of Maynooth thus translated :

Dry those tears, thou child of pain !
Weep not : they shall rise again—
Rise from death and sorrow free,
In endless immortality.

The plant within the dark earth laid
Blooms again, again to fade ;
The life that springs from out the tomb
Lives on in never ending bloom.

A leaflet lies here before me which bears the imprint, "McNamara and Brunard, Limerick," though it is in French, "Prière d'une Mère a la mort de son petit Enfant :"

"You gave him to me, O Lord, and You have taken him away from me : blessed be your name. I do not murmur, I bend my head, I bow down my soul. You know what happiness I promised myself from the dear being so long waited for, whose coming was greeted by cries of joy ; but you know also that I desired from the first to make him a child of your Church. He has died in his innocence, wrapped in the white robe of his baptism which he has

*These reflections and quotations may hereafter be joined in another form with many similar chapters on the same subject in our eighth volume and elsewhere.

taken with him to Heaven. Nevertheless his little cradle is empty, and I cannot look upon it without weeping. Give me the resignation that becomes a Christian, without taking from me the gift of tears. Have I not an absolute certainty that this angelic soul is safe on high? My poor little infant whom I loved so much and for whom I suffered so much, my dear little one whom I will never forget, pray for thy mother that she may join you one day in light and in joy. Pray for thy father also, that sorrow may draw him nearer to God, and that with hands and souls united we may both journey on more eagerly and more securely towards heaven where we shall see thee again."

Some may like to see this prayer in the original. They will perceive that we have omitted a phrase or two.

"Vous me l'avez donné, Seigneur, et vous me le retirez : que votre nom soit béni ! Je ne murmure pas, je courbe la tête, j'incline l'âme. Vous savez quelles joies je me promettais de cet être si longtemps attendu et dont l'arrivée avait été saluée par des cris de joie ; mais vous savez aussi que j'avais songé tout d'abord à en faire un enfant de votre Eglise. L'innocent est mort enveloppé dans la robe blanche de son baptême et nous l'avons enseveli avec cette parure que sans doute il retrouvera dans le Ciel. Cependant, le petit berceau est vide, et je ne puis le regarder sans pleurer. Donnez moi la résignation virile qui sied à une chrétienne, sans me retirer le don des larmes. Faites que je pleure avec courage. N'ai-je pas d'ailleurs la certitude absolue que cette âme angélique est là haut ? Votre Eglise, dont le parler est ordinairement si grave, a voulu consoler les mères par une image gracieuse, en disant que ces enfants jouent là-haut avec les palmes et la couronne des martyrs. En réalité ils ne jouent pas, mais ils voient Dieu en son essence. Mon pauvre petit enfant que j'ai tant aimé et pour lequel j'ai tant souffert, mon cher petit que je n'oublierai jamais, prie pour ta mère, afin qu'elle te rejoigne un jour dans la Lumière et dans la Joie. Prie pour ton père aussi, afin que la douleur le rapproche plus étroitement de son Dieu et que, les mains et l'âme unies, nous nous acheminions tous deux, d'un pas plus assuré vers le Paradis, où nous te reverrons."

William Barnes, whose fame as a poet rests on his verses in the Dorsetshire dialect, expresses prettily in ordinary English the unreasonableness of grieving over the sure happiness of those

whom we love. This is the dream which came to a mother who mourned too bitterly the death of her little child :—

I'd a dream to-night
As I fell asleep,
Oh, the touching sight
Makes me still to weep—
Of my little lad,
Soon to leave me sad,
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high
I my child did seek,
There, in train, came by
Children fair and meek,
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight,
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
Oh ! it did not burn ;
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turned about,
“ Your tears put it out ;
Mother, never mourn.”

There are many books of consolation for mourning mothers, in French and Italian, probably in all languages and certainly in English ; but these last are sure to be made up chiefly of letters translated from the French. The turns of thought and modes of expression in such books would be less congenial to the reader who might take a practical interest in these pages than certain letters which have fallen into my hands addressed to an Irish mother by her Jesuit brother, and by her sister who was and I think is a Religious of the Sacred Heart.

After Death had visited her nursery, her brother writes to her thus :—

“ Not long ago, I wished you a happy New Year. I do not consider that my hopes and wishes and prayers for you have proved ineffectual because you have had a parting with a little child. You are one of those who are generous enough to find their happiness in the happiness of another. You have seen a child made happy in the best way possible, and therefore I am

sure you feel very quietly but very tearfully happy. When your little boy was ill you spoke in a way that showed a very high degree of faith and characteristic unselfishness:

"He was not taken from you, but those same dispositions that were prepared to make a sacrifice even of him to Heaven and God, must have come still more naturally to you when you found it was little babe Liz who was called.

"An old Pagan once attempted to write a letter of condolence to Cicero on the death of his daughter. The letter of course is a pitiable failure because in it there is no trace of Christian faith or hope. "The child is gone, but so are the great cities of Greece, which I saw in ruins as I coasted along." More rubbish than solace in all this, yet it was the best the Pagans could make of death. How much happier we are in our knowledge of such doctrines as Baptism and Life Eternal! To us Christians there is nothing at all terrible in the death of a little child. Once only I have seen a baby dead, and I did not feel as I do in the presence of death that comes in later age. You are not afraid of the child, you are somehow of the man. The difference may possibly be due to the mysterious influence of sin that is impossible in the one case, and only too probable in the other. Then think of the gifts that accompany and follow this utter sinlessness of the child of four months; absolute ignorance of the world, no breaking of ties, no forsaking of friends, no fears, no knowledge of and still less no resentment at having been uncared for and unloved by heartless or indifferent men, and last of all the awakening to the sight of God and to an appreciation of the wonderful blessings that infants receive before they can acknowledge them, and to the grateful convictions that it is a gracious boon to have been taken away so young. Lizzie is in the full possession of all this knowledge which we have in such a faint degree. Imagine a mite of four months wiser than you or me! with a clear insight into God's ways and a right view of the sin and sorrow and responsibility she has been saved from, and a true estimate of the soul and the world and the loving ideas of the mother and father whom children are so slow to know on earth, and with tender compassion for you personally and for me, and with gentle remonstrance if we grieve too much. But we won't—why should we? Love the children left you, my dearest F., and feel for them as I feel for you, and do good to them as I would fain do good to

you and tell me all your troubles."

In her turn from her South American convent the sister writes to the poor young mother at home:—

"There is a certain fascination about people who have suffered a great deal, and I can truly say that you are dearer to me than ever since I heard of the crosses God had sent you.

"You have indeed been experiencing that this earth is a valley of tears. The death of your first little girl, sad as it was, must have been nothing compared to the pang of parting from Dot, who had lived long enough to endear himself to you more and more and to requite your affection. I do not know why I felt so sorry about this little unknown nephew of mine. It must have been entirely for your sake, and that of your only child, the eldest boy left so lonely now; for as to the dear child himself, who could do anything but envy him having secured the prize which is still in the balance for us?

"I think it gives one such an idea of the infinite merits of Our Lord to see children taking possession of heaven, as your little pets have done on free tickets. It must be such a consolation to you in the midst of all your grief to know that you have given two citizens to that blessed country.

"Now you must cheer up, dearest F. In taking your treasures from you God had some loving design which you will know some day, and how you will bless Him then for what seems at present so hard a cross to bear! But no—don't wait until the moment when the veil will be lifted from God's dealings with us. Bless Him now, yes, even now when the cross presses heaviest; bless Him in the sure confidence that He has done all for the best. I ask Our Lady of Sorrows to console you in a trial the bitterness of which she knows so well."

Before giving some more of this domestic correspondence let us, by way of variety, quote some apposite verses which are pretty sure to be new to our readers.

Thomas Stephens Collier, who was born in New York in 1842, of Irish lineage, thus expounds the familiar phrase "Not Lost":—

Yes, cross in rest the little snow-white hands;
Do you not see the lips so faintly red
With love's last kiss? Their sweetness has not fled,
Though now you say her sinless spirit stands

Within the pale of God's bright summer lands.
Gather the soft hair round the dainty head,
As in past days. Who says that she is dead
And nevermore will heed the old commands?

To your cold idols cling: I know she sleeps
That her pure soul is not by vexing winds tossed
Along the pathless altitudes of space;
This life but sows the seed from which one reaps
The future's harvest. No, I have not lost
The glory and the gladness of her face.

Another sonnet, Maurice Francois Egan's "Christus Consolator," refers rather to the loss of a son of mature age, and it versifies the consolation given to Saint Monica by the holy bishop, "Go in peace, the child of such tears cannot be lost."

Repeating "Dead!" she moans and starts anew;
In hope she hears his footstep on the floor;
They say he's dead; but surely at the door
There was a voice like his, a voice that flew
All music to her heart. Ah! yes 'tis true.
The voice she loves is silent evermore,
And questions, gloomy doubts, her soul overpour;
"Lost, lost, or saved? O God, if I but knew!"

Take this, O grieving mother, to thy heart,
And let it calm thee, for our Christ is sweet,
He knows the mother heart; remember this,
The son of no good mother will He part
From her forever; for it is not meet
A mother from her child should rest in bliss.

More appropriate to our present theme are the following simple rhymes which have not appeared before in print:—

The sunbeam of our lives has fled,
Our sky is darkened—Nettie's dead.
Nay, she is more our sunbeam now,
God's smile is brighter on her brow;
Her voice, so like an angel's here,
Rings now through heaven more sweet and clear.
Her day of mortal life was spent
So happy, pure, and innocent,
That, when she passed to heaven, the change
Seemed not for her so vast and strange,
Life's short and easy task well done,
Her truer life has now begun,
Within God's bosom safe for aye.
Pray for us, Ethna darling, pray!

We may now go back to the Irish mother who like Rachel mourned for her little ones and refused to be comforted because they were not. But we must confine ourselves to one other letter from her brother :—

“ My dearest Sister—I was under the impression that poor Dotty was going to live. On Sunday last there was a change for the better, and I had hoped that it had continued, so I was hardly prepared for the sad yet happy news.

“ How easily those two little children of yours who followed each other in a fortnight, have won heaven ! Or rather God has done absolutely everything for them and has not even asked the paltry farthing that we grown people are supposed to pay for our crown. What a grand thing for you to be bound to believe with the certainty of faith that they are saved, for Our Lord’s merits must have the effect where no sin has ever stained the white robe of Baptism. And here we are still stumbling on towards heaven and puffing and blowing on the steep ascent and happy if we finally knock up against the door and fall inside. A very indignified way of getting there, compared to the child’s steady march. But with our sins and negligences we do not try to become like the children, and we consequently forfeit their privilege.

“ You want rest badly, whether you think so or not ; so take it, and submit to the despotism of affection. Everyone who knows you feels intensely for you. If we, then, ‘ being evil know how to give good gifts ’—prayers, sympathy, wishes for future happiness, etc.—how much more will your Father in Heaven—you know this is Our Lord’s argument.

“ Believe me that I enter into what you say so touchingly about the sweet voice and light footsteps that are now silent in the house. The thought of Dot’s bliss cannot banish sad yearnings like this ; else Heaven would have the effect of banishing sorrow from earth, an effect which it is precisely intended it should not have. If the thought of heaven freed from all pain, how could it be said that heaven was won by suffering ? You are winning it by pain, a mitigated pain no doubt compared to some of the pains of life, but still a very, very real one. Cheer up now and be unselfish as you always are, and prize the one fine boy whom God has left to your love and care.”

Newspapers that reprint poetry ought in each case to give the

poet's name. We should indeed wish this to be done with regard to almost every quotation however brief. The newspaper from which we cut the following verses suppresses altogether the name of the author :—

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In agony I knelt and said :
“ O God ! what have I done,
Or in what wise offended Thee,
That Thou shouldst take away from me
My little son ?

“ Upon the thousand useless lives,
Upon the guilt that vaunting thrives,
Thy wrath were better spent !
Why should'st Thou take my little son ?
Why should'st Thou vent Thy wrath upon
This innocent ?”

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
Before mine eyes that vision spread
Of things that might have been—
Licentious riot, cruel strife,
Forgotten prayers, a wasted life
Dark red with sin !

Then, with soft music in the air,
I saw another vision there—
A shepherd, in whose keep
A little lamb—my little child—
Of worldly wisdom undefiled,
Lay fast asleep !

Last night as my dear babe lay dead,
In those two messages I read
A wisdom manifest,
And though my arms be childless now
I am content ; to Him I bow
Who knoweth best.

In the Memorials of Caroline Fox, page 182, this passage occurs :—

“ Went to Budock Churchyard. Captain Cook has such a pretty simple epitaph on his little boy ; ‘ And he asked, *Who gathered this flower ?* And the gardener answered, *The Master.* And his fellow-servant held his peace.’ ”

This has been turned into verse on the tombstone of two infants in the churchyard of Cottingham, Cambridgeshire, but we

do not know which of the two, prose or verse, came first. *Notes and Queries*, January 23, 1886, gives no date for the Cottingham epitaph. The book we have quoted appeared in 1882.

"Who plucked these flowers?" the careful gardener cried,

"These lovely flowers which graced the border side?"

"His Lordship," said the labourer at the door.

The gardener silent bowed and said no more.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

No. 55.

Before submitting No. 55 to the ingenuity of our readers, let us give the answers to No. 53 and No. 54. *Hob-nob* is the answer to No. 53, with *Hampden, olio*, and *Bab-el-Mandeb* as the lights. "*Heirloom*" is the answer to No. 54, and the last three lights are *ergo, Inigo* (namely, the famous architect Inigo Jones) and *ram*; but the first light is somewhat doubtful. Mr. Robert Reeves, Q.C., in the official key which he furnished to me sets down *hot well* as checking the gout, whereas J. W. A. suggests *hermodactyl*. This last in Worcester's Dictionary takes a final *e* and is described as a bulbous root imported from the East and formerly used as a cathartic. J. G. and J. C. fix on *hovel*, "because (says the former) as luxurious living promotes gout, living in a hovel and of course on meagre fare ought to check it." The same J. G. has solved No. 53 correctly in all particulars, and No. 54 also except that he makes the third light to be *incognito*. J. C. triumphs all through and he very acutely suggests that in "I battered stones" the past tense is used because at present not walls but ships are rammed. By the way this valued correspondent notices that *fausta* begins by mistake with a capital in page 381. J. C. and many others have been much interested by that little paper, "Judge Lawson among the Saints."

The acrostic for next month will, we fear, find very few solvers.
It is by Judge O'Hagan.

No. 55.

My second—I have seen him oft
And heard his plaintive note,
When from his airy perch aloft,
He poured his little throat.
But one thing I have never seen,
And, should I chance to see,
It were a curious sight I ween—
That he my first should be.
And yet the union must exist,
Because, however strange,
I've seen it figure in the list
Of many a threatened change.
And many an oracle I've known,
Proclaiming it as doom,
Who now in riper years has grown
To shudder at the broom.

1. To sailors dear, to members very dear.
2. The startled waiting woman's glad surprise.
3. That rogue the Major lies in hiding here.
4. A captain given to languish and to lies.
5. A fallen fortune sure once more to rise.

O.



ANGELICA'S SUCCESS.

"It is half-past ten."

Angelica's remark passed unheeded, while Angelo Bertoldi continued to read the news and sip his coffee. Presently, however, he flung down the paper with a gesture of disgust, as he cried: "What it is to be cursed with genius! There's that fellow Tom Brown had his picture taken again, I saw it hung in the very best light. No inspiration, no originality—just the portrait of his commonplace little girl—and now here's the Press praising it to any extent; while my picture is rejected."

Angelica had heard so many of these lamentations and railings against fate, that one more or less did not make much impression. "The picture will sell though, I think, father," she said, "and that is always *something*."

"I don't care about sordid gain," said Angelo loftily. "To me there is something inexpressibly low about coarse cash—with you, child, it seems to be different, I suppose because your mother, though the sweetest of women, was English. Yes, my poor Angelica, in spite of the ethereal name which I gave you, I fear you are undoubtedly tainted with the national vice of the land of shop-keepers."

Angelica did not answer, but smiled—just a little grimly. Perhaps a father and daughter had never been more unlike, and Angelica's strong character was as yet only learning the lesson of universal compassion.

"It is half-past ten," she said once more.

"Well, and what if it is?" said Angelo petulantly. "You can't expect me just to sit down to work again as if all was right, when all is wrong and only failure—failure!"

Angelica braced herself to an effort. "I have sometimes thought, father," she said a little tremulously, "that if you would work steadily, it might be different—you seem to put off, and then begin and finish in a hurry."

"Ah," he interrupted, "you do not understand. One can only work when in the vein—one must wait for the divine afflatus."

"I am afraid I am commonplace like Mr Brown's little girl," she said, still timidly, "but I should have thought that to force oneself to patient, steady work meant self-conquest, and that self-

conquest meant power, light and freedom."

Angelo looked at his quiet little daughter in astonishment, and then to her dismay he burst into tears. "There is truth in what you say," he cried, "but, O child, how few possess the proper combination of gifts! To genius too often strength of character has been denied—where there is strength of character there is seldom imagination, heart, fire—genius, in fact. And anyway I am growing too old to learn to plod—it is too late, too late, and all my youth's high hopes and dreams are only to end in failure and disappointment."

He laid his head upon the table and sobbed. Poor father, streaks of grey were beginning to show in the dark curls; a tender light came to the girl's grave eyes. In an instant she was back again in a hushed and darkened room, listening to the words of her dying mother: "Your father was made for sunshine and brightness. Sorrow and disappointment are good for some characters—for you and me, I think—but father should never know them. He must not be worried. Keep all anxieties and cares from him; don't trouble him about money; learn to help yourself and to look to God. Little daughter, perhaps I am leaving you a hard legacy" . . . and then the priest had come, and soon the quiet voice was silent for ever.

It had been desperately hard work to make the two ends meet sometimes. Then at other times, if a picture had sold well, against Angelica's better judgment, a large hole had to be made in the precious store to buy a piece of artistic furniture or some article of dress, for Angelo was a kind father and proud of his daughter's sweet looks. Angelica's mother had sent her daily to a Convent school, and when the child's womanhood began with that mother's death, the Superioress proved herself a true friend by sound counsel and by procuring for her many an order for fine needlework, which Angelica would rise very early to finish, for she felt her father must never know about it—he might be worried if he knew. Then from the time when she could scarce hold a pencil Angelo had amused himself by teaching the intelligent little girl his art—in a desultory fashion, of course—and this had resulted in her having of late sold a small picture or two. Of the last Angelo had said in some astonishment, "Why, child, you paint wonderfully correctly, but the colouring is cold; the whole thing lacks fire." And yet, all in a flash, while the

tender light was still in her eyes and she was once more at that open grave where she had first heard him sob, her father's weeping had made a great resolve spring up within her—he *should* have success, and she, Angelica, would get it him!

She cleared away the breakfast things; not a cup or spoon was less carefully washed or less neatly put away because of the strong purpose that was making her heart beat high. But when every little duty was done, Angelica went out to pay a visit. It was a visit that Angelica never failed to pay in all the changing moods of life—it was a visit to her best Friend. There was nothing to attract the eye in the little Church, dingy with London smoke and singularly inartistic in its few adornments, nothing to please Angelica's aesthetic sense. But *He* was there, and this was enough. "How shall I do it, dear Lord? What shall I paint?" she asked in her simple faith. Her eyes wandered to the Lady Altar; it was the opening of the month of May, and there were a few shabby flowers before a French statue of Our Lady of Victories wearing a colossal crown of sham jewels. "Of course," Angelica whispered resolutely, "I will paint your sweet Mother, dear Lord." And then Angelica knelt before the Lady Altar and had a good long think!

Angelo had once painted the Madonna, and it was a fine picture Angelica thought, yet ever with that certain *something* wanting. It was a representation of the Annunciation, and Angelica had sat for the model of the young Jewish maiden with the aureole of soft golden hair and deep grave eyes. Our Lady was at the village well, drawing water, and the pose was most graceful and classical; the Angel's draperies shone with golden light, and there was that profusion of warm colouring which seemed to make one glow and tingle. The picture had been accepted by the Academy—it had been skied certainly and little noticed; the colouring was but an imitation of the celebrated A. T.'s, critics had said to Angelo's disgust; but someone took a fancy to the picture and gave a good price for it, and it was the nearest thing to success that Angelo had ever accomplished, and he would boast in how short a space of time he had finished his task. "All done at the eleventh hour," as he proudly said.

"But the Annunciation was not really so," Angelica now mused. "My Queen and my Mother, you were wrapt in prayer; the Angel came in the darkness of midnight; all was poor and

lowly. Your beauty was not in golden hair or graceful draperies ; it was spiritual. What shone without was but the light of what burnt within ; how shall I ever hope to express it ? But there is nearly a year before me—I will pray, and think and paint steadily day by day, and then begin my picture in good time.”

Angelo was rather amused at his daughter's sudden devotion to art, as he called it. The daily lesson upon which Angelica had set her heart was not so easy to get, and after a month or two she had to give that up and study and observe and try for herself, and make many efforts and grow very low-spirited at times, but for all that she never gave up her resolve. Once, however, when she was more than usually disheartened, she mustered courage and went to see the busiest of mortals, the Superioress of her Convent School. Her short story was soon told, and then she asked simply, “ Shall I go on ? ”

Mother Clare's was a strong soul, and she loved good, steady resolves. “ Of course,” she said decidedly. “ As for the success of the picture, naturally I know nothing, but I do know about the moral value of your resolve and of your sticking to it. I have always believed that we do not use or train our wills half enough. Depend upon it, there is something great and seemingly quite beyond us which we could each do if we would but will, and pray, and work as we ought. I grow weary of hearing about the evils of Ignorance—the want of understanding. There is a worse evil—the want of energy and will. If every bit of *knowing* is not used up into a bit of *doing*, I consider this a greater evil than ignorance. With some characters it is like a cistern that you never empty, in which the waters of knowledge stagnate and turn pestilential ; with others it's like a pent up steam bound to end in an explosion ! ”

Angelica smiled. “ Well, I'll go on trying,” she said as she bid good-bye.

“ Do, dear child,” said Mother Clare kindly, “ and remember this—what is a failure here may be a brilliant success for eternity. Should your strong resolve, your patient toil, your persistent prayer all end in seeming failure, it will not really be so, because these things are fashioning *you* for all eternity.”

It is May once more and Angelica is standing unnoticed amidst a group of sight-seers in front of a picture that has been

pronounced one of the best of that year's Academy. The picture is strong and remarkable, and yet it is very simple, the idea being taken from an old timeworn print. It represents the second Annunciation, which we may suppose to have prepared Our Lady for her Assumption. Here is no maiden of fifteen summers, fair with the glory of golden hair and unclouded happiness—it is the Mother of Doloure in the spiritual beauty of an inner world of unspeakable sanctity, made perfect by years of sorrow, of exile, of patience, of perfect fidelity—of one who has accepted the cross unquestioningly in all its height and depth and length and breadth, and whom the cross has glorified. An Angel, shining with subdued light, is bending low before her; in one hand he carries a scroll on which is written, “*Jam hiems transiit, imber abiit et recessit. Veni, amica mea,*” and in the other he carries not a lily but a palm. Under the picture in its simple frame there is the date “August 15th, A.D. 46.”

“Who is ‘A. Bertoldi?’” a lady enquires curiously.

“Oh, an Italian painter,” is the answer, “who it seems has painted unsuccessfully for years—it is strange.”

“I remember one or two of his pictures quite well, though,” remarked another thoughtfully. “The colouring was very good, whereas I should say that was the weakest point of this picture, but then the subject does not call for brilliant colouring, and the grouping is faultless. The strongest and best picture in this room, I should say.”

The speaker is a great art critic, and Angelica ventures to ask: “Do you consider it a success? I am Angelo Bertoldi's daughter, and my father has been ill for some weeks and is unable to come himself—I should be so happy to tell him good news.” There was a little tremor in the quiet voice.

“Success? I should think so,” said the great man kindly, and I have heard a good half dozen people say they mean to buy the picture—but I don't intend to allow them. I would give——”

“Pardon me,” Angelica interrupted gently with a smile, which in this year had quite lost any little trace of grimness,” but the picture is promised already—I only wanted to know about the success. I think foreigners seem to care more about that than about money.”

“I dare say,” said the great man still kindly, “but you and I are not entirely above filthy lucre, so I hope the picture is promised what it is worth.”

The slight girl in her well worn black dress looked rather anxious, he thought. But his words seemed to have lifted a mountain of care from Angelica's shoulders,—she had never felt anything like this tumultuous gladness, even the day on which her picture was accepted it had been nothing to this. And yet out in the crowded hot streets in the jostling pushing work-a-day world once more, a feeling of intense weariness, of chill disappointment, gradually crept over her. How tired she felt! And was there really any good in it all? Or rather was the good not out of all proportion to the severe anxiety, toil, and effort? Her father would be pleased, and of course she was glad,—pleased, that is, in his boisterous, light-hearted southern way; his pleasure would probably help him to shake off the extra indolence of convalescence—for his illness, while a severe tax on Angelica's time and thought, had been nothing really serious. "I must go on painting," she said wearily—"painting for daily bread with very great effort, for I have no real genius, whereas father has—and he will get all the praise and credit and waste all the money, and I—I shall have all the plodding and hard work."

Poor daughter of Eve, with all the inconsistency of overwrought nerves and brain, she felt that she begrudged the prize, which after all seemed now much less great a thing, to the father who she thought would accept it so lightly—to whom it would mean only a little childish pleasure and boasting. "I am mean, ungrateful, and ungenerous," sighed poor Angelica, as she sank upon her knees in the Church, too tired out to pray.

. . . And then,—a strange thing happened—the Tabernacle door opened, and He, her best Friend, stood before her, royal and beautiful exceedingly; and she fell down and kissed His feet, and, as she looked up, she noticed with surprise there was no crown upon His head though He held a sceptre in His hand. And her Guardian Angel whispered: "give Him *yours*"—and behold in her right hand was a little golden crown. "O Lord!" she cried, "it is so small, so poor, it is not worthy of You, but take it, oh do take it." And as she laid it at His Feet, she saw that on the little golden crown was written *Angelica's success*.

As Angelica woke from her dream and walked home, she felt a happiness too great for words. What matter if what she did for her father were appreciated by him or not? Each hard-won success, nay better still each earnest effort, would be another little golden crown to lay at those royal feet.

"Father," she said quietly, a light shining in her eyes, "I have brought you what you wanted so badly—I have brought you success."

"Ah, Figlia mia," he interrupted her excitedly. "I know all about it already—it's wonderful, astounding, amazing. Tom Brown came to congratulate me—good-natured fellow that and not so bad a painter, though common-place—but what do you think?—he thinks it's really *me*?"

"But of course, father," said Angelica simply "that's what I did it for—no one need ever find out."

"Ah, Carina, to think that you so small, so quiet, should be able to do this, and Tom Brown said Mr. Millward was willing to give—guess how much for it?"

"That is of no consequence," she answered a little mischievously—"sordid cash you know—I promised Our Lady the picture if it should be a success. You will come and see your picture sometimes, won't you, father, when it is on Our Lady's Altar?"

Angelo was not so regular a church-goer as could be wished or as he intended to be, it was one among the various other items such as bill-paying and working about which his intentions were excellent. Now, however, something in his "Yes, dear child, often, often to see your picture," gave Angelica new hopes.

"But, father, it is yours—no one shall ever know," she assured him earnestly, and then for the third (and last) time Angelica heard her father sob, as he said "my jewel, as if I could claim what you have so nobly won, and as if your success were not mine too, for I taught you and I am your father, and as if your success were not sweeter to me than even my own could have been. We will work together, little daughter, seeing that each has what the other lacks, we shall be very good and happy and successful, and—and *plodding*, sweet Corona mia."

And so it came to pass that, when Angelica paid her evening visit to the deserted little church, she asked the good Master in surprise, "How is this, dear Lord?—I gave you my success, my happiness, and now they are mine after all?" And then Angelica remembered in a confused and joyful way something about the "hundredfold in this world" and "all that I have is thine."

PAULINE VON HÜGEL.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Songs of Erinn*. By P. J. McCall. (London: Simpkin and Marshall. Dublin: M. H. Gill.) Price 2s. 6d.

We shall begin our remarks on this volume by quarrelling with its name, which is too indistinctive and general. After this we have little fault to find. Roughnesses of style and rhythm might be noticed here and there, but we fancy that in nearly every case they lend themselves well to the general and characteristic effect and charm of Mr. McCall's poetry. Characteristic effect and charm there undoubtedly is. The half-sportive or half-patriotic love-songs are perhaps more striking than anything else in the volume. "Ned of the Hill" is a beautiful lyric, so is "Pretty Móirin O!" So is "An Old Man's Song," with its story of the old couple got out to dance; and its refrain:

Says Herself to Myself, "We're as good as the best of them,"
Says Myself to Herself, "Sure we're better than gold,"
Says Herself to Myself, "We're as young as the rest of them,"
Says Myself to Herself, "Troth, we'll never grow old."

The narrative poem, "Inver Olvin," suffers a little from obscurity; but both it and "The Cohaleen Druith" show admirable skill in the art of the refrain. Some tales of '98 are terribly tragic in effect, while avoiding all superfluous or overcoloured words. In "Grainne Mhaol" and other pieces there may appear to some tastes a too rude realism. But everywhere in the volume there is poetry—poetry which is not a mere echo, but an individual emotion and inspiration.

2. *External Religion: Its Use and Abuse*. By George Tyrrell, S.J. (London: Sands and Co) Price 3s. 6d.

Father George Tyrrell is very favourably known to a wide and widening circle of readers as the author of two noteworthy volumes, "Nova et Vetera" and "Hard Sayings," distinguished by fresh and original thought and a style of great clearness, purity and force. His new book is not as large as the two just mentioned, yet in some respects it is more important, for the eight lectures that it consists of are devoted to the consecutive treatment of one subject, while "Nova et Vetera" are chiefly very unconventional notes of meditations, and "Hard Sayings" is mainly a miscellaneous collection of essays like the "Spiritual Conferences" of Father Faber. The thoughtful and cultivated reader will find much instruction and entertainment in these well reasoned pages. We notice with pleasure that Father Tyrrell supports some of his contents by extracts from a contributor of our own; but only on the first of three occasions (pp. 104, 110, 136) does he name "The Triumph of Failure" by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, would hardly be recognised as "a novelist already quoted."

3. *Notes on a History of Auricular Confession.* By the Rev. P. H. Casey, S.J. (Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.)

We have not given in full the titlepage which lets us know besides that Father Casey is Professor of Dogmatic Theology in Woodstock College and that the subject of his "Notes" is Mr H. C. Lea's account of the Power of Keys in the early Church. Mr Lea is a Protestant layman who with a great show of learning and with a superabundance of minute references tries to discredit Catholicity and to assail the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. Father Casey, seeing the hopelessness of combating each misrepresentation singly, confines his examination to the first ten pages of Mr. Lea's work, and convicts him clearly of constant and it would almost seem constitutional and unconscious bias and unfairness, leading to false assertions, unwarranted assumptions, suppressions of truth, and perversions of patristic teaching. No one who reads this small treatise can help feeling profound distrust of every quotation put forward by such a writer as H. C. Lea, and every conclusion that he deduces from his text. It is pleasant to find that his historic methods have been denounced not only by Catholic writers in *The Dublin Review*, *The Tablet*, etc., but even by such eminently impartial outsiders as *The Athenæum* (Sep. 19, 1896).

4. *Carmel in England: A History of the English Mission of Discalced Carmelites from 1615 to 1849.* By Father B. Zimmerman. (London: Burns and Oates.) Price 6s.

This fine volume of four hundred pages is divided into three parts. The first tells in twelve chapters the story of the English Carmelite Mission from 1615 to 1660; and to this is prefixed a short account of the Order in England before the Reformation. The second part carries down the story till the end of the seventeenth century, and the third ends with the middle of the nineteenth. Father Zimmerman has with great industry drawn his materials from the archives of the Order, and in the concluding paragraph of his preface he acknowledges his obligations to many learned priests and laymen who have placed at his disposal the results of their independent researches. Apart from its great historical worth the book is full of edification. Father Zimmerman has performed his filial task most successfully. An index of proper names makes these interesting biographical details more accessible.

5. Messrs Moran and Co. of Aberdeen have published two novels of considerable dimensions. "Blue and White," by Edith M. Power, is a tale of Brittany in 1795. Though the type is small and compact, it fills more than four hundred and fifty pages. Within these ample limits Miss Power has room to develop her plot, which she does with considerable skill. It is a good wholesome story of the good old-fashioned kind and may safely be added to the department of fiction in any lending library. The publishers have brought it out in a handsome readable form for six shillings. They have also published in the same style for three shillings and sixpence a smaller tale, "The Rival Chiefs; a Romance of the Hebrides," by S. M. Lyne. It will be chiefly appreciated by youthful readers whose appetite for stories is still keen and fresh; but there is too much for our taste of the conventional Scotch novel, not of the kail-yard school but of the

beginning of the century. However, it is harmless, and many will find it attractive.

6. "*Jesus the All-Beautiful!*" Sacred Song. Words and Music by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J. (Frank K. Rost: New York and Chicago.) "*Dear Lord!*" Ditto.

These two sacred songs possess at least one striking merit as the result of the unity of the composer and author—the words and music suit each other perfectly well. Even when (in one of them) the same air has to serve for four verses, this harmony is maintained throughout. We wish the same could be said of even a fair minority of the hymns we are accustomed to hear sung in our Churches.

7. The July Number of *Catholic Book Notes*, issued conjointly by the Catholic Truth Society and by the Art and Book Company of London and Leamington, describes *Close to the Altar Rails* as made up of "very sweet and suggestive thoughts. Well printed, neatly bound, and very portable, it cannot fail to become a favourite manual for visits to the Blessed Sacrament." But why depart in this instance alone from its excellent custom of specifying the price of each book noticed? Here the price is one shilling, as for the companion volumes, *Moments Before the Tabernacle* and *At Home Near the Altar*.

8. The Catholic Truth Society, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, London, has published for half a crown a second edition of the Rev. J. B. Bagshawe's excellent work "The Church, or What do Anglicans Mean by the Church?" It is a calm and well-reasoned discussion of the subject, and in this cheap and excellent reprint it will, please God, satisfy many earnest and ingenuous souls. Among the other new publications of this energetic Society are "Sacerdotalism" by Dr. Brownlow, Bishop of Clifton, and a new edition of Lady Herbert's "Anglican Prejudices against the Catholic Church," price two pence each, and penny tracts on "Celibacy" by Mr Kegan Paul, on "Prayers to the Saints" by Father Sydney Smith, S.J.; and "The Catholic Church in the Scriptures" by Dr. Bagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham. Each of these is admirable in its kind; and so is the third Number of a uniform shilling series by Mr J. Herbert Williams, M.A., late Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford. There is a good deal of originality in his "Church of his Revelation," as there is also in the mechanical device by which a large mass of matter is crushed into a shilling volume by the occasional use of smaller type which does not interfere with the readable look of the book. We may join with this another cheap shilling's worth received through Burns and Oates: "Are Catholics Reasonable in their Belief?" by Michael P. Seter of the American College at Louvain. He is evidently an ecclesiastical student, not yet a priest when he compiled this solid and well arranged summary of what Theology teaches about God, the Incarnation and the Church.

9. "The Catholic Visitor's Guide to Rome" by the Rev. Wilfrid Dallow (London; R. and T. Washbourne) is very well written and well arranged, full of the information that a Catholic pilgrim to the Eternal City requires, and the price is only sixpence. A second edition of the paper by Father Wilfrid Lescher, O.P., on the Evolution of the Human Body has been issued by the same publishers. In two very different spheres of intellectual work, and in two different

continents, the "Journal of the Waterford Archaeological Society" and the "Georgetown College Journal" ask (not in vain) for our admiration; but there is no such publication of the New World which we more heartily desire to see rivalled in the Old World than "Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia." In the Twentieth Century, especially towards its close, the publications of this Society, with the interesting series of ecclesiastical portraits, will be most valuable. Would that similar records were being put into print concerning the priests and bishops and parishes of Ireland!

10. Though they have come at the eleventh hour, on the 13th day of the month, we must not wait for another month to welcome a very interesting consignment from Shanklin in the Isle of Wight. Dr. George H. R. Dabbs, whom some will remember as the physician who attended Tennyson in his death-sickness, edits with great spirit and skill "a weekly journal of literary and general interest and island notes" called "Vectis" from the Latin name of the Island. In printing and in every other respect it is extremely creditable. We name it now, however, for the sake of two *brochures* issued as a literary supplement to it, both of them by Mr Arthur Patchett Martin. "Tennyson and the Isle of Wight," price three pence, has reached a fifth edition, and no wonder—for it gives with a pleasant set of personal and critical paragraphs about the great Poet, seven large-page and very beautiful illustrations, three of them life-like portraits. "The Queen in the Isle of Wight" is by the same author, but it is much larger and the price is a shilling. It gives in a very skilful and attractive way a mass of interesting particulars, chiefly about the Queen's private life, which cannot fail to impress very favourably even a prejudiced reader. It is illustrated by more than a dozen beautiful pictures. With these two has come "Dante: a Dramatic Poem" by G. H. R. Dabbs and Edward Righton (London: Macmillan and Co.) which was acted once at least, by the Independent Theatre Society. What is effective for acting is often dull enough when read merely by one pair of eyes in private. The stage needs a certain prosaic austerity and directness very unlike the richness and picturesqueness of one of Keats's more attractive poems, for instance. The present dramatic Poem is marked by high and dignified thought couched in musical and natural blank verse.

10. These "Notes on New Books" must now come to an end with the mere mention of a new book which cannot be criticised in this Magazine, since the Editor has the same claim to it as (according to Celsus, quoted by Thomas Moore) a cow has to her calf as *quidquam notum propriumque*. It can at least be said without impropriety that Mr James Bowden, 10 Henrietta Street, London, has brought out "Idyls of Killowen, a Soggarth's Secular Verses" very attractively and for so pretty a book very cheaply.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

THE PALACE OF ART.

I FEEL that an apology is due for the somewhat misleading title I have chosen for this paper. I am not about to deal with Art in its generally accepted meaning of Painting and Sculpture. I am not about to go through some great treasure house of Art in this sense, such as the Louvre, or the Uffizi, or our own too little valued National Gallery, and point out what you should admire and what you should condemn, and why admiration should be awarded to the work of one artist and withheld from the work of another. I am not about to speak of that phase of Art which has been so largely developed in recent years, and of which the late William Morris was the chief apostle, that phase of Art which has been aptly called "Art in the House," which has banished, for the most part, the ugly forms of furniture and the crude colourings of carpets and curtains which were in fashion during the earlier years of the present reign, and taught us how to make our homes bright and suggestive and pleasant to look upon, and to impart to the common things of daily life a beauty and a harmony of their own. "The Palace of Art," from which I have taken my title, is Tennyson's poem, and I have so taken it because the subject of that poem has suggested the subject of this paper. The poem is one of the very finest creations of Tennyson's muse. It is specially noteworthy for its stately rhythm, its series of beautiful pictures, and, above all, for the noble allegory it contains. It is meant, as he tells us himself in some prefatory verses, to teach how knowledge and intellect and

Beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind

are insufficient for the life of man's soul, and to show the consequences of an attempt to live on these alone and to cut oneself off from the love of one's fellowman and from the humbling influence of religion.

Seeing not
That Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other, friends of man
Living together under the same roof
And never can be sundered without tears,
And he that shuts Love out in turn shall be
Shut out from Love and at her threshold lie
Howling in utter darkness.

The poem tells how a soul built for itself

A lordly pleasure house
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.

How it was built firm, remote from men and inaccessible, that she might carry out the determination she had made.

My soul would live alone unto herself
In her high Palace there,
And while the world runs round and round I said,
Reign thou apart a quiet King
Still, as while Saturn whirls, his stedfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring ;
To which my soul made answer readily—
Trust me in bliss I shall abide
In this great mansion that is built for me
So royal, rich and wide.

The poem then goes on to describe in stanzas, each one of which is a finished picture, the treasures of Art and the things of Beauty and the wealth of Knowledge which she heaps around her in that "lordly treasure house." It shows how for three years she lived in isolation, sating her eyes with all the fair things she had gathered, and revelling in her pride of intellect, until at last with blasphemous presumption she exclaims :

I take possession of man's mind and deed,
I care not what the sects may brawl,
I sit as God holding no form of creed
But contemplating all.

Then during the fourth year a

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her,

and the silence in which she lived became intolerable, and sore despair plagued her, and she realized at last as she

Lay thus exiled from the Eternal God,
Lost to her place and name,

that beauty however lavish and knowledge however vast could not bring full or true life or happiness.

So when four years were wholly finished
She threw her royal robes away.
Make me a cottage in the vale, she said,
Where I may mourn and pray.

I had often thought that the lessons which this poem was meant to teach would be best understood if they could be put into a concrete form. And so I thought that if I could find in the history of our literature men sufficiently well known whose lives would illustrate the fatal consequences of isolation and intellectual pride when divorced from the restraining and consoling influences of religion, and would on the other hand show how religion under somewhat parallel circumstances, while it was no clog on the fancy and no hindrance to the acquisition of knowledge, consoled in difficulties, shielded in temptations and at last led the way to the true greatness of humility and charity, I might be able to bring these lessons home in a clearer and more striking manner.

Where, then, was I to find one whose life would illustrate the first state of the soul in the Palace of Art? Who was to teach the lesson that isolation and intellectual pride when divorced from religion lead to despair and death? Looking back on the history of our literature, I remembered Wordsworth's lines and

I thought of Chatterton the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.

And truly no more marvellous boy figures in the annals of our literature. Instances of precocious genius are to be found amongst others of our poets. Marlowe, who at a bound and by a literary miracle bridged over the gulf that lay between the language of Gower and Chaucer and Lydgate with what is to all intents and purposes modern verse, the verse which Shakespeare found ready to his hand and made such noble use of, wrote "Tamerlane" when he was a little over 18. He died in a disreputable quarrel under the age of 30, but he left behind him in addition to "Tamerlane" the splendid dramas of "Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward II." besides a number of original poems and many adaptations and translations from the classics. Cowley published his first volume of poems at 15. Pope tells us himself "I

lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." He undoubtedly commenced his literary career when he was only 16, and produced when he was 17 his modernised visions of Chaucer. That singular genius William Blake, who was born five years after Chatterton, commenced to write his weird and mystic verses at the age of 11. Instances too of the disappointments and want and poverty which dog the footsteps of literary men could readily be furnished from the lives of our poets. Otway after a life of unexampled poverty and distress is said to have received a guinea from a charitable friend, and, fainting with hunger, to have gone to the nearest baker's shop and bought a roll, with which he choked himself while ravenously eating the first mouthful. Richard Savage, so well known from Johnson's *Life*, lived and died miserably, and we all have read in Mr. Forster's charming *Life* how the pressure of poverty made our own Goldsmith part with the immortal "Vicar of Wakefield" for £60. Instances too of literary forgery could also be found for the looking of them. James Macpherson had, some time before Chatterton, put off upon the world a series of poems alleged by him to be Ossian's, but which while they are crowded with names and allusions in the old Irish and Highland legends cannot be identified with any entire poem or any considerable fragment of a poem in the least corresponding with any of his pretended discoveries. Ireland, after Chatterton's death, put forward plays which he pretended to have discovered of Shakspeare, and one of them, "Vortigern," was actually acted by John Kemble in 1795. But for a combination of precocity of intellect, originality of thought, imagination beyond his years and in advance of his time, unsatiable ambition and love of pre-eminence, chill and haughty reserve and isolation which even the affection of his mother and sister could not thaw or enter into, unquenchable thirst of knowledge, unwearying industry, constant self-denial and abstemiousness, and unparalleled audacity of imposture, leading only through disappointment, destitution, obscurity and despair to a suicide's death and a pauper's grave, the figure of Chatterton stands unique in our literature.

Chatterton was alike unfortunate in his time and in his surroundings. He should have been born about two centuries earlier, or (what would have been better still) half a century later. Had he been born earlier, he might have come down to us as one of the stars of the Elizabethan firmament. Had he been born half a century later, he would have come within the influence of the school which with Burns and notably with Wordsworth looked upon nature and described her as she really was. His muse would then have revelled in the brightening dawn of our new romantic poetry which first broke with the publication of Bishop Percy's *Reliques*, and his *Ælla* and Sir Bawdyn might

have fitly taken their places beside the best of the romantic creations of Scott. But he was born at the middle point of a century which has been well described as "a valley of dry bones." An age whose philosophy was scepticism and whose love of nature was sham; whose poetry was formal and unreal, and either reflected the scepticism of its philosophy or, if it stooped to deal with nature and the world it lived in, never dared to go out into the open air and describe the glories of sky and sea and lake and mountain, or the fair pastures and waving woodlands of a country landscape, but peopled an unreal country with swains and nymphs equally unreal, or else masqueraded in sham pastorals and eclogues which were at best only poor imitations of Theocritus and Virgil. It was an age which left unfelt and unheeded the manifold glories of Gothic architecture which covered the land and in which we now recognize the genius and honour the devotion of the men who have bequeathed them to us. It was the age, in fine, which, as Macaulay pithily puts it, "gave us Douglas for Othello and the Triumphs of Temper for the Faerie Queen." And so all the fair creations of Chatterton's fancy and all the outcome of his romantic dreams fell upon barren ground or were choked by the thorns of formality and unbelief.

Chatterton was also unfortunate in his surroundings. He was born in Bristol on the 20th November, 1752. His father had died on the 7th August previously, leaving penniless his widow, then aged only 21, with a daughter aged 2 and an old mother-in-law who lived along with them. All through he exhibited that reserve and love of isolation which are so often the characteristics of a posthumous child. For at least 120 years the post of sexton of the church of St. Mary, Redcliffe had been held uninterruptedly and in a direct line by the Chatterton family. The last of the name who held the post was John Chatterton. He died in 1748. Thomas Chatterton his son and the father of the poet was not contented with the post which had satisfied so many of his forefathers, but he aspired to something better. After having filled the place of writing master in a classical school he was appointed sub-chantor in Bristol Cathedral and also master of the Pile Street Free School which was situate a few yards from Redcliffe Church. The latter post he held until his death. He appears to have been a man somewhat above his station, and in his taste for music, pictures and antiquities he gave some indications of the versatile genius which was developed so highly in his son. He was, however, dissipated in his habits and an inconsiderate and unkind husband, so that one cannot think that, had he lived, his influence would have been a beneficial one for the boy. Chatterton was a strange child, given to silent moods and fits of abstraction, so that for

the first six years of his life he was put down for a dunce. When about 6 he was attracted by the decorations of an old musical folio of his father's which his mother was tearing up for waste paper, and, as she expressed it, "he fell in love with the illuminated capitals." He learned to read from an old black-letter Bible, and then from 7 he exhibited that love of reading and intense devotion to study which never left him. His delight even then was to lock himself up in his little attic with his books, papers and drawing materials. In his eighth year he was elected on the foundation of Colston's Charity, the Blue Coat School of Bristol. Here he remained seven years, and on the day he left school he was apprenticed to Mr. John Lambert, a Bristol attorney. All through his Bristol life, as well at school as in the attorney's office, Chatterton lacked the guidance and advice which would have come could he have found some one older than himself with culture able to appreciate the growing genius of the boy, with power to invite his confidence, and with a sobriety of intellect and a mental experience under the influence of which that genius would have been trained and led on to its proper outcome. His mother and sister, much as they loved and admired him, failed to understand him. At school he seems to have made no intimate friends save an under-master named Phillips, whose early death he afterwards deplored in some touching verses. In the attorney's office he chafed alike at the drudgery of his work and the menial treatment he received, having to take his meals with the servants and share his room with the footboy. His chief friends and patrons were William Barrett, a surgeon and antiquary, then collecting materials for a history of Bristol, and George Catcott and Henry Burgum, who carried on the trade of pewterers, and whose shop he passed every time he crossed the bridge. Barrett had a well stocked library, of which Chatterton was made free and of which he made ample use. But that was all the help he did get and could get from Barrett. He appears to have been a dull, heavy and pompous man.

"On every atom of the Doctor's frame

Nature has stamped the pedant with his name."

Catcott posed as a lover of literature. Chatterton afterwards described him in one of his satires as having a large collection of books of which he frequently boasts that none are less than a hundred years old, which indeed he says seems the principal reason of his having any. His books were the chief attraction for Chatterton. The man's capacity to make use of them may be judged from his satirist's statement that he was always of the opinion of the last author he had read. As for Burgum he was a self-made, ignorant

man, ambitious of notoriety in any shape however ridiculous, and as we learn from "Kew Gardens" and others of Chatterton's satires, his language was ungrammatical and his habit of profane swearing notorious.

But Burgum swears so loud, so indiscreet,
His thunders echo through the listening street.

I will have to show you in a moment some important parts these three Bristol citizens played in Chatterton's life.

When I said Chatterton was unfortunate in his surroundings, I should have made one notable exception. The old Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in whose shadow he was born and lived, was an educating influence of a very direct and real as well as of a very noble kind. Around its precincts or in the old Church itself his leisure hours were spent. Here the old past with its Knights and its Priests and its merchant princes became for him the world of realities in which he willingly dwelt. Here amidst the pillared aisles and the sculptured tombs of crusading heroes and departed Bristol worthies, the boy began to realize that romance of mediaeval life of which the founder of the Church was to be the hero and his poet chaplain was to be the chronicler. One of the founders of the Church, if not its principal founder, was William Canynge, Merchant and Mayor of Bristol in the Reign of Henry VI. and Edward IV. In the Church was a beautiful tomb to William Canynge and his wife, Joan, and near it were quaintly sculptured tombs wherein tradition placed the bones of his purse-bearer, his cook and his brewer. Chatterton's cousin saw in her father's possession a picture supposed to be from his pencil in which he is represented clad in the costume of a blue coat boy being led by his mother to the altar tomb of Canynge. Over the North porch of the Church is a chamber called the Treasury House, in which lay, in 6 or 7 oak chests, the charters and title deeds of the Church and documents of even older date. Amongst those was one large iron-bound coffer secured by 6 locks designated in a deed of the 15th century, "William Canynge's chest in the Treasury House of the church of Blessed Mary of Redcliffe." In course of time the keys became lost, and about 17 years before Chatterton's birth an examination of the church muniments was instituted and this coffer and the other chests were broken open. All the deeds relating to the church or which were considered of value were removed to a place of security, while the remainder were left loose for any one who liked to help himself. The most liberal in this way was Chatterton's father. He was in the habit of taking large quantities at a time and applying them to covering school-books and other common uses. At the time

of his death there still remained in his house two boxes full of them, which the widow took with her to her new home and continued to supply her household from them with dress patterns, thread holders and other trifling requisites. In this way old parchments and ancient writings and the phraseology of ancient documents became familiar to Chatterton. As soon as he first ascertained that these documents had come from the Church, he resented the manner in which they were abused and destroyed, and whenever afterwards he found a parchment with writing upon it he would seize it and carry it off to his attic. It was in that attic he carried out the dreams which had come to him in St. Mary's Church. He feigned to have discovered in William Canynge's coffer poetry, history and biography of the 15th century, all forming together what is known as the "Rowley Romance." The creation is embodied in a series of writings mainly ascribed to the pen of Thomas Rowley, a priest of the 15th century. They are in prose and verse, the prose consisting of letters and architectural notices and other miscellaneous writings, which, though fragmentary, are sufficient to develop a connected story. Of this romance the real William Canynge is the central figure. It introduces us to Canynge in his private rather than his public life. He is shown to us as endowed with all human excellences, as the God-fearing merchant piously devoting a large portion of his fortune to the building of the church, as the enlightened patron of art and literature, or as entertaining with princely hospitality the citizens of Bristol at his apocryphal dwelling, the Red House. Among his chosen associates are represented Dr. Carpenter, Bishop of Worcester; Sir Theobald Gorges, a Knight of ancient family residing on a neighbouring estate, and John a Lecam, a Canon of St. Augustine's Abbey. The latter is represented as a poet of some repute, while the other two as well as Canynge himself are not incapable of turning out a stanza on occasion. The genius of the plot is the altogether fictitious character of Thomas Rowley, the post-priest. He is represented as having been a schoolfellow of Canynge at the Priory of the Friars Carmelite. "Here," says Rowley in his *Life of William Canynge*, "did begin the kindness of our lives, our minds and kinds were alike and were always together." After his ordination he is induced by Canynge to give up parish work and become his chaplain and confessor. He was also employed by Canynge to "goe to all the auncient abbies and priories and gather together auncient drawings if of anie account at any price." He accordingly collects drawings and manuscripts for his patron. He writes poems for his patron as well, and dramatic interludes for the festivities of the Red House, in which Canynge and his most distinguished guests would each

personate a character. Canynge, after the death of his wife, Joan, is represented to have avoided a marriage, sought to be forced on him by Edward IV., by retiring with Rowley to the College of Westbury, to have entered the church, and ultimately to have become Dean of Westbury. Rowley concludes his account thus: "hee deceased yer MCCCCLXXIV of the age of 72. Hys worke I shall ne blazon, the eyen will attest yts worth; hys minde, knowledge and love his epistles wylle shewe, and the more soe as he dyd ne entende the same bute forre private syght." Such is a very meagre outline of the narrative to be gathered from the Rowley MS.S. In these imaginary lives of the princely merchant and the poet priest, as in an antique setting appear the poems on which the fame of Chatterton and the attraction of his career mainly rest.

Before the Rowley Romance was commenced Chatterton had begun verse-making. He had begun when only 10 years old and some of his verses appeared before he was 11, in Felix Farley's Bristol Journal. He was only in his 12th year when the manufacture of sham antiques was begun. His first attempt was the production to Mr Burgum of a sham coat of arms and a sham pedigree, which he stated he had discovered amongst the parchments of Redcliffe Church and which traced the descent of the pewterer down to the 13th century from one of the noblest of English houses. The pedigree was apparently verified by numerous marginal references to the Roll of Battle Abbey, original Charters, Rowley, &c. Had Burgum been less vain or credulous, the introduction of one Radcliff de Chatterton amongst his hypothetical ancestors might have aroused his suspicion. But his vanity passed this unnoticed, and he presented the young genealogist with 5s., which in turn produced a continuation of the pedigree down to James II. where it was thought prudent to stop. Each pedigree was accompanied, by way of verification, with copies of poems in sham: one, "The Tournament," attributed to Rowley, and another, "The Gouler's Requiem," attributed to Canynge another by "the Romaunt of the Onyghte," said to be composed by John de Bergham in 1320. The first public announcement of the discovery of the old parchments was due to a local event of some importance. An old Gothic bridge which had crossed the Avon since the days of Henry II. and whose roadway was crowded with buildings overhanging the river, including a church erected by Edward III. and his Queen Philippa, had been condemned and taken down and a new one had been erected in its place. In September 1768, it was sufficiently advanced to allow of its being used by foot passengers and in the year following it was opened for general traffic. In the interval there appeared in Farley's Bristol Journal this letter:

MR. PRINTER,

The following description of the Mayor's first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old manuscript, may not at this time be unacceptable to the generality of your readers.

Yours, &c.,

DUNELMUS BRISTOLIENSIS.

The letter was accompanied by a full and detailed description in antique diction and orthography of the procession and public rejoicings which signalized the opening of the old bridge. The manuscript was traced to Chatterton, and he then stated that the description was transcribed from a parchment which his father had taken from the muniment room of St. Mary's Church. The explanation was accepted without further question and with less scrutiny than Chatterton himself had expected. Emboldened by his success, he produced from time to time poems and plays and lyrical pieces all of which he ascribed to Rowley, and which he professed to have found in the coffer of Master Canynge. "Elinure and Juga," "Bristow Tragedie," "Ælla," "Goddwyn," "The Battle of Hastings," "The Parliament of Sprites," "The Souge of Seynote Baldwynne," "The Songe of Seynote Warburghe," "On Happiness," and many others which for the purpose of this lecture must be only names. Nor did he confine himself to sham antiques in poetry. Barrett, I have told you, when he made the acquaintance of Chatterton, was engaged on the History of Bristol. Chatterton according to Barrett's needs was ever ready to supply him from Master Canynge's coffer. Did he require a date or a name or a verification of some event in the History of Bristol, forthwith Chatterton would produce a supposed charter, or deed of foundation, or a proclamation, or a sermon, all which were readily accepted by Barrett and incorporated into his history. Recollect all this was work done by a boy between the ages of 12 and 17. To begin with, what a preparation he must have gone through to conceive and enter on such work at the age of 12? The number of books he had read must have been enormous. He had made himself familiar with Shakspeare and with Dryden, Pope, Gray, and the other poets of his day. His work at Lambert's, although irksome, was not severe and did not take him more than two hours in the day. The remainder of the time he spent in putting together the knowledge required for the manufacture of his sham antiques or else in the manufacture itself, and many of his master's parchments had put upon them instead of "This Indenture Witnesseth" or "Know all men by these Presents" the quaint forms of language and brilliant fancies ascribed to the poet priest. His acquaintance, Thistlethwaite, would sometimes call at Lambert's office during the daytime, and he has described how he would find Chatterton

engaged in studying by times heraldry, antiquities, metaphysics, astronomy, and even medicine. The mere mechanical amount of work he went through must have been prodigious. This was his method of working. He compiled for himself mostly with the aid of Bailey's and Kersey's English Dictionary and partly from Speght's Chaucer and Benson's Saxon Vocabulary, a glossary of modern words followed by their supposed old English equivalent. He would then write down his poem or prose-work as the case might be, and with the aid of this glossary transmute the language of Chatterton into the language of Rowley. He would then transcribe this transmuted composition on to parchment, using the quaint and archaic forms of handwriting which he had laboriously acquired by a study of the genuine old manuscripts. He would then hold the parchment over a candle to give it the appearance of antiquity, which process changed the colour of the ink and made the parchment appear black and a little contracted, or else he would colour the parchment with ochre and rub it on the ground. With many of the poems he manufactured parchments purporting to be accounts of the subject of the poem and the persons and events it celebrated. Chatterton was at all times reticent in producing the pretended original parchments. What he generally produced were his own copies. I do not intend to-night to say anything of the merits of the poems themselves. They exhibit for the most part singular originality, rare genius, strange creative powers and great beauty of thought and description, although the archaic mould in which they are cast rather repels the reader especially when he knows it is not real. Any discussion of the poems or the place they entitle Chatterton to hold in English literature would be foreign to the subject of my lecture and would be worthy to form the subject of a lecture by itself.

Looking back from our advanced standpoint of knowledge, of philology and literary and historical criticism, it seems almost incredible that the brilliant and daring impostures of Chatterton should have deceived any one. It is easy to understand why an ambitious pewterer like Burgum or shallow pedants like Barrett and Catcott could have been taken in. But that they should for a moment have been received as genuine by men of letters like Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Walpole (who was for a time at least deceived although he afterwards denied it) is indeed astounding. The form only is archaic, the sentiment is modern. Coleridge called them

Young-eyed poetry

All deftly marked as hoar antiquity.

But the marking was not deftly done. The poems are full of anachronisms of style, anachronisms of history, and anachronisms of

language. For example in *Ælla* blank verse is used whereas blank verse was first introduced by Lord Surrey towards the middle of the 16th century. A great portion of *Ælla* is written in a stanza imitated from Spenser but is in reality an invention of Chatterton, for I know of no other poet who has used it. The stanza of Spenser, more familiar to us perhaps as the *Childe Harold* stanza, is a very noble form of verse, but any one who has ever tried to write it knows how difficult a one it is. The stanza contains nine lines of which the 1st and 3rd rhyme together, the 2nd, 4th, 5th and 7th rhyme together, and then the 6th, 8th and 9th rhyme together, the last line being an Alexandrine. The necessity of finding four and three rhymes in each stanza is no easy task. Chatterton got over the difficulty by a formula which while it increased the stanza to 10 lines, abolished the triple rhyme and thereby a stanza originally compact and difficult was made loose and easy. He continually makes mistakes in his rhymes, in the meaning he attributes to old words and in alterations of old words so as to secure a rhyme or to make a line scan for which there is no authority. I have not time to dwell in detail on the mistakes of language. If you would desire to know more on the subject, I would refer you to the Essay by the Rev. Walter Skeat, prefixed to the 2nd volume of the last Aldine edition of Chatterton. I may give you, however, in passing one very striking instance of anachronism of language. There is a poem he calls a fragment of a poem on Richard I. which is supposed to have been written by a contemporary, John, 2nd Abbot of St. Austin's Minster. It is written, however, not in the English of the 12th century, as it should have been, but in the English of the 14th century.

You are not to suppose that during the period covered by Chatterton's life in Bristol he was occupied entirely with the Rowley Romance and the studies it involved. Occasional verses without number, tales in verse, elegies, lyrics and songs innumerable flowed from his facile pen. There flowed two satires after the manner of Junius, political and heraldic papers, prose contributions to Peter Farley's Journal, and later on to the *Town and Country Magazine*, then the most popular London periodical, and to which he had established himself a constant contributor. All this work, however, brought him in no money. It was done for pure love of it and the pleasure of seeing himself in print. He grew tired at last of the colourless monotony and irksome drudgery of his life, and his daring ambition turned to London as the proper sphere for the acquisition of fame and fortune. He thought at first to find some patron like the Canynge of his fancy by whom his genius was to be recognised and to whom all his plans and hopes were to be revealed and realised

with his assistance. He first tried Dodsley to whom he offered *Ælla* as the work of Rowley, sending the Song of *Ælla* as a specimen, but Dodsley did not reply to his communications. He then approached Horace Walpole. He was probably attracted to him by the fact that about three years before Walpole had produced his "*Castle of Otranto*," professedly as a translation by one William Marshall from an old Italian manuscript found in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England and printed in Naples in the black letter in the year 1529. Walpole had shortly before published his "*Anecdotes of Painting*," and as he had adapted his earlier ventures to the tastes of Burgum and Barret, Chatterton sought to attract Walpole with a work he called "*The Ryse of Peyncteigne yn England*, wroten by T. Rouleie, 1469, for Master Canynge," which he accompanied with notes and which he suggested might be of service in any future edition of the *Anecdotes*. He also sent another leaf from the Rowley Romance in the shape of a poem ascribed to John, 2nd Abbot of St. Augustine's, and offered more. Walpole was undoubtedly at first taken in. His letter of reply is dated 28 March, 1769. In it he thanks the writer for the MSS., which he accepts as genuine, hints an offer to undertake the expense of publishing them, praises the verses of Abbot John for their harmony and spirit, and goes on to say that the Rouleie tracts must have been before John Van Eyck's discovery of oil-painting, which confirmed what he had hinted in the *Anecdotes* that oil-painting was known in England much earlier than that discovery. This letter induced Chatterton to disclose who he was and his humble circumstances, and he sent another instalment entitled, "*A Historie of Peynoters yn Englande, bie T. Rouleie*," and an Ode entitled, *War*. Walpole had been deceived not long before by the forgeries of Macpherson I have referred to, and he became suspicious. He consulted Gray and Mason who pronounced the specimens modern fabrications, and he wrote a letter of advice to Chatterton telling him "when he should have made a fortune he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclinations." Three haughty letters were written by Chatterton reiterating the authenticity of the MSS. and demanding their return. The letters were never answered. Walpole went to Paris and on his return he sent the MSS. to Chatterton's address. He thought no more of his correspondent until a year and a half later at the Royal Academy's dinner he heard his name mentioned by Goldsmith with enthusiastic references to the treasures of ancient poetry he had brought to light, and then learned for the first time that the boy had come to London and had met his miserable end.

Chatterton was rudely awakened from his brilliant dream. The shattering of the hopes which the first letter of Walpole had excited was a bitter blow. For a time his spirit reeled under the shock, and he went so far as to say he would destroy "all his useless lumber of literature and never use his pen again but in the law." But his indomitable energy and ambition soon caused the rebound, and, baffled in his attempt to gain the patronage of a modern Canynges, he determined to go to London and fight his battle unaided and alone. To get his Indentures cancelled was the first step. He knew that Lambert would not and indeed could not cancel them voluntarily and so he had recourse to artifice. He wrote a document of very grim humour which he called his will. Amongst other bequests he bequeathed to Mr Matthew Mease a mourning ring with the motto "Alas! poor Chatterton," provided he paid for it himself. He bequeathed to Burgum all his prosody and grammar, and to Bristol all his spirit and disinterestedness, parcels of goods unknown on its quay since the days of Canynges and Rowley. But the bequest on which he rested for his emancipation was a direction how he was to be buried and a direction for his tomb, "after my death, which will happen to-morrow night before eight o'clock, being the Feast of the Resurrection." He added a codicil, "it is my pleasure that Mr Cocking and Miss Farley shall print this my will the first Saturday after my death." He added an endorsement "all this wrote between 11 and 2 in the utmost distress of mind Saturday 14th." This singular production he purposely left open on his desk that Lambert might read it. Lambert was frightened out of his wits and forthwith cancelled the Indentures. Then the boy bade farewell to his sorrowing mother and sister and to St. Mary Redcliffe, and to all the cherished associations of his youth, and, with his parchments and his manuscripts and a few guineas subscribed by Barrett, Burgum, the Catcotts, and a few others, he set sail on the perilous sea of London life where so many have gone down under its cruel waters for the few who have come safely into port. He reached London on the 25th April, 1770. He lived at first with a Mrs. Balance, a distant relation, who lodged in Shoreditch with a plasterer and his wife. He was received with encouragement by Hamilton, editor of the Town and Country Magazine; Edwards, the editor of the Middlesex Journal, to both of whom he was known by name, and by Dodsley to whom he had offered *Ælla*. Politics were running high at the time and Chatterton's pen was freely made use of by the patriotic newspapers. Beckford, the author of "Vathek," was then Lord Mayor and had adopted the popular side. Chatterton had obtained an introduction to him and had much reliance on him for

his future success, but unfortunately Beckford's sudden death on 21st January deprived him of this hope. His activity during the few months of his London life was prodigious. He contributed to magazines and journals of every class. In them appeared the African Eclogues, several sets of verses, musical extravaganzas, songs, political essays and letters, and numerous light prose pieces suited to the tastes of the day. He wrote some of those satires in verse, commenced before he left Bristol, sparing neither friend nor foe, and which we would wish he had never penned. He covers with unworthy and ungrateful sarcasm the men in Bristol who had befriended him according to their lights, and in coarse phrase and unworthy allusion he shows all too sadly and too well that youthful innocence and purity of thought had been irretrievably lost. He seems to have gone back too to the Rowley Romance, for the "Balade of Charitie" belongs to this period. But all this work brought him little or no money. Editors of magazines and political newspapers were glad enough to avail themselves of his brilliant and caustic pen. Their ability or willingness to pay was more doubtful. He was absolutely dependent now for existence on the proceeds, of his literary labour and the actual cash he received was very small indeed. For 16 songs in the burletta of the "Revenge" he got 10s. 6d. or less than 8d. a song. He moved about from one poor lodging to another still poorer. He was in actual physical want, but though his several kind-hearted landladies, who pitied the lonely lad, would have cheerfully given him a meal, his pride would not admit his needs or accept their charity. At last unable to dispose of more work and unable to get payment for what he had done, towards the middle of August his situation became desperate. As a last forlorn hope, relying on the little knowledge he had acquired from reading, he determined to go to sea as a surgeon if Barrett would give him what he called a "physical character." He applied to Barrett for the character which Barrett declined, and I must say I think, properly declined to give. For a few days after Barrett's refusal he lingered on in gradually increasing destitution. His landlady, Mrs Angel, knowing that he had eaten nothing for two days, begged that he would take some dinner with her on the 24th August. He was quite offended at the invitation which seemed to assume that he was in want, and assured her he was not hungry. He had long abandoned all the religious impressions of his childhood and had turned to the philosophic creed of that century that death was an eternal sleep. During the night of that 24th August he poisoned himself with arsenic and died miserably amidst the torn up fragments of his later works, which were found littering the floor of his attic when the door was broken open in the

morning. He was buried in the common pit prepared for paupers in the neighbouring burying ground of Shoe Lane Workhouse. "Alas ! poor Chatterton." A life of disappointment and unhappiness and a death solitary and without hope.

I have not offered, and do not intend to offer, any criticism of Chatterton's works or to discuss the place he fills, or, if he had lived, might have filled in English literature. I have attempted only to bring before you the salient points of a career of such singular fascination, interest, and, I think, instruction. I have done so with the view, as I have said, of illustrating from life the first state of the soul in the Palace of Art. I have used him to show to what sad and dreary ending a soul may come to who, however richly dowered with all intellectual gifts, does not, from time to time, throw "her royal robes away" for humble prayer. I will dismiss him now with the words in which Marlowe makes the Chorus lament the death of Faustus :

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough.

R. P. CARTON.

(To be concluded next month.)

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

(Written during the evening of a Bank-Holiday, in a Thames-side village near London).

ARE these thy daughters, Erin, mother mine,
These, that with arms upwaved and tresses bare
Are flaunting by the tavern in the square—
These girl-bacchantes with the streaming hair,
Say, weeping mother, dost thou call them thine ?

A song is sung thy proud lips never knew :
I hear loud laughter in the evil street,
They trip the lilting tune with flying feet,
And English revellers watch the "Irish crew."

O grey-blue eyes that innocent should be,
Wildly ye rove, or gaze in vacant bliss ;
Young lips, empoisoned with the tankard's kiss,
Why breathe ye not pure Erin's majesty ?

An old man passes with averted eyes
 (Which he who saw beheld o'erbrimmed with tears)
 "The priest ! the priest !" cries one of tender years—
The riot lulls, soon, soon again to rise.

Yes, they are thine, though never have they seen
 Thy holy hills, thy glens and pastures fair,
 Nor ever yet have breathed the fragrant air .
Thy happier daughters breathe in valleys green.

Hollow-cheeked Hunger in the night arose,
 And drove each wailing mother from thy shore :
 Foul London whelmed the later brood she bore—
If these be reckless, hard their lot, God knows.

If, girt about with plenty in the land,
 Thou couldst break bread for all who exiled roam,
 These things—alas ! thou dost not rule thy home,
And, if thou strovest, men would stay thy hand.

* * *

Dear Christ, are we as they who once were Thine,
 Doomed evermore to wander o'er the earth ?
 When will thou re-endow our mother's dearth ?
When shall we turn us to our Palestine ?

Not yet, not yet, His work is still to do—
 God's gain, my brothers, grows from out our loss :
 Sisters, stand very near beneath our cross,
Weak were our strife, brave sisters, but for you.

Athwart an empire's world-enclaspings belt,
 From torrid south to realm of northmost ice,
 Where'er Columbia's kindred sway is felt,
By western canon as 'mid rolling veldt,
In cities new and old, the toiling Celt
 Must, near the cross, prepare the Sacrifice

* * *

Erin, when dawns the day, withhold thy curse,
 Nay, but with blessing, take to thy breast again
Weak truants that have shamed thee even worse
Than the poor colleens of a gloomier verse :
 E'en these revere thee ; list ! with might and main
 The carol God Save Ireland in refrain.

JOHN HANNON.

THE STORY OF "DOUBLE NOUGHT."

A SOUTH AFRICAN SKETCH.

PART I.

HER name was Gladys Mary Hunter, but her number was "Double Nought," and in the convent school where she was a boarder, the number was oftener called into requisition than the name. A small person aged five, with great black eyes looking out from a tangle of black hair, a dainty grace of movement that distinguished her among prettier children, a quaint way of expressing herself, very unchildish, yet not altogether unchildlike—that was "Double Nought." When people exclaimed at her diminutive size on first acquaintance, she would catch her short skirt with each hand and look herself over, and then at the surprised person towering above her, and say with much composure, "Mother *says* I am a very small child for my age."

"Mother" was her authority for everything, and among her playmates "Mother's" verdict became law in the matter of games. Mother was a famous one for games, and Gladys was not to be gainsaid, when in her own very serious way she would say, "That is all wrong, Mother never played that way, but like this!"—and the small figure would dart about illustrating "Mother's" way. To the elders there was something weird and uncanny in the child; but with the "juniors," as the lower division were collectively called, she was the recognised leader in everything.

But Gladys had one great grief, and the juniors knew there was one subject that they dared not dwell on, at the risk of incurring her anger, and being excluded from the charmed circle she drew about her. In this convent school the rules for visitors were very strict. There were specially-marked visiting days, and on those days the pupils brought their parents and friends through the beautiful convent garden, and heard all the home news. Great was the distress if an expected "visitor" did not arrive on visiting day; for days before the children talked

joyously of their expected pleasure, so that the disappointment was extreme if their hopes were blighted.

But the "juniors" suppressed their joy slightly when in the vicinity of "Double Nought." For her grievance was that she "never got a visitor," and when the time came round each month, it brought a fresh pang to her childish heart. "Mother" was away up country, earning the wherewithal to keep herself and Gladys. She had been away quite thirteen months, Gladys reckoned, for she had been careful to find out when a new month came. And there was no one else she knew, who would come to see her, and, indeed, no one else she cared to see. For she did not readily give her affection. Indeed, even the seniors who were drawn to her by a certain indefinable fascination, were merely suffered to make much of her, their adoration being accepted with a graceful tolerance that would have been laughable, if it had not seemed part of her very nature, and not at all assumed.

Once, it is on record that a new boarder, a junior, who was boasting of having a baker's dozen of brothers and uncles and aunts coming to see her on the first visiting day after her arrival, turned to Gladys and said, "Is your mother coming to see you on Thursday? May Taylor says you never get a visitor." Whereat Gladys drew herself up in a way all her own, and eyed the daring speaker over coldly. After a moment of silence, during which the new-comer felt that she had done something wrong, but was still in the dark as to its precise direction, notwithstanding the gasps of dismay from one or two in the group, Gladys said, "Do you not know yet, Netta Cleary, that it is not polite, *not polite*," with withering emphasis, "to say such things?"—and then Gladys turned her back on Netta Cleary, who found herself under the ban of Double Nought's displeasure for quite an hour; not longer, though, for Gladys was very forgiving. When a curious playmate asked unwary questions about "Mother's" whereabouts, or remarked on the strangeness of her being so far away from her small daughter, she was silenced effectively in some similar manner, so that by degrees everyone accepted the situation without further comment. But the heart of Gladys was very sore on visiting days, for then she felt most keenly her mother's absence; a sense of loneliness and isolation took possession of her, and she defended her position with a fierceness that spoke of strong passions. It was dangerous then to broach

the forbidden subject. The very strength of her love and longing made the mention of her mother a risky experiment. At such times she would not cry; she rarely cried, this strange child; but she would clench her hands and set her teeth, and her eyes would blaze with suppressed feeling. Getting away as far as possible from her companions, she would sit down in a corner and "make up" a conversation with her mother, telling her everything in her childish way as if she were beside her, and encircled by her arms. After some time spent in this fashion she would return to her play, as merry as ever, with all trace of excitement gone, at peace with everyone, and eager for her games. It was these and similar peculiarities, coupled with her elfish face and quaint speech, that made her a source of endless amusement to the seniors.

"Mother" wrote to her frequently, and Gladys's red-letter days were those on which the Reverend Mother took her away to read those beautiful letters to her. One day, near Christmas, a letter came for Gladys. The convent boarders were in all the flutter and fuss of the Christmas concert, which was to take place that night. "Double Nought" had her black elf-looks screwed up into curl-papers, which were to produce black ringlets on her small head that night. Discipline was considerably relaxed, as might be expected, for was not everyone going home for the holidays? Everyone, that is, except Gladys. She, divided between the pleasurable excitement of the coming concert (wherein she was to take a prominent part as the chief character in the juniors' cantata) and the long six weeks of loneliness before her, was in a variable state of mind. In order to be quite bright-eyed and refreshed during the prolonged concert-time the juniors were sent to bed at three o'clock with strict orders to sleep until they were called up.

Gladys went meekly enough to bed, and "tucked in" with a special warning all for herself not to speak or open her eyes until she heard the bell ring. But no sooner had the Sister closed the dormitory door than "Double Nought" flung off her bed-clothes, and sat on her pillow wide-eyed and ready for mischief, with a bunch of curl-papers adorning each temple and hanging down over each ear.

After a survey of the dormitory she cautiously called to her nearest neighbour, Dolly Hayes, who promptly sprang up and looked over the rail of her bed inquiringly.

"Isn't it ridiculous putting us to bed when the sun hasn't gone yet?" demanded Gladys, whose English was remarkable for its fluency and distinctness. "And I can't sleep when my mother's letter is running all about in my heart, and speaking quite loud. Do you know what, Dolly? She's coming down, down here, you know, and I'm going out for the holidays."

"Oh my, where are you going? You can't go to your house for your mother hasn't got one," said Dolly, patting her curl-papers affectionately, and thinking of the nice fat curls that would lie against her plump cheeks, if they only stayed in all right.

"But you are a nasty thing, Dolly Hayes! As if my mother cannot get a house. We are going to the sea-side."

"So'm I!" quoth May Taylor, popping up a tangled head of natural curls above the white curtain of her bed. "Will you come and play with me, Gladys?"

"Thank you, May, but I'll have to look after my mother, I think," returned "Double Nought" gravely. "You see she's been ill, and she says in her letter I must make her well."

"Daddy's coming to fetch me home to-morrow morning first thing. Where's your daddy, Double Nought? Haven't you got one?" This from a small Jewess, the idol of wealthy parents, a spoilt little morsel, with decided Jewish proclivities. Gladys had a very strong objection to being called by her number.

"My name's Gladys Mary Hunter," she said now, in her most dignified tones.

"Huh! who cares?" cried Miss Sybil Bernstein, brave in the thought that Gladys's anger could not affect her for six whole weeks—an eternity to her. "And you haven't got a father either?" with much scorn.

This was also a sore point with Gladys. Everyone had a father to love them but her—a big strong man, who took his little girl up in his arms and made much of her, who brought wonderful toys and lovely sweets, and who came to bring her home for the holidays. That was one of the many questions stored up in her retentive memory to be answered by mother. She was inclined to believe that her father was dead, and now answered her tormentor by saying with a dignity which was rather marred by a nodding bunch of curl-papers. "It isn't kind, Sybil Bernstein, to speak of daddies that are dead."

Sybil subsided. After a pause, Gladys said, "I wish moth-

was here to-night. I'd love her to see me do my part."

"My mamma will be here, and papa too, and they'll——"

But the entrance of a Sister caused a general disappearance of paper-bedecked heads, and as the Sister came down the dormitory and bent over one or two of the beds, she found the occupants buried in the bed-clothes, and with strangely screwed up eyes. Gladys opened her black orbs wide as the Sister bent down over her.

"I can't sleep, Sister. Do let me get up!" she pleaded in her usual wheedling tones.

"If you are good and promise not to stir for ten minutes, I shall come back and dress you," Sister said.

"Ten minutes!" said Gladys joyfully. "Count from now, Sister, please, count from this very minute."

"Very well. Now begin by closing your eyes, and don't open them until I return."

And Sister placed a little light kiss on the child's forehead, and tucking her in, left her.

When she returned at the end of ten minutes, Gladys sprang up eagerly.

"We must move quietly, Gladys. All the others are asleep," said Sister, and quick and light always in her movements, Gladys stole out of bed, and was down in the dressing-room before the Sister had time to help her.

"There is a visitor for you," Sister said when Gladys was robed in her white concert frock, and her curls falling round her delighted face.

"Oh, my! A visitor. Is it mother? O do say it's my mother!" cried Gladys, dancing round the Sister excitedly, and pulling the beads which hung from her girdle.

"No, not mother yet. Next week or the week after we may look for mother."

"Not mother! Then who is it?"

"A gentleman!"

"But I don't know any gentleman, except"—thoughtfully as she puckered up her strongly marked black brow—"except the gentleman who used to work at the station—the trains you know, Sister. I knew him where we lived before I came to the convent. He was a very nice gentleman, and he was nice to me, because he had no little girl of his own. He used to bring

his dinner in such a funny little tin can, and part in a handkerchief. His name was John Henry Smith. Is it Mr. John Henry Smith is my visitor, Sister?"

"No, dear. Come now. Reverend Mother is waiting to bring you to the parlour."

"Oh, well, I'm *glad* my visitor came now, because I've got my concert dress on," said Miss Vanity with a self-complacent view of her small person, and a gentle and very careful pat of the black ringlets.

Reverend Mother was waiting at the foot of the stairs.

"Have you told her?" she asked the Sister, who smilingly shook her head.

"No, dear Mother. I left that for you to do."

"O, dear Mother, do tell me who my visitor is! Sister says it is not Mr. Smith, and I don't *know* any other gentleman," cried Gladys, excitedly.

"Would you be very much surprised if you knew it was your father?" Reverend Mother said, smiling down at the child's eager face.

"My daddy! Oh, my daddy!! And I thought he was dead! Oh, I'm glad, Mother, *glad, glad!*" and she clapped her hands wildly and danced round Reverend Mother, forgetful of the ringlets and the concert frock which she had promised to be so careful of.

"What a sprite it is! Do be quiet, Gladys!" said Reverend Mother, laughingly, as she caught the flying figure and held her gently.

"Oh, but well, dear mother, I can't keep still. Just think of my daddy coming to see me. Mayn't I go to him now, just this very minute? I've got my very nicest frock on, and my hair's curled, so I'm sure he will say I'm nice."

Reverend Mother smiled indulgently at the animated face uplifted to her, and, taking the child by the hand, led her to the parlour. Gladys walked along sedately enough, and at the parlour door paused, for there, standing up and waiting for them with a doubtful, expectant look on his handsome face, was a very tall man, whom Gladys eyed closely for quite a minute. Her great black eyes searched his face and passed over his tall, military-looking figure, and the gentleman stood the scrutiny smilingly, yet still with that doubtful expectant look in his eyes. For that

minute no one spoke. Reverend Mother glanced from father to child, but did not break the silence. At length Gladys broke out with, "Oh, my! What a long daddy you are!"

"And oh, my! What a dear little daughter you are!" said Mr. Hunter, stepping towards her with yearning, outstretched arms. Gladys did not hesitate an instant but rushed straight into them, and was caught up and kissed by her father. Reverend Mother gave a sigh of relief. The crucial moment was over, for Gladys had been won to her father. So much depended on that! For was it not through this child that the father hoped to win back the place he had forfeited in her mother's heart? Five years before, he had left the young mother and her six months' babe, in a fit of ill-directed remorse for having squandered in drink and gambling her small fortune. Poor, friendless, and alone he had left her in a strange country where she had spent but nine months, arguing in his half-drunken unreason as he looked his last upon them in the dim light of a winter dawn, that they were better without him until he could support them. His efforts to obtain work in the colony had failed. Despair drove him to drink, remorse drove him from his wife's side to seek in England what he could not win in the Colony.

His was a common enough story. The younger son of a wealthy London merchant, he had been chosen by his father as "the soldier of the family," and every opportunity given him to make a brilliant military career. Soldiering, however, was not to his taste, and literature was. For a time he strove to fulfil his father's wishes; at home they were very proud of "Lieutenant Reginald," but the only soldierly characteristic he acquired was a military bearing which he had never quite lost, and extravagant habits which were well nigh as permanent.

Life had gone easily enough for handsome Rex Hunter until he had married Ida Garriok contrary to his father's wish. Ida was an orphan, and, though not exactly penniless, was, as Mrs. Hunter said, "a mere provincial nobody," and, as such, was not to be recognised by Rex's mother, who had a Duchess on her visiting list. Cut off with the proverbial shilling, and grown discontented with the old country, Rex and his young wife sailed for the Oape. Here one disappointment followed another, journalistic work was not to be got, his military training had given him no help in his battle for life, and poverty stared them
in the face.

Ida's fortune supported them for a time, but it could not last long. Then followed a terrible time for the young inexperienced wife. Rex, her handsome, generous, tender-hearted husband began to spend his time and her money at the "Canteen." In vain she implored, and intreated, and commanded; matters went from bad to worse. Her baby-girl was born, and for a time Rex reformed. He took such delight in the little black-eyed morsel of babyhood that the mother's hopes rose high—but only to be dashed down again. The old temptation returned, the old ways were resumed, until at length one winter morning she woke from the heavy slumber that had followed a sleepless night, and found a hastily written note bidding her good-bye:—

"It is better I should go before all your money is spent—as it will be if I stay. There is enough left to keep you and the child for a couple of years. By that time, if I am alive, you will hear of me again. God bless you and keep you. Do not forget me, unworthy as I am, and forgive me if you can."

On his return to England after his disgrace and failure and base desertion, luck favoured him. He got on the staff of a provincial newspaper, the editor of which had been aided in his own struggling days by Rex's father. He wrote to the Cape, to the town in which he had left his wife and child; he sent them money, but both letters and money were returned. He lost all trace of those who, in spite of everything, were dearest to him on earth. He partly guessed the reason of the letters being returned. Knowing his wife's pride and her indomitable spirit, he surmised that she had left the town where she had known such misery; changed her name and was very probably earning the wherewithal to rear her child. Ida was not a woman to sit down and cry over her difficulties. Time after time he wrote to the Cape, hoping to find some trace of her, but in vain. As yet, he could earn barely enough to keep himself by working hard and constantly. His was a miserable cheerless life during the first year after his return to England. He denied himself everything but the bare necessities of life, saving every penny he could to go in search of the wife and child he had so basely deserted. But after repeated failures in his endeavours to find them, Rex-like (not being more than human, and by no means a hero) he yielded to the seductions of the Bohemian life led by certain of his fellow journalists, and gave himself up to such pleasures as the

afforded. These were not good either for his soul or body. His work suffered, his health suffered; the former nearly slipped from his grasp, the latter was shattered by his excesses.

Another year passed in this way. At the end of it he found himself in a hospital, under treatment for disease brought on by his reckless life. The beginning of the next year found him with barely-recovered health, but *minus* his situation, and without the wherewithal to pay for a night's lodging. But he had had a lesson. By dint of new-born resolution and a certain strength of will quite at variance with his former yielding temperament, he set to work to retrieve what he had lost.

He worked night and day. His pen was rarely idle. And he met with success, unlooked for success. His sketches and stories "Under the Southern Cross" were at last published in book-form after running through most of the leading journals. They were received with almost universal praise. Fame was his at last, and what was still more to him—the means were his to go in search of those whom he had lost. He sailed for the Cape, but this time it was not as the unknown, unemployed journalist, but as the "man of the hour," the famous Reginald Hunter, the author, whose advent was hailed by Cape journals with the usual amount of gush forthcoming on such occasions. He, however, declined to be interviewed or banquetted, or to accept any of the attentions pressed upon him by the Colonial magnates. He had come with but one purpose, and that he was determined to fulfil. His first efforts met with success. He called at St. Mary's, the Parochial House in Cape Town, and there obtained information which greatly aided him in his search. In one of the convents under the Bishop's care was a child—Gladys Hunter, whose mother was a governess up-country, and who was well known to the priest whose duty it was to visit the outlying district of the western vicariate. Rex Hunter lost no time in calling at the convent. He had been on shore but one day when he found himself waiting in the convent parlour for the coming of his little daughter, Gladys. He had already built strong hopes on winning his way back to the trust and affection of his wife through the child. But if the child should turn from him —

So much depended on that! Small wonder, then, if he looked doubtful and anxious under the close scrutiny of the child's big black eyes that were so like his own. But when he stooped

towards her with yearning arms and an almost beseeching love in his every feature, and the child broke from her shelter at Reverend Mother's side to spring into his arms with the whole-hearted abandonment of childhood, then indeed did his eyes fill with not unmanly tears, and he drew Gladys to him with a passionate tenderness such as thrilled her small form, and made her feel how good a thing it was to have a father.

Reverend Mother, seeing how much better matters promised than she had expected, turned quickly away and left them alone together. Her sympathies were with the man whose story she had heard from his own lips, though he had not spared himself in its recital, and gave the blackest colouring to his own conduct. There was no doubting in her mind of his remorse, and intense desire of reparation. She sent up an aspiration that there might be a happiness in store for the young husband and wife in whom she felt such a deep interest. The mother she had known but slightly, yet she had been drawn to her strangely—a young and lovely woman, with a proud and dignified bearing, but a nature singularly loveable. Her reserve kept her from confiding the troubles that saddened her face to Reverend Mother, and the story that Rex Hunter told was quite new to her. This woman of wide sympathy, because of her own abandonment of the world, gave to those with whom she came in contact and who sought her help and counsel, such assistance as they alone can give who have left all narrow, selfish aims behind them.

"Through the child you will win back what you have lost," she had said, when Rex Hunter expressed his despair of ever obtaining his place in his wife's affection and trust. He sprang at the suggestion eagerly.

"She is a peculiar child," Reverend Mother said. "She has strong passions, and decided likes and dislikes. If you win her affection, you will be sure of her mother." And so, when she saw the reception Gladys gave to her father, she turned away content, and with a fervent *Deo Gratias* on her lips.

Gladys and her father were meanwhile becoming fast friends. He learned that it pleased his small daughter that he was tall, and not short and fat like Sybil Bernstein's father; neither had he a big nose and red face like May Taylor's daddy, "and mother always said I had your nice eyes, I'm glad now I have!" said Miss Vanity. "I'm very plain, mother says, only my eyes are

like yours. She used to kiss my eyes because they were like father's, she said."

"Did she tell you about me?" asked her father anxiously.

"I don't remember if she did. I thought I didn't have a daddy. I thought you were dead, but I'm very glad you arn't. Won't mother be glad you've come from England in a ship? She doesn't know you've come, does she?"

"No, dearest."

"That's mother's name for me—dearest!" said Gladys. "I think you'd better get another one," she said gravely.

"What name would you like, Gladys?"

"I like you to call me your little daughter," she returned after a moment's thought.

"Very well, little daughter, do you know that I am going to bring mother to you."

"Oh, are you? Oh, you're a *lovely* daddy! Couldn't I go too? Mother would be so s'prised!"

"Not a bad idea, by Jove!"

"What's 'by Jove?' and does it mean that you'll bring me to fetch mother?"

"I think it does, little daughter."

"Say you're sure, quite *sure* it does! And we'll go in the train like other girls, and—oh, won't it be just jolly?"

"I think it will—I'm *sure* it will, I mean," corrected her daddy who was an apt pupil. "Do you think mother will be glad to see me, little daughter?"

"Of course she'll be glad!"

"But I've been bad to her!"

"Have you?" gravely. "Then I'm sorry. I haven't been bad to her for a long time. It's going on for fourteen months since I saw mother. I know because I counted up. I *was* bad to her before I came to school, but when I was, I used to say I was sorry and then she would kiss me and forgive me. She says I have a naughty tongue. But I'm never going to be bad to her again. I'm going to take care of her. I miss her dreadfully, 'specially visiting days. It's a long time, fourteen months, isn't it?"

"A very long time."

"Are you sorry for being bad to her? You look sorry because there's tears in your eyes. If you wink hard, they won't run

out when you don't want them to. That's what I do, when the girls tease me. Do you know," continued the small creature, "if you are really and truly sorry, mother's sure to forgive you. Once when I was awfully bad to her, and made her cry, I just went and put my hands round her neck, and cried *lots*, and I said, 'mother, I love you *so*, and I'll never be bad to you again. Do forgive me, darling mother, just because my eyes are like daddy's.' And then she kissed me hard, and called me dearest, so I knew she was not angry any more. You do that, and you'll see." Nodding eagerly until all the black ringlets danced about her elfish face.

"If I know her nature, she will not forgive me so easily," said Rex Hunter, half to himself, as he listened to the child's prattle.

S. M. C.

[To be concluded next month.]

SOMEBODY.

WHENEVER I close my eyes and dream of her, as I sometimes do in the silent summer night, or when the drowsy hush of noon has fallen on the warm June world, then she invariably comes before me as she appeared one spring evening many years ago.

It was a mild sweet evening in March, for sometimes there is a sweetness in the breath of this rough month that even April for all her meek loveliness cannot outrival. The lawn outside was alight with daffodils; the perfume of the white violets was blown through the garden; and along the sheltered banks the primroses, whose wan faces seem to keep the moonlight for ever, were smiling serenely. I know not why it is that her image on this one evening in particular should have become so firmly fixed in my memory, for I am sure she has often, before and since, looked quite as winning and lovely.

Looking back, I see her sitting there before me still—her firm white hands not tiny and dimpled, but strong, shapely, generous hands—busy among the teacups. I see a slender form draped in long, womanly folds of black, and these same stiffly falling lines of old-fashioned tabinet are—to us the initiated at least—eloquent of that thoughtful and active helpfulness for which many have reason to bless my wise and noble one. I see a dark head with beautiful curves and coronet of soft shining hair always parted and brushed away from the wide brow with one loving little wave on either side. I see a pair of clear, deep, hazel eyes and tender smiling lips—those dear, dear lips, by far the sweetest that I have ever seen. And now she turns—turns on me the reality of those eyes more beautiful than any dream. I look in their luminous depths, and I know that in all the world there are no other eyes like them, no other so loving, so sweet, so merry, and yet so patient. And I know too, ah ! I know it well, that for me they will never change, never be darkened by cloud of distrust or shadow of doubt. Their golden light, having once gleamed upon my path, will be about me for ever.

I look and look, but for all my gladness I can find only one little word : a word so full of rapture that surely the angels themselves must have breathed it on the first baby lips long ago and carried it down pure and true through all the ages since. It is a little word of strange power too, sometimes bringing tears into cold dry eyes that are not used to weep. A holy little word that is uttered on earth and echoed in heaven.

Being neither poet nor painter—and it is when I am dreaming thus I feel my need and so unable to give forth my visions all fair and glowing—I have set down out of my heart this fragment of memory with its yellow flame of daffodils, its scent of violets and tender primrose gleam.

H. L.

A SERMON IN PLASTER.

THIS nameless cast
Smiles from the past ;
Death lives in lifeless clay.
But where, O soul, thy home thou hast
It cannot say.

There must have been
Wild grief and keen
For thee, untimely gone ;
And still, ineffably serene,
Thou smilest on.

Some burial-place
For that sweet face,
Earth unto earth, was found ;
But, soul, thou didst not end thy race
Low in the ground.

Ere thou hadst fled,
Ere yet was dead
Thy mortal semblance here,
Soft o'er the fair young face there spread
An aureole clear.

Some blessed sight,
Some vision bright,
Closed eyes, ye must have had.
Mute lips, no words could tell us quite
Your secret glad.

But soul can reach
Through things, and teach,
And this white cast on earth
Can in most eloquent silence preach
The spirit's joyful birth.

DEBORAH WEBB.

MRS. JACK GROGAN.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN his favourite appeared at the Court, Mr Wynbroke expected to be amused. "What's the news, Mary? What's the news? Nothing to tell the old man, eh?"—and Mary was ready. Had Cousin John read this or that? or seen this or that magazine? (the girl knew the old man's tastes). Did he know that, in spite of the great thunder-storm, the Queen had gone to the Review? Or had he heard what a bag the Prince had made, when staying at such or such a house? Or that Patti had been singing again; or that such an artist was going to exhibit next year? Or that, at Somerton's, they had their first dish of plums or peas? (there was an innocent rivalry between the gardens at Somerton and the Court). Or that Peters hoped to take first prize for roses? Or that Martin at the Orchard Farm, had made up his mind to break in that colt at last? Or did he know that Mrs. Dartwell had had twins, and the boy was to be Albert, and the girl Alexandra? Or that old Cox had fallen out of bed, for the second time, and broken his leg? Or that their neighbour, Lady Mary, had had her first letter from Malta, from her middy boy? Scraps of kindly gossip the old man loved to hear; or, news and anecdotes exhausted, the girl would bring a stool to her cousin's feet, and talk nonsense to her and his heart's content.

"I don't mind addition," she cried, one afternoon not long after Mrs. Grogan's arrival, when she and her aunt had driven over to the Court; she had tossed off hat and, gloves, and, seated on the balustrade of the terrace, was enjoying her freedom after a morning spent with the Vansittart uncle, who was her guardian—over accounts. "I don't mind addition, that two and two make four is easy even to my poor comprehension, but subtraction! Cousin John, do you believe in subtraction? Why, like detraction, it ought to be numbered among the deadly sins. Though she spoke to Mr. Wynbroke, the girl nodded her head mischievously towards Father Stokes as she spoke.

" Multiplication is vexation,
 Subtraction is as bad ;
 The rule of three it puzzles me,
 And fractions drive me mad,"

the priest quoted.

" Thank you, Father, I have found a sympathiser at last, even Aunt Veronica grudges me her pins."

" Pins?" Mr. Wynbroke said. "*Pins?*" he sat up in his chair in expectation.

" *Pins,*" Mary nodded. " Uncle Jack won't see it (to be sure, poor dear, he pricks his fingers, that is the worst of pins, when you make them into a heap they will stand upon their heads), but what is the use of racking your brains, not to speak of wasting your paper and pens, when you can do your accounts quite simply with a box of Aunt Veronica's pins?"

" Pins?" Mr. Wynbroke repeated, and Father Stokes laid down his *Tablet* to listen.

" Pins," Mary said. " You borrow or steal a box of Aunt Veronica's army or navy household pins, you count out three thousand——"

" Three thousand pins," Mr. Wynbroke interrupted. " Did you say three thousand *pins*, three thousand *pins*, my dear?"

" Three thousand pins," Mary repeated, " you count them out, and you say to yourself, there are the three thousand pounds, or pins, that—according to Uncle Jack—represents your income; then, your expenditure (always according to Uncle Jack) has been fifteen hundred pounds nineteen shillings and nine pence. You take fifteen hundred pins or pounds (they begin with the same letter, if it is a little confusing it is also a comfort) from the heap, put them at the other side of the table, you count what remains, and—there you are! What can be simpler? Income, expenditure, balance all to your hand, and no fear of a mistake, unless you miscount your pins—pounds."

" I fail to see where the nineteen and nine pence comes in," Father Stokes said, while Mr. Wynbroke chuckled as he pictured to himself Mr. Vansittart's solemn face.

Mary hesitated an instant, and then she answered demurely, " For the nineteen and nine pence, Father, I borrow one of Aunt Veronica's boxes of small pins."

The priest leant back in his chair and laughed. "Poor Uncle Jack," he said.

"Mary, you monkey, I believe you keep your books as well as any of us," Mr. Wynbroke said.

"She keeps them beautifully," Miss Vansittart, with a glance at Mrs. Grogan's sober face, struck in.

"When I have pins," Mary said, "and time to count them, but next year I mean to have no trouble at all. I shall fit my noome to my expenditure, or my expenditure to my income (I don't know which it ought to be) but not a penny more or less, and that will not only save Aunt Veronica's pins, but Uncle Jack a lot of trouble and pricks."

It was innocent fun enough, and passed an hour for Mr. Wynbroke, who sat chuckling to himself, and repeating "pins, pins, the monkey," to fat good-natured Miss Vansittart, who was knitting by his side, amused herself, but not a little anxious that the company should understand that her charge was talking nonsense, and that her books were model books. Father Stokes understood and smiled at the girl; might she long keep her innocent gaiety of heart, he prayed.

Mrs. Grogan watched the little group, and, her deck-chair drawn a little apart, listened to the talk. The girl pandered to her uncle's childishness, and the priest, how could he be amused with such nonsense?

Mrs. Grogan would not have confessed it to herself, but jealousy of Mary Somerton was beginning to gnaw at her breast: when she forgot Kit. She could almost bring herself to believe that the girl had usurped Jack's place. It was Jack who ought to have been there, master, as this girl made herself mistress at the Court. Under Mrs. Grogan's quiet exterior fire burned.

Old habit cannot be changed in a moment. Mary Somerton might—did—keep in the back-ground, but she could not prevent Mr. Wynbroke's sending for her, appealing to her as of old.

The servants, too, made it their duty not to forget that Miss Somerton had once been—to use their own phrase—"first." They had no love for Mrs. Grogan, who had shown already that she was no fool, and that, the household reins once in her hand, she knew how to guide if not to drive. Smart, to "put her fine ladyship down a bit," when Miss Somerton was there, still treated her as mistress. "Tea is on the terrace, Miss." "There are

strawberries, if you would like them, Miss." He kept his eyes carefully turned from Mrs. Grogan.

"Any friends you would like to have, Connie, any friends, eh?" Mr. Wynbrokesometimes asked. He was puzzled and disappointed by his niece's reserve. Why did she not make a friend of Miss Vansittart? Everyone liked Miss Vansittart, the most comfortable, the most good-natured of women—a pillow, a down pillow ready to fit into every corner and to make any hard place smooth; always cheerful too and did not talk too much. Or, more wonderful still, why did she not take Mary Somerton to her arms? Or, most wonderful of all, why did she hold aloof from Father Stokes? He would have known how to comfort her, poor woman, if it was her recent widowhood, her trouble about her son that made her keep herself thus to herself. In time, perhaps, she would cheer up and be a more lively companion; in the meantime let her have friends, her own friends. Every woman, in Mr. Wynbroke's opinion, had her own particular confidants, but, had he known it, Mrs. Grogan had none.

In Edinburgh, when she had returned the visits of the wives of her husband's colleagues, she had made it plain that it was as a matter of duty. She was coldly civil to the men her husband sometimes brought home to luncheon or dinner. No one could have described Mrs. Grogan as a genial hostess. When those of her own Faith sought her out, hearing of her from the Parish Priest, or seeing her at Sunday Mass, acquaintance never ripened.

"I am afraid you are dull, Connie," her husband used to say in the first days of their married life, and Connie neither assented nor denied.

His wife had given up all for him, father, mother, home, luxuries, comforts. To the day of his death it seemed a wonderful thing to Dr. Grogan that she should have done this for *him*, he, who in his own estimation, was not worthy to tread the same ground as herself.

A humble man, Dr. Grogan scarcely knew that he was a disappointed one; he was ready with any excuse for Connie's failings, his faith was strong in her virtues, his pride in her was not to be hidden; it was understood that if Mrs. Grogan was unsociable (one or two of Dr. Grogan's friends used a stronger word) in home life she was a model.

If Dr. Grogan believed in his wife's virtues, she, on her f

was not blind to his; but she grudged them to him, she would have been glad of any excuse for the repulsion (it is difficult to find the word) that, as time went on, grew up slowly but surely in her heart. Had Dr. Grogan committed any one of the deadly sins, it would have been more easy for his wife to condone it, than to pardon some of his habits and ways—the good-bye slap on the shoulder, the parting and familiar joke, the slamming of the door.

When the baby came, Dr. Grogan told himself all would go well. A child—the child of mutual love—made up to a woman for everything; with her infant on her knees, a new life for Connie would begin. But Jack turned out a Grogan, a Grogan from head to foot, and the mother resented it. His wife was an unhappy woman, Dr. Grogan knew it. His own love never slackened, but as time went on, it was scarcely to be wondered at, if he turned to his boy for consolation.

What was the matter with the woman? Father Stokes sometimes asked himself. What interests had she? What passions lay hidden under that emotionless face?

Father Stokes had been made master of Jack's history, of Kit's, whose one merit seemed to lie in the fact of her being respectable, and whose chief demerit, in Mr. Wynbroke's eyes, lay in her being—plain. The priest's eyes twinkled as he realised this fact.

One day he had walked up on business to the Court, the old man showed him a letter received that morning from his grand-nephew. Perhaps Hammond had counselled the young man to thank his relative for what he was going to do for him.

A manly enough letter, the priest thought as he read it, even if something was to be desired in both the spelling and the writing, but better men than Jack Grogan have written a scrawl and spelled Tuesday "Teusday."

The lad made no claim on the relationship between Mr. Wynbroke and himself. The letter began "Dear Sir," as it ended "yours truly;" and Father Stokes approved of the spirit that made the young man introduce his wife. "My wife and I thank you," "Kit and I are obliged to you."

"Come, it is not a bad letter," he said as he handed it back to its owner. "The lad may do you credit yet."

"If he had not tied himself to that girl. What does he call

her? Kit, Kit"—the old man put on his spectacles—"there it is there it is. Hammond says you could not see a plainer woman, and not much in her, he fears not much in her." Mr. Wynbroke always became a trifle agitated when he discussed Kit.

"Have patience, have patience," the priest answered. Then "Did it ever strike you religion was an education?"

The thought was too hard for Mr. Wynbroke. "An education? An education?" he asked.

"Never mind," Father Stokes said. "The girl at all events is a good girl. Let us hope for the best."

"I can see Hammond thinks she will never be presentable," Mr. Wynbroke shook his head, "Hammond is careful, very careful, but—" the old man shook his head again.

"I shouldn't wonder if she had a retroussé nose," the priest said meditatively, his eyes twinkled.

Mr. Wynbroke passed his hand over his own aquiline feature. "I understand from Hammond, but, to be sure, Hammond did not enter into particulars, that she had no features, no features to speak of."

"Ah, well, we must not expect too much in the way of features—from a confectioner's daughter," the priest said quietly.

Mr. Wynbroke looked up rather startled. "It has been a great blow to poor Connie," he said, "a great blow, a great blow to her, poor thing, a great blow."

"The daughter-in-law or the want of features?" The priest's eyes still twinkled; then he asked abruptly, "does she write to her son?"

Mr. Wynbroke shook his head. "To tell you the truth," he said, "to tell you the truth, I don't know what Connie does."

"Nor what she does not do," the priest returned drily.

"It was a great blow for Connie," the old man repeated, "a great blow, and then there was Mary Somerton."

"What, was it a blow to Mary, too?" the priest laughed.

"No one knows what might have been, no one knows; two young things thrown together. Poor Connie, yes, I pity Connie."

"I too pity Mrs. Grogan," Father Stokes said, his face was grave, "but I think we may leave out Mary Somerton."

"Poor Mary, she might have been very happy."

"She does not seem unhappy now," the priest said. "And now about this vesting of the schools?"

CHAPTER XIII.

On the strength of a first quarterly allowance, paid him by Mr. Hammond, Mr. Jack Grogan determined to give a dinner-party. "Just one or two of the fellows," he explained to Mrs. Tite, when he took that good woman into his confidence, "just one or two of the fellows, you know 'em all, Mrs. Tite, and when we're about it, we'll give them a blow out."

"How many did you say, Mr. Jack?" Mrs. Tite had her suspicions.

Ah, well, Mr. Grogan confessed, it wasn't every day, so to say, a fellow came in for a fortune; when he was about it, he might as well have all his particular friends, but no need for Mrs. Tite to bother, she knew 'em all, as he had said before, Dr. Lynch and and Mr. Taylor, Mr. Bantock, and Mr. Needham——"

"And we don't need *him*, no offence meant, Mr. Jack." Mrs. Tite spoke with unusual severity, folding her arms across her apron, "we don't need *him*. I've known him, off and on, this half-dozen of years, and no fit company—excuse me again—for Mrs. Grogan." Mrs. Tite waved her head towards Kit, who, since she had been, so to say, adopted by her ladies, had risen immensely in her estimation.

"Come, come, Mrs. Tite," Jack, who was swinging himself on the table, remonstrated, "you've cooked a steak for him many a time."

Mrs. Tite's face did not relax. "Before you were married, Mr. Jack, at least," amending her sentence, "before you brought your good lady home, I don't say as I mightn't have cooked a steak for Mr. Needham, but we don't need him *now*, and that's my opinion."

A shadow passed over Jack Grogan's face though he appreciated his landlady's flow of words, "perhaps you'll be good enough to let me choose my own company, Mrs. Tite."

"Certainly, sir, I beg your pardon, sir," Mrs. Tite, seeing Jack's displeasure, pulled herself together. "How many of the young gentlemen did you say, sir?"

Jack—adding a couple of names—ran over his list, and Mrs. Tite stood lost a few moments in deep consideration. "No, no, Mr. Jack," she said at last, "I couldn't do it, not even to please

you. I can cook with the best of them (I'm not one of them who don't know what they *can't* do). I can cook with the best of them, but supper for half-a-dozen of the gentlemen from St. Anne's, I haven't the pots to do it."

"Borrow?" Mr. Jack Grogan, with the recklessness of man, suggested.

Mrs. Tite shook her head. "I'll do anything in reason for you, Mr. Jack. I never was one of your disobliging sort, but run up and down the lane borrowing frying-pans, I'll not disgrace myself with doing, even from the Reeloes. No, no, sir. Supper for half-a-dozen I couldn't undertake."

"I'm not asking for supper for half-a-dozen," Mr. Jack Grogan returned, the picture of Mrs. Tite borrowing frying pans from the Recluse had already restored him to good humour, and he was busy making a sketch of the scene to be handed in a moment or two to Kit, "but dinner for six."

"Six to one and half-a-dozen to the other, that's the way I was taught at school, Mr. Jack, the rich man's dinner's the poor man's supper, the name makes little odds."

"You know your Shakespeare, Mrs. Tite," Jack returned with mock admiration.

"I've known more gentlemen than most in my time, Mr. Jack, but I'll not be sure of him."

Jack went into a guffaw of laughter. "Mrs. Tite, you're a treasure, I wouldn't part with you for untold gold."

"There might be parting on the other side, if you brought that Needham here." Mrs. Tite nodded towards Kit with significance.

"Mrs. Grogan can take care of herself, can't you, Kit?" Jack tossed his wife his sketch.

"She'd need to be able to do it," Mrs. Tite accented every word.

"Come, come, Mrs. Tite," Jack came back to business. "Why, Screed swears by your Welsh rabbit."

"It's well if he swears by nothing worse," Mrs. Tite returned, "not," the tone of severity relaxing a little, "not that Mr. Screed isn't a most respectable young gentleman."

Jack seized, as he thought, his opportunity, "and as for Needham, he says you're the only landlady in Paddington who can cook changes for chop."

"Have your fire red and your gridiron clean, and there's no secret about it, Mr. Jack," Mrs. Tite compressed her lips again.

"Come now, Mrs. Tite, it's quite a compliment."

"I've lived fifty years without Mr. Needham's compliments, and I don't need them now."

"Come now, Mrs. Tite, a fellow may like his glass of beer."

"Without turning other people's drawing-rooms into little better than a pot-house." Mrs. Tite's folded arms tightened.

"Well, I've known some that could and some that couldn't, and I know to which of 'em Mr. Needham belongs to."

"Come now, Mrs. Tite, don't turn yourself into a moralist, it doesn't suit your complexion, does it, Kit?" Again Mr. Grogan winked at his wife, who, her round eyes wide open, was listening to the conversation, "and as for beer, it isn't in it this time. Did you never hear of fizz, Mrs. Tite?"

"You won't borrow a champagne glass between this and the vestry-hall, sir," Mrs. Tite spoke with decision, "and of all the wasterful drinks—you needn't think I don't know it, Mr. Jack." Mrs. Tite shook her head. "Draw your cork, and where are you?"

"Where, indeed?" Jack burst again into a laugh. "As I've told you before, Mrs. Tite, you're a treasure, but we'll have no pistol shooting here." Jack imitated a pop-pop to perfection. "I'll buy you a pair of nippers. Come now, Mrs. Tite?"

Mr. Jack Grogan had spoken in his most insinuating tones, but his landlady was obdurate. "Dr. Lynch and Mr. Screed, and your good lady at the head of the table——" Kitty, at such a prospect, scared, looked up protestingly, "a pair of soles in bread crumbs, and a fowl and a bit of bacon, a vegetable and a Charlotte rusk for pudding, a taste of cheese and a biscuit. I'll do that for you, Mr. Jack, and a dinner fit for a king, but more I can't do, always asking excuses, Mr. Jack."

"I've the wherewithal if that's what you're afraid of," Mr. Jack, who had cashed his cheque, rattled the sovereigns in his pocket.

"I'm sorry to refuse you, sir, but reason's reason, as Tite says."

"When people are reasonable," Jack retorted. There was a moment of silence, and then the young man's face cleared.

"You're a hard-hearted female, that's what you are, Mrs. Tite,

and no wonder your husband's hair is white—(Kit, my dear, you mark and learn, and take a lesson)—but where there's a will there's a way, and if you will not kill the fatted calf, we'll have the blow-out at Bonner's." (Jack named a restaurant patronised by the well-to-do students of St. Anne's).

"And ruin yourself, Mr. Jack."

"And who's driving me to ruin, Mrs. Tite?"

"I told you what I can do for you, sir."

"If you won't stand between me and ruin, Mrs. Tite."

"It would be a good thing if someone would stand between you and folly, Mr. Jack," Mrs. Tite glanced at Kitty, "but supper for six is more than I can undertake, the sort of a supper you're wanting, sir."

Jack looked at the half sheet of paper lying beside him, on which he had scratched a rough menu, and bethought himself of his landlady's kitchen, seen by him on many an occasion when he had smoked a pipe with Tite, or run down for his own shaving water. He would like to surprise the "fellows," the idea of a dinner at Bonner's smiled, so to say, upon him; there things would be done in style. His cheerfulness returned. "You're a brick, Mrs. Tite, a downright brick. We'll have the dinner at Bonner's. By Jove, I'll outnick the fellows. Come, Kit, get your hat, we'll be off and see about it. I want the fellows to enjoy themselves."

Kit obediently went to get her hat, and while her husband waited for her it struck him, for the first time, that if he gave the dinner at Bonner's, Kit would be "out of it," and he wanted Kit to enjoy herself; Kit, in her silent way, enjoyed enjoying herself, but Kit couldn't sit at the head of the table, at a restaurant like Bonner's, and with such guests as—Needham, for example. Mr. Jack Grogan rubbed his curly head, in vain, for an idea, as he tried to "fit" things in.

It was a relief to his mind to find that Kitty's idea of happiness was staying at home, and that the very notion of presiding at the dinner brought tears.

"I'll tell you what it is, Kit," her husband said as, side by side, they walked down the lane. "I'll take you to the circus, you like that."

Mrs. Jack's thanks were warm, the circus was more to her than the theatre or concert. She had only one regret, that it was not the season for the pantomime.

Jack warned her as they, presently, turned up by Paddington Station, that he wasn't going to do things by halves, the feast was to be a feast, a regular good blow-out—"ten-and-six, I was thinking without the fizz? (Jack's pocket money had been limited) what did Kit think?"

Frugal Kitty shook her head. Seven ten-and-six's, to a young lady used to book-keeping, and on a small scale, representing a mine of money, and the "fizz"—*extra*!

But for the first and the last time, she needn't be afraid, her husband assured her, and it wasn't every day a fellow came into a fortune; he rattled his pocket.

Bonner's reached, Kit was left discreetly at the window of a bonnet shop a few doors off, while Mr. Grogan made his bargain.

"Whew! Kit," he cried, "when he came out. 'I've done it now—a guinea a head without the fizz. Won't that make some of the fellows sit up?'" He whistled again and tried to look careless, but mingled pride and dismay were fighting against each other in his breast.

Kitty did not speak. When her husband looked at her, her face was white. "Kitty," he gave her arm a little shake, "it's only this once."

Kit did not answer; she was giddy, and held tight to her husband's arm.

"You know nothing about the world, Kit, and—and—a ten pound note will do it," Jack remonstrated.

Kit clung tighter to his arm; the too ready tears this time did not come. When she spoke, her lips were dry. "It isn't right, Jack."

Jack laughed uneasily. "Come, Kit, don't preach like Mrs. Tite. What's a ten pound note after all? We'll save it in other things. What a people you are for pounds, shillings and pence!"

Even in her distress Kit resented this insult to her country. She drew her arm from her husband's and walked without support by his side.

"It isn't as if I were getting into debt"—jingle, jingle went the pocket—"I can pay for what I get. Come, Kit, don't be a fool." Jack got hold of his wife's hand and drew it back into his arm.

"They will let you take away what is left?"

Jack let his wife's hand drop. "Good Lord, Kit, did you ever see me carry away my luncheon?"

Kit hesitated. In her uncle's shop Jack, more flush of money than many of his companions, had been considered "quite the gentleman;" but how many of the poorer students did she not remember who, their cup of cocoa drunk, had thrust the remains of their bun or sausage-roll into their pockets; the women, too, daily governesses, many of them who popped—when they flattered themselves nobody was looking—the extra lump of sugar or two left on the tray into bag or reticule. "What you've paid for's yours," she said at last.

"Well," Jack said with some impatience, "the fellows are supposed to eat their sovereign's worth. Come, now, Kit, your uncle must have given his teas at so much a head, often enough."

"They got their money's worth." Kitty's lips closed tight.

"Confound it," Jack cried, "don't you think Bonner's gives its money's worth, too? Come, Kit, don't be a goose."

Kitty was making a rapid calculation. "They couldn't eat it all," she said.

"Why, Kit, I never knew you could sit so tight." Jack made a grimace.

It was the first attempt at what Jack would have called a "scrimmage" between the pair, and, Kitty having returned no answer to this adjuration, they walked in silence till they had nearly reached the lane, when a carriage that passed attracted Jack's attention.

"That's the sort of turn-out I like," he said, nudging Kitty, "we'll have a pair of bays, Mrs. Grogan, when we set up in Harley Street."

Kitty had heard often enough of Harley Street and the future, when Jack was to do great things, and his name be famous through the land, but her thoughts were busy with the dinner to be, with Jack's expenditure. "It isn't right, Jack," she repeated.

"All right," Jack said. "It isn't right. Mr. Wynbroke didn't mean me to use the money at all, but put it in a bag and hide it in a cupboard or up the chimney perhaps."

By this time they had reached the head of the lane, where they found the carriage that had passed them drawn up. "One of the Miss Woodham's pupils," Jack explained, but, when the couple got to the door, they found Mrs. Tite in a state of exci'

ment waiting for them on the slope. Mrs. Hammond had called and asked for both the ladies and Mrs. Grogan, and, as Mrs. Grogan was out, she had taken her to the dining-room first."

"Come along, Kit," Jack cried, "see that the place is tidy, I left a lot of my books about."

"It's all right, Mr. Jack," Mrs. Tite explained, "I've straitened up everything, and I've taken the liberty of using Miss Woodham's tea-pot and Mrs. Hammond 'll get her cup of tea as soon as she gets upstairs, as well as she'll get it anywhere, and see you let Mrs. Grogan pour it out," she counselled. "Tite was home early, so I've sent him round for a cup of cream."

"All right, Mrs. Tite, I'll forgive you about your dinner. Come along, Kit," and hand in hand, the young couple disappeared up-stairs, while Mrs. Tite in clean apron and cap waited till Miss Woodham's door should open.

FRANCIS MAITLAND.

(To be continued).

MORS ET VITA.

OUR life—a drop within a troubled sea,

A grain of sand,

A narrow passage to eternity,

A bridge short-spanned,

A dawn that is but brief, an endless day.

Time feeds our looms : God takes the web away.

We build our houses through the noon, we sow

Our tender vines,

While, for his food down burrowing below,

The blind mole pines,

And he may feed him yet, and take his rest

Within our hearts, long ere the grapes are pressed.

Our death—the opening of a close-shut door,
A fitful sigh,
The lifting of a curtain down before,
A brief good-bye,
An hour of watching by a lonely strand,
And then the clasping of a strong, safe Hand.

And then—and then—beyond, what lies ?—
My God, Thy Face !
The Eyes that are Thy Mother's eyes,
The human grace,
The very Voice that thrills the Judgment seat,
Thy Mother's all. Oh ! wonderful and sweet.

I have no precious deeds to speak for me,
No bidden good,
No hours of quiet converse held with Thee,
Who understood
How sorrowful my heart, how bare my life,
How pitiful the falls, how poor the strife.

I have no roses trained in March to bring,
No autumn fruit ;
I shook the blossoms on a day in spring,
And (vain pursuit !)
Came back again, and sought my trees, and tried
Each branch ; but they bore not when summer died.

Then walked I forth alone, in my sad need,
Sore and afraid,
Of Him who struck the fig tree from the mead,
Till my heart said,
“ By His right Hand His mother sits full near,
And never yet of her have you had fear.”

ALICE EAMONDS.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

No. 60.

THE peculiar exigencies of the month of August do not allow me to wait for the answers of my correspondents in this department. J. W. A., indeed, has sent me his answer which is, "I give it up"—namely, No. 55. of which I gave warning that it would be found pretty difficult. How ingeniously "O." poetizes about the words "*clean sweep*," especially towards the end where there is question of the sweeping changes that youthful reformers advocate. The first light is *canvass*, which has cost M.P.'s many a thousand pounds. The second is the exclamation *law!* What word beginning and ending with *e* is indicated by this line?

"That rogue the major lies in hiding here."

An Enthymeme, an abridged syllogism in which the major premise is suppressed. The fourth light is evidently Captain Absolute, though it is hardly fair to begin Miss Lydia Languish with a small *l*. Finally a *neap* tide is darkly described as

"A fallen fortune sure once more to rise."

For various reasons we here take a little leap and alighted next upon No. 60.

What varied fortunes they may share
 Who felt the same fond mother's care!
 How one to distant marts may roam,
 And one all idly lag at home!
 How one may taste the rich repast,
 The while another's left to fast!
 And one again accuse his fate
 In bitter words, disconsolate!
 The legend of my first may tell,
 A theme that suits my second well;
 That half-pathetic comic tale
 Beyond all others hits the nail.
 I've seen, when it was told anew,
 My second touched and tickled too.

1. Measures, not men! be still the patriot's cry.
2. Do you but finish this, and I'm your debtor.
3. The word that tells of bidding done am I.
4. And as to me, obey me—you had better.

MORE ABOUT THE ROBIN.

THE title of this paper refers back to page 393 of our 26th volume (1898) where we professed to give "All about the Robin." However the words may sound, we cannot have been so silly as to pretend that we were exhausting the subject, even from our point of view; and indeed at page 662 of that same volume J. W. A. and G. N. P. supply sundry omissions.

The Chronicle-Telegraph of Pittsburgh, U.S.A., does not name the author of these lines:—

Now the robin pipes its greetings
 As the herald of the Spring.
 Though the forests still are leafless
 And the skies are lowering;
 But the merry little whistler
 Shrilly calls from roof to tree
 To its mate, and quickly answer
 Comes like echo of its glee.

It is not the flowing music
 Of the birds that later sing;
 There is not the gaudy plumage
 That the balmy days will bring;
 But it's melody inspiring
 That is heard when winds are rude.
 And we gladly hail the singer
 Though its garb is sober-hued.

Like a message filled with comfort,
 Quick to elevate and cheer,
 Is the piping of the robin
 When the fields and woods are drear.
 For the message it is telling,
 Causing hearts with joy to leap,
 Is of nature's resurrection
 After long and death-like sleep.

Other birds will sing in Summer
 And the woods with song will ring.
 But there's nothing like the music
 Of the heralds of the Spring.
 Other music may be softer,
 Tuned with all the warbler's art,
 But the song when days are dreary
 Is the song that stirs the heart.

First to come and last to leave us
 Is the bird that now we hail ;
 And we hear its merry whistling
 When all other songsters fall.
 Ere the winter has departed
 It is cheering hearts of men,
 For we know we're near the Springtime
 When the robins come again.

There are few of the contemporary poets of France whose works run through five or six editions like the *Récits et Légendes* of Father Victor Delaporte, S.J. He too has enrolled himself among the laureates of the Robin. Here is the introduction to his poem, "Le Rouge-Gorge."

Quar d l'hiver aux buissons vient étaler ses franges,
 Ouvrez, ô laboureurs, une fente en vos granges,
 Pour l'oiseau du bon Dieu qui mendie en passant.
 Et porte sur la gorge une goutte de sang.
 Aux jours de vos moissons de blé, de seigle ou d'orge.
 Laissez perdre un épi pour l'humble rouge-gorge.
 Au temps des fleurs, que l'aube en avril rajeunit,
 Enfants, si vous courez à côté de son nid,
 Si vous le voyez pendre à la branche du frêne,
 Au vieux pommier qui penche, au vieux lierre qui traîne,
 Sous la ronce rougeâtre ou le rose églantier.
 Enfants, courez plus vite, et suivez le sentier.
 N'allez pas d'une main curieuse, indiscrette,
 Compter ses oeufs de nacre et troubler sa retraite.
 Dieu le sait : Il vous voit : quelqu'un le Lui dira ;
 Il comprendra l'oiseau, quand l'oiseau gemira.

Savez-vous d'où lui vient sur sa poitrine grise
 Cette perle de sang ? où lui-même l'a prise ?
 Et le long de son cou quel ami l'adjusta ?
 . . . je vais vous raconter ce qu'on me raconta ;
 Mais bien qu'on l'ait écrit sur un très vieux mémoire,
 Ce n'est pas un péché que de ne pas y croire.

These lines may be translated as follows, not quite literally, yet faithfully enough :—

When Winter sprinkles with snow the plain,
 Open, good people, your store of grain
 For God's own Bird who craves some food
 And shows on his breast a drop of blood.
 From your stock of barley, and rye and wheat
 Give Robin Redbreast some grains to eat.
 And you, O children, when April's showers
 Have freshened the earth with May's sweet flowers,

Should you a Robin's nest descry,
Pause not, speed on, pass quickly by !
Touch not the dainty eggs nor count,
Lest frightened cries to heaven should mount.
Ah ! stretch not forth rash, prying hands ;
The poor bird's plaint God understands.

Know ye whence comes on his bosom grey
This stain of blood, and why, as they say,
His neck bears also this ruddy gold ?
I'll you what I have been told.
But though in a good old book 'tis writ,
There is no sin in doubting it.

Before we tell the legend in this form which is quite new to us, we shall pay classical tribute to the modest little bird by giving the foregoing portion of the French Jesuit's poem in the graceful Latin of a German Redemptorist. Father Francis Xavier Reuss, C.S.S.R., is, we believe, a German, though he lives in Rome.

RUBECULA.

(Imitatio Carminis LE ROUGE-GORGE Rev. P. DELAPORTE, S.J.)

Cum laesa Tellus a ferendis frugibus
Indulget hiberno sopori, stragulo
(Quod explicavit Nix) operta candido :
Avem videtis elegantem, rustici,
Ad vestra saepe convolare limina.
Huic ala fulva, quæ nigrescit ; albicat
Sub ventre pluma ; guttur et pectusculum
Guttis rubent velut recentis sanguinis ;
Avi pusillae nomen est Rubecula.

Hos ergo, rustici, volûcres hospites
Non asperis unquam fugate vocibus ;
Neo grana farris, quæ petunt, vel hordei
Mutate granis (proh dolorem !) plumbeis.
Micas sinantur alites anquirere,
Quæ forte mensâ decedant ; in horreo
Quandoque jejunis dehiscat rimula.
Vestris vicissim providere messibus
Aves laborabunt, voratis impigre
Bruchis, locustis ceterisque, triticum
Vastare qui solent, malignis vermibus.

Et vos, ephēbi, quos juvat per devios
Errare saltus, ver ut agres innovat :
Siquando nidus fit palam rubeculae.
Ah ! incubantem ne parentem laedite ;
Nec ova contrectate, nec volatilem
Aretate prolem crate salignæ.

Decet vereri vos avita stemmata,
 Quæ purpuratum pectus ornant alitis,
 Ex quo Creator et Redemptor omnium
 Vixit Puellus hoc in orbe parvulus.

Father Reuss then goes on to tell in a lighter and shorter metre the story as given by Father Delaporte. How, when the Child Jesus was seven years old, He accompanied the Blessed Virgin on a visit to St. Elizabeth who was sick. As they went along, a thorn pierced Our Lord's foot. He suffered the pain in silence till His Mother noticed the stains of blood. She made Him sit down on a mossy stone that she might extract the thorn; but it was buried too deep, and she could not seize it nor draw it out. Jesus, smiling in his pain, bids her call in the surgical skill of the little robin:

"Mère un chirurgien, un vrai, de ma façon,
 Est caché là, dans un buisson.
 Prions-le de venir: il va, soyez-en sure,
 Tirer ce bois de ma blessure."

This passage is given thus in the Latin which Father Reuss honestly calls an imitation, not a translation:

Tum, dulcè subridens Puer,
 "Chirurgus," ait, "hand procul.
 Dedit peritus, optimâ
 Instructus idem forcipe.
 Heus! tu veni, Rubecula,
 Tuoque rostro spinulam
 Evelle nostram." Protinus
 Adest vocata, nobili
 Gavisa fungi munere.

The efforts of the little bird to fulfil this high trust are then described in French almost worthy of Lafontaine, in Latin almost worthy of Phædrus, until at last

L'épine vint. Le sang, sortant avec l'épine,
 Rougit sa gorge et sa poitrine.
 Exsilit
 Crudèle lignum; rivulus
 Erumpit unâ sanguinis,
 Rubere quo pectusculum
 Gutturque coepit alitis.

Then the Child Jesus thanked the Robin for this service and

bade him bear in memory of it this ruddy stain upon his breast ; which armorial token was to distinguish all the after generations of robins from that day to this, and on to the last redbreast that shall live his little life upon our earth.

M. R.

OUR SILVER JUBILEE INDEX.

THE Silver Jubilee of *The Irish Monthly* is so far past and gone that it is useless to connect it with the Index which has lately been printed of the first twenty-five yearly volumes. Printed, but not published ; for it can hardly be described as supplying a "felt want" of the public, and it is not likely that any considerable portion of the very considerable outlay will be defrayed by the influx of miscellaneous half-crowns. It has been furnished to certain libraries which were known to possess and maintain a complete set of the annual volumes of *The Irish Monthly* since the year 1873, such as the Peabody Library, Chicago ; the British Museum, London ; Trinity College, Dublin ; the Public Library, Newry, etc. The happy private possessors of complete or almost complete sets of the twenty-five volumes will also, if they choose, receive the Index gratuitously. Those who consult it in a public library or elsewhere may sometimes find a poem or paper attributed to a different authorship from that which the poem or paper bore originally in the Magazine. In such cases trust is rather to be placed in the Index which often substitutes full names and real names for pseudonyms and initials.

For the same reasons that suggested the following mortuary list, we copy here the last page of "Our Silver Jubilee Index" :—

"We wish to commemorate with gratitude those amongst our friends and helpers who have passed away from this mortal life, during the twenty-five years represented in this index. In the list of contributors R.I.P. may be written after the follow-

ing names which we take in order as they happen first to occur in the Index. We give in many instances the date of birth and death.

Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. (1829-1899); Mr. Justice John O'Hagan (1822-1890); Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J.; Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. (1822-1893); Rev. Joseph Farrell, (1841-1885); Cecilia Caddell (1814-1877); Kathleen O'Meara, (1839-1888); Mother Raphael Drane, (1823-1894); Denis Florence MacCarthy (1817-1882); Attie O'Brien (1840-1887); Dr. Robert Reilly; Louisa McGahon; Sister Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy, (1849-1897); Rose Kavanagh, (1859-1891); Denny Lane (1825-1895); Arthur Geoghegan, (1810-1889); Eugene Davis, (1857-1895); Margaret Brew; Sarah Atkinson, (1823-1893); Ellen O'Connell Fitzsimon; Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J.; Rev. Michael O'Ferrall, S.J. (1816-1877); Rev. E. J. O'Reilly, S.J. (1811-1878); Ellen O'Leary, (1831-1889); Edwin Ellis; Mary Furlong, (1866-1898); John Fallon; Frances Wynne, (1863-1893); Very Rev. C. W. Russell, D.D. (1812-1880); George Teeling; Frederick Canon Oakley; John P. Prendergast; Dillon O'Brien; Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J. (1833-1896); Brother Azarias Mullany; Mina Raleigh; Lillie White; Patrick Inigo Deane; Dr. Harkin; Richard Dowling, (1846-1898)."

One of the interesting points brought out by such an Index is the treatment of the same object by different pens. Thus at page 433 of our fifth volume a "Pilgrimage to Inismurry" is described very graphically by the Rev. John Healey, C.C., afterwards Professor of Theology at Maynooth and now Bishop of Clonfert; while the same Pilgrimage is described afresh by the late Mr. John Fallon at page 600 of volume XI. So, too, the Hospice for the Dying at Harold's Cross, Dublin, is described by Mrs. Sarah Atkinson in vol. 8, Sidney Starr (that is, Miss Fanny Gallaher) in vol. 10, by Katherine Tynan in vol. 18, and by Rosa Mulholland in vol. 23.

May God reward in time and eternity the unselfish workers who built up the twenty five volumes indexed in these pages! How many of them will survive to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of THE IRISH MONTHLY in the year 1923?

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Before Good Night: being a Little Story told to a Little Child.* By George H. R. Dabbs, M.D. (London: Charles William Deacon and Co.) Price 6d.

Though this delightful little tale has reached a second or third edition, we have a notion that it is only at the beginning of its career. It is produced in a very readable form with a very winsome portrait of the little girl to whom the tale is told, as a frontispiece; yet it has more the air of a pamphlet than a book, while it almost deserves the garb of a "Little Lord Fontleroy." Though the principal characters are only three, the subsidiary personages also are put before us in a very life-like manner, especially the dog Peter; and considerable art is shown in the variety of ways that the story is doled out—direct narrative, letters, dramatic dialogue, and pleasant strife between teller and listener. The distinction between faith and dogma comes in oddly in the dying counsels of "The Saint;" but the spirit and feeling are excellent throughout, and the plot is worked out with great heartiness and many natural touches. (We learn at the last moment that this pretty tale is at once to re-appear in the prettier garb that we desired for it.)

2. The peculiar circumstances of the holiday month of August force the Editors of some religious magazines to issue two numbers in July in order to leave August free. Circumstances not quite similar oblige us to curtail our Book Notes this month. We can merely announce the appearance of Books VII., VIII., and IX. of "The Seraph of Assisi" by the Rev. John A. Jackman, O.M., author of "Via Crucis" and other poems. Our readers must identify "O. M." with the old O. S. F. They are already familiar with Father Jackman's pious and filial muse. Mr. T. O. Russell has issued through Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son a shilling volume which ought to be warmly welcomed at this crisis in the fortunes of the Irish Language—a selection of the most popular of Moore's Melodies, the English side by side with Dr. M'Hale's Irish translations, with some very interesting additions by Mr. Russell himself.

3. Messrs. R. and T. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, have issued a second edition (price one shilling) of Canon Gordon's Seven Lectures on some Doctrines of the Catholic Church in reply to the Dean of Ripon; and for the same price Messrs. Browne and Nolan, of Dublin, give Cardinal Moran's "Occasional Papers," three hundred pages admirably printed, containing ten most solid and interesting

essays of the first Australian Cardinal on very important historical questions and problems of the day. We strongly advise our readers to procure this wonderful shilling's worth.

4. *History of Enniscorthy*. By William H. Grattan Flood (Enniscorthy: Published for the Author). Price 3s. 6d.

This is another addition to a class of books of which we cannot have too many—local histories of the towns, parishes, and dioceses of Ireland. Mr. Flood has gathered together from all accessible sources a vast collection of interesting facts connected with the past history of Enniscorthy and the principal places in its neighbourhood. Would that someone with similar enthusiasm, interested in other historic towns of Ireland, would confer a similar service on the place of his birth or residence. Besides other objects such works add immensely to the vividness of Irish history. We are astonished that an expert like Mr. Flood did not insist on adding an index.

5. The Art and Book Company of London and Leamington have published two books relating to the Elizabethan persecution in England. One is in the form of a story—"The Sifting of the Wheat" by C. M. Home, who has given us more than one historical novel of a more remote date. Many people will prefer the form in which Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., has treated a similar subject in his new book, "In the Brave Days of Old." We cannot know too much about the brave men and women who preserved the Catholic tradition in England in those terrible times. Dom Camm is a diligent and original student of the history and literature of that period.

6. *The Flower of the New World: being a Short History of St. Rose of Lima*. By F. M. Capes (London: R. and T. Washbourne). Price 2s. 6d.

This very handsomely-produced volume begins with a long introduction from the pen of Father Procter, Provincial of the English Dominicans. Miss Capes has arranged in thirteen chapters all that is known of this seraphic saint. It is the most attractive tribute that English literature has paid to her.

7. *The New Materialism: Some Vagaries of Modern Thought*. By the Rev. E. Gaynor, C.M. (Dublin; Browne and Nolan). Price 1s. 6d.

The Vincentian Father Gaynor has collected into a very cheap and readable volume the essays that he contributed to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* on some of the irreligious extravagances of modern materialists. He has read a great many books which it would be very unprofitable and unpleasant to read except by necessity, and the extracts that he gives are enough to warn the youthful student against the teachings of such philosophers. Father Gaynor's style is any-

thing but dry, and in fact he pokes fun at some of the pedantic impostors in a very genial fashion. Some would desire that a graver tone had been maintained throughout, but it is hard to refrain from ridicule when dealing with the crude and offensive absurdities of such flippant sciolists as Grant Allen. We may name in this context a penny booklet just published by the Catholic Truth Society called "My Friend the Agnostic." We are surprised that anyone should treat such a subject in a dozen tiny pages.

8. As the book has come to us, we may name "The Story of a Campaign Estate, or the Turn of the Tide," by Robert Thynne (London: John Long), though we have not read it, being sure that we could not sympathise with it. From another point of view we cannot altogether relish "A Kish of Brogues" by William Boyle (London: Simpkin and Marshall; Dublin, M. H. Gill and Son). A great many readers, however, will enjoy these stories vastly. The sense of what is funny varies with different people, and even with the same person at different periods of life. Rollicking *patois* still has charms for some. "Shall there be no more cakes and ale because *you* are virtuous?"

9. *Abridgement of the History of the Church.* By a Member of the Ursuline Community, Sligo. Dublin: Browne and Nolan.

This is a most serviceable summary of the Church's history within the compass of 140 pages. The narrative is clear and concise, and the Bishop of Elphin in his recommendatory preface guarantees that "every question an ordinary school child need know has been dealt with, and has been presented in a phase which both teacher and pupil may accept as warranted by the most reliable historical writers and the constant tradition of the Church." The book is divided into three parts by the Rise of Mahomet and the Fall of Luther. It would have been very useful for practical purposes if these divisions, with their corresponding chapters, had been given in front in a clear table of contents; and an index of proper names would have very profitably filled two or three pages at the end. The book is well bound and printed, and will be found useful in the schools for which it is intended.

10. *The Land I Love Best.* By Katherine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson), London; Catholic Truth Society. Price 1s. 6d.

This is another volume of collected stories like "The Land of Mist and Mountain," which C. T. S. published before from the same dainty pen. Eight tales in less than two hundred very small and narrow pages afford a considerable variety; but only the last two seem to have any C. T. S. flavour about them. The last, indeed, is evidently a description of the garden of the Dominican Fathers at Tallaght,

near Dublin. The same Catholic Truth Society has added to its penny publications a good sketch of Cardinal Wiseman's life, and "The Dogmatic Teaching of the Roman Catacombs," by the Right Rev. Dr. Campbell.

11. *Pastorals and other Poems of Elinor Sweetman.* (London: J. M. Dent and Co.)

Miss Elinor Sweetman shows that characteristic of a true vocation, perseverance. This is not her first volume of stately and finished verse. She does not indulge in a few frivolous stanzas, but bestows all the devotion and care of a high inspiration on serious themes treated seriously. These themes are more in the spirit of John Keats than of Adelaide Procter; and, though this observation is meant to exalt them as poetry, it implies that they appeal to a choice and peculiar audience. The careful student of poetry will appreciate them much more than the casual reader who takes up the volume for half-an-hour's amusement. For instance, Mr. John Davidson, who has secured a prominent place among contemporary poets, has pronounced in *The Speaker* that Miss Elinor Sweetman "has a distinct poetic gift," and he cites with praise some passages from the "Pastoral of Kyprios." Somehow I cannot relish that wistful yearning after Paganism and the "gracieuse théologie des Grecs." I like to believe and sympathise with the sentiments to which my poet gives vivid expression; and there is very little of the ordinary moods of humanity in these "Pastorals." The most lyrical and most winsome of them is "Galahad," and the most human is "The Gardener;" yet this, too, is weird and remote from comfortable, common life. Towards the close of this dainty volume the dignified Muse unbends in ten sonnets and two or three slight lyrics; but even then she does not forget the singularly refined and subtly poetical diction which nature and art have given to her. Though we are not much drawn to any of Miss Sweetman's themes, we trust that the reader carries away our conviction that these "Pastorals" confirm their author in high rank among contemporary poets. We cannot refrain from adding to the personal interest of the volume by claiming for our dear Catholic Ireland the three gifted sisters, "M. E. Francis," Mrs. Egerton Castle, and Elinor Sweetman.

OCTOBER, 1899.

THE STORY OF "DOUBLE NOUGHT."

A SOUTH AFRICAN SKETCH.

PART II.

"**T**HERE'S mother! Oh, do look, daddy, quick! There's mother walking down there. Come quickly, oh! come. Mother—moth—er!"

Gladys had been waiting at the Salt River Station with her father for the up-country train; for he had decided to take her with him to act as peacemaker. He had completed the conquest of her childish heart, and the latent yet strong fatherly love in his own had been awakened by her quaint ways. He hoped much from her love for him. Surely, he thought, Ida would not shut him out from her life wholly, however much he deserved it, if the child loved and needed him!

And Gladys was tingling to the very finger-tips with excitement at the prospect of giving mother what she called a "s'prise." Great was her delight as she drove away in a cart with her father before the wondering gaze of her companions left behind, who were surveying her departure from various vantage-points. Was she not "going home for the holidays" and with a daddy who was far nicer than any other daddy among the juniors? Everything she saw on their short journey to Salt River awakened her interest, and she plied her father with questions. Many were the curious glances cast at the tall soldierly-looking man and the

small black-eyed elf who danced restlessly about him, her gypsy looks flying wildly under a dainty lace bonnet.

As they sat on the bare, unlovely platform, an up-country train steamed in, and about a dozen passengers alighted from it. These Gladys surveyed with her grave eyes, and she watched the bustle at the luggage-van with deep interest. For a few minutes all was bustle and hurry—porters running to and fro, passengers searching for their families and their belongings—the usual scene on the arrival of people after a long and tiresome journey. Gladys turned her attention to the people remaining in the train, and found occupation until it steamed off on its way to Cape Town. Then it was that she caught sight of a familiar figure going towards the end where the luggage had been placed. A brief glimpse of the side-face was enough for her—she rushed off frantically after her mother, who, hearing the voice, turned swiftly and caught the small flying figure in her arms. Rex Hunter had followed his daughter no less eagerly; a few rapid strides brought him beside his wife. Ida looked up from her child's face which she had been scrutinizing with all the anxious love of her mother's heart, and met his gaze. For a brief second it seemed as if the ground were crumbling beneath her feet; her face became pale, and her grey blue eyes darkened with suppressed feeling until they seemed as black as those others bent entreatingly on her.

"You!" she said, and her voice had no gladness of welcome in it. She turned half from him—perhaps to hide what she could not well conceal.

"Ida, are you not glad to see me?" he said humbly. The well-marked dark brows were elevated scornfully as she faced round upon him quickly.

"Did you expect that?" she asked, and the coldness of her tones struck him like a lash.

"This is daddy, mother, darling! I love him, you know; he's the nicest daddy I ever knew! Didn't we give you a s'prise, a lovely s'prise, mother darling?"

"A great surprise, dearest," her mother returned, kissing the upturned face where the elf-looks parted above her eyes.

"Aren't you glad to see us?" asked Gladys, puzzled at the two troubled faces, and looking from one to the other anxiously.

"I am more than glad to see you, my treasure." There was

the faintest suspicion of a stress on the pronoun, which, slight as it was, did not escape Gladys.

"And daddy too, aren't you? He's sorry for being bad to you, and he's going to be good to you for ever and ever. He said so. Didn't you, daddy?"

She put out a tiny hand to the silent man towering above her, and caught her mother's hand with the other.

"Now there's mother and daddy, and me in the middle," she exclaimed with intense delight at her novel situation. The two troubled pairs of eyes looked at each other across her restless head.

"For the child's sake, Ida!" he pleaded. "Give me a chance to atone for the past."

"Only for the child's sake then," she said bitterly. "For my own I would prefer your absence."

How changed she was, this cold, handsome woman from the wife he had left! Not one whit less lovely, but more matured; less girlish and dependent, more self-reliant and capable-looking. The very pose of her head, the flash in her scornful eyes, a certain unlovely hardness about her red lips and dainty chin bespoke a changed nature. Yet how beautiful she was in his eyes, despite the change! His whole nature rose in a determination to win back the place he had lost in her love and trust.

"Do not spare me," he said quietly. "I deserve all you can say, and more."

Ida glanced at him now more closely, arrested involuntarily by the change in his voice and manner. There was the air of a successful man about him—that indefinable something which speaks of effort crowned with due appreciation and reward. Only yesterday she had read an account of his arrival in *The Cape Times*. The "new novelist" was lauded to the skies and welcomed effusively.

An outline of his literary career was given; early struggles and disappointments were spoken of, and his final success. That the new writer had chosen South Africa as the scene of his sketches and stories was evidently a source of gratification. "We understand that Mr. Hunter revisits our shores in search of health," was one comment in the notice.

Ida smiled as she recalled it, but there was some contempt in the smile. He was the picture of manly vigour and strength.

Somewhat browned by the tropic sun, the healthy English blood showed clear through the tan; the fire and glow of full manhood were in his eyes, his figure was erect and step elastic.

"Your return is as sudden and unexpected as your departure," she said after a pause, during which she had caressed and smoothed back the dark locks off Gladys's forehead. He noted that her fingers trembled, though her voice was firm and somewhat sarcastic.

"Was it not best that I should go?" he said.

"The sequel has proved it. We are both better off."

"I wrote—did you get my letters?"

"No."

"Mother, darling, won't you forgive daddy? Your voice is quite funny, like what it was that day I was naughty, the day I broke daddy's picture that you wore round your neck. He is sorry; aren't you, daddy?"

"Very sorry, little daughter."

"There now! I told you, mother darling! Oh, do let's get into that train that's coming in now, and go by the sea. You *said* we were going by the sea for the holidays, and this is such a horrid old station."

"What are your plans, Ida? Do not let my coming alter them," said her daddy quietly.

"Thank you, but I do not intend to let anything alter them. Gladys and I have an invitation to Minzenberg for the next few weeks. This train will take us there, I believe."

She turned to go to the ticket office, but Rex quietly passed her, and, with a deferential "allow me," strode up to the office and took three tickets for Minzenberg. He saw to her luggage in the same quiet determined fashion, taking the matter completely out of her hands in his masterful, if somewhat deferential way. Gladys hung out of the window, watching her father's movements with intense interest. In this the first moment of his absence since their meeting, the thought uppermost in Ida's mind was one of wonder at the evident love and admiration of Gladys for her father. It roused a feeling of anger and jealousy in her heart. "He shall not take the child's love from me," she said. "She shall know what he has done to her and to me. He returns now, forsooth, when we are able to do without him, yet he left us to face the world when we needed

him. What do I care for his fame and his wealth? He has killed all the love I ever had for him—by his own act he has cut himself off from my life." And she drew Gladys into her arms and held her passionately.

"Have you no word or look for your mother, my dearest?" she said, looking down into the child's great black eyes hungrily.

"Isn't nice to have a big daddy like that?" said Gladys.

"Do you love him more than me?" asked her mother.

"No, mother, darling, I love you best, but daddy is next."

"What will you do if he goes away and leaves you?"

But he isn't going away. He said so. He's going to take care of you and me."

"But we don't want him, my treasure, we can do without him."

"But I want him always," protested Gladys.

"O, child, will you break my heart!"

"No, mother, darling, I won't." She passed a tiny hand across her mother's pale face. "But please don't be angry with daddy. He is sorry, really and truly."

Rex came up and entered the compartment at that moment. They had it to themselves, and Rex took the corner opposite Gladys and her mother.

They made a pretty picture, the mother and the child. The passionate love in the mother's face as she bent over Gladys stirred him strangely. Her soft fair hair touched the black locks that fell about Gladys' face. She had grown pale after the angry flush died out of her face at their meeting. Now, when he sat opposite, she did not glance in his direction.

She led Gladys to speak of her school life, and in turn answered the numerous questions that small creature poured out. Rex learned from their conversation (into which Gladys drew him every now and then) that Ida intended to spend the next few weeks with the wife of the Dutch farmer whose children she had been teaching during the past year. One of the children had been through a severe attack of fever, and, being convalescent, was ordered a change. Mr. Joubert could afford to send his wife and two daughters for a month to the seaside, during what was unreasonably called "the season" at Minzenberg—unreasonably, that is, in the ordinary sense of that term, for Minzenberg had not then become so fashionable as it has been of late years. Mrs.

Joubert had rented a small cottage large enough to hold herself and the two children who accompanied her, and her younger sister, a girl of about twenty, leaving room for Ida Hunter and her small daughter who was the same age as her own little girl, Connie.

"Is she a nice child?" asked Gladys anxiously. "Don't tell her they call me Double Nought, mother, darling. I'd just hate her if she called me that."

Ida laughed softly. "No, I'll not tell her. But why do you mind being called that, dear?"

"I mind it—oh, just because!" said Gladys conclusively.

"A woman's reason, verily!" said her father, smiling. Then he looked from the child to his wife, emboldened by that soft laugh, and the smile yet lingering about her lips. "May a mere man show his countenance sometimes in that cottage by the sea?" he asked.

"As you please," she returned indifferently. Her coldness out him, yet he had expected it; he accepted it as his desserts, but it spurred his determination to overcome it.

He knew how to make himself indispensable to those three women during the next few weeks. Mrs. Joubert, a placid, ease-loving, good-natured soul, was quite flattered by his unremitting attention to her welfare. Aunt Mimmie, as the pretty fair-haired girl was called by the children, Gladys included, thought him an indispensable companion in their mountain climbs, and their evening reunions. She had a circle of friends mostly young, and of both sexes, and these gathered in strong numbers in the bare sea-side parlour where the scanty number of chairs often proved all too few for the visitors that crowded it. The piano was in use every night, and Rex, who had taken up his quarters at "Farmer Peck's" Hotel, was a regular visitor. The men declared him "a good sort with no offensively bookish airs for all his fame," and the women were unanimous in his favour, and privately wondered how Ida could persist in her unforgivingness. But persist she did. He was yet as the veriest stranger to her. His coming and going were, seemingly, matters of less consequence than those of the merest youth among the party of young people. But to Gladys the day was unhappy in which she did not spend the greater part of the long sunny hours with her daddy on the beach.

She became more hopelessly freckled than ever, and despite her mother's care in providing wide and shady bonnets, she delighted in drawing off flakes of her skin which had been sun-scorched. She was, as her mother declared despairingly, "never fit to be seen." Grubby, and sandy, and browned to the last degree, she revelled in the sea-water, and the shells, and in fishing with an equally grubby little boy, whose acquaintance she had made after the fashion of childhood, and of whom no one seemed to know anything but that his name was Johnnie, and he always wore a red liberty cap, or as Gladys dubbed it a "jelly bag," which inelegant name she had picked up from the small owner of the same. She and Connie Joubert and the bare-legged Johnnie spent hours in fishing with impossible lines and hooks made of pins "crooked up," as Gladys said. Johnnie did actually catch an unwary small fish once, and the delight of the trio was unbounded. Gladys brought it home in triumph and magnanimously invited the assembled party to breakfast off it in the morning, which offer was gravely accepted by Mrs. Joubert who carefully set aside the tin—an old jam tin—in which the fish had been brought to her, and as carefully threw it away when Gladys was in the Land of Nod. As there was fish for breakfast next morning, Gladys concluded it was hers, and no one enlightened her. They were all fond of the child and found her quaint ways amusing.

"A little child shall lead them" was written of old in the Sacred Text, and so indeed it proves oftener than the world dreams of. Ida had grown careless about her religious duties. Cut off, as she had been, during the past year, from the neighbourhood of a Catholic Church and from the Sacraments, and being miles away from a priest, and moreover the only Catholic among bigoted Dutch families, can anyone wonder that she grew careless and indifferent? The faith was there still but sadly dormant. Alas! that is the way so many drift away from the true fold, slipping by slow but certain degrees from their fervent faith and loyal practices, in this our darkest Africa.

The first Sunday after their arrival at Minzenberg Gladys announced her desire of going to church.

"We always go to Mass on Sundays at the convent," she said. "Aren't you going to Mass, mother darling? There's such a funny little church down the road. Aunt Mimmie showed

it to me yesterday. I know the way. You go down past the place where the water runs out from the mountain and past the house with all the steps to it, and then you come to the church."

And, somewhat shame-faced, Ida prepared and went, and by degrees returned to more faithful practice of her religion. Gladys returned in triumph between her father and mother, from Mass, jumping delightedly as she held a hand of each. Ida tolerated her husband's presence with more kindness, but the coldness remained. She did not trust him yet. But he was patient, and accepted matters quietly. His chief delight seemed to be in giving Gladys pleasure. She had in the course of a few weeks a whole fleet of boats of various sizes in which she sent her family of dolls to sea greatly to the detriment of their gay robes.

Ida sat on the rocks and read or worked, watching the child and her father, but seldom joining them. Every now and then Gladys would run up to her with news of the latest achievement of her fleet, give her a sandy kiss and hug and run away again.

Then followed quiet days, in which Ida was unconsciously drifting back to the happier feelings of her earlier married life. Her pride alone stood between her and her husband's affection. He was unobtrusive in his devotion to her; he left her very much to herself when he thought his presence annoyed her. She grew almost impatient with him for his humility, for, proud and self-willed as she was, she loved a master more than a slave—as is the wont of proud and wilful natures.

As to Rex, he noted jubilantly the softening of her manner towards him, the more frequent smile that played about her lips, the glance that dwelt longer upon him, the little flush of colour that rose when he entered the room suddenly, a trembling of the dainty hands when he turned the music for her as she played, a thousand favourable signs which gave him hope. Yet he did not outstep the boundary, invisible yet strong, which she had placed between them.

"Where's daddy, mother? He's not been with me once the whole day, and my best big boat won't float, and Johnnie says that only my daddy knows how to fix it up so's it'll sail all right. Why doesn't he come to-day like every other day?"

Thus Gladys, one day in January.

"Your father has gone to Cape Town, I believe," returned her mother, who was also missing the tall figure usually hovering

near her, though she would scarcely admit as much even to herself.

"When will he come back? I want him!" said Gladys, who felt no doubt whatever as to missing her willing slave, nor any shame in admitting it.

"You will not see him probably until to-morrow. But have you not me, my dearest? I will settle your boat."

Together they went down to the pool that Johnnie had named "Table Bay." It was late in the afternoon, and the day had been strangely long and lonely to both mother and child. Some time was spent in arranging the boat, and then Ida took a book—her husband's work, which now for the first time she cared to read—and settled herself in a nook among the rocks to read. Very soon she became engrossed in her book. Even the unmistakable beauties of the sunset only won a passing glance. The story she read held her undivided attention; she was blind and deaf to everything else. Eagerly she read until the end of the first story was reached; then she let the book fall on her knee, and her face was wet with tears. The eyes which fell on the distant hills with the ever-varying hues, each more beautiful than the last, were dinned. Silence, save for the slumbrous wash of the waves on the shore, was about her.

Suddenly she became conscious of the silence. She missed the children's voices, and started up quickly. Looking in every direction she could see no sign of them. The beach was almost deserted, for night was not far off. Already the short twilight was fading. The grey shades succeeded the purple and pink lights upon the near hills; the horizon was dark, and the white flecks of foam upon the sea stood out with startling vividness.

She called loudly but there was no reply.

"My God! The child! What has become of her!" She walked as rapidly as she could across the rocky beach, calling Gladys by name. She met a party of children returning home and questioned them, but they had not seen her. The boy they knew. He was Johnnie Osburn. One of them volunteered to show where he lived, and Ida accompanied him, trembling in every limb, and blanched with terror and dread. Arrived at the cottage, Johnnie's mother, a small woman with a refined appearance and a querulous voice, assured Ida that Johnnie had returned early in the afternoon, and was now safe in bed. On being entreated to question him about Gladys the small woman

retired to do so, and returned with Johnnie enveloped Zulu-fashion in a blanket. "I told Gladdie I was going home, Mrs. Hunter," he said eagerly. "And I offered to bring her to you, but she said she knew where you were and the way to you by herself. You see, she was riled with me because I broke her biggest doll against the rocks. But I didn't mean to do it. Mother'll buy her a new one. She says so."

"He cried dreadfully until I promised that," said his irritable little mother. "I like to keep him out on the sands as much as possible, though I'm not able to be with him myself. I'm so sorry about your poor little girl. Perhaps she has gone home by herself, since you say you have not been to the house to look for her."

"She may have, but I don't think that likely," said Ida despairingly. She thanked the small woman, and went out into the night alone.

"If Rex were only here! My God, help me to find my child!" She sobbed as she staggered wearily across the now darkened beach, calling wildly for Gladys. "Something has happened to her! O God, don't take her from me. I deserve it in punishment for my treatment of Rex. Spare me, O God, and give me my child back again!" And then she raised her voice and called again, and the few wayfarers on the road above the beach heard the shrill anguished call and passed on quickly, for the sound seemed unearthly. Meanwhile Mrs. Joubert had missed both mother and child, and after waiting anxiously and watching for their return, suggested to the half-dozen young fellows gathered on the steps in the faint moonlight (for the moon had risen and was casting a golden path across the sea) that they should go out in search of the missing ones. Nothing loth they set forth with lanterns, for the moonlight was as yet too dim to be of any use in their search.

Nearing the beach, they heard the wild cry of Ida for her child, and following the voice they came upon her wandering about, dishevelled and half demented with grief. In brief words she told them all she knew. While she was still speaking, Rex came up breathless with running and pale as she was herself.

In the glow of the lanterns she saw him, and stretching out her arms to him, she cried—"Rex, the child—our child!" and would have fallen, had he not caught her in his arms.

She lay like one dead, her loosened hair falling about her pallid, death-like face. Rex lifted her and bore her across the rocks with rapid strides, one of the lantern-bearers showing the way. He carried her to the house, and, as he laid her on the couch in the parlour, she opened her eyes and looked at him. "Go!—the child—Rex, find her—" she faltered. And, stooping to kiss her once, he left her to Mrs. Joubert's care.

Out into the night he went, carrying a lantern. He found on nearing the party of searchers that they had met with no success, and, filled with intolerable dread, he set forth in search of Gladys. Every nook and cranny of the rocks was searched carefully. The railway ran between the beach and the road. Separated from it only by a wide wire railing. Could she have gone on the line? If so, God help the desolate mother! Calling her by name every now and then, Rex went on leaving the other searchers in the distance. Some, to whom the thought of the railway line had occurred, had gone to Kalk Bay Station; others remained on the beach, the twinkling lights from their lanterns gleaming in the semi-darkness. The moon was now high in the sky; the night was calm, but to the tortured father the dull wash of the sea on the beach had a hideous sound, and the peace of the night was an unbearable anguish. He stood for a moment in his search. His ears had caught a faint sound. Was it a feeble childish moan that broke the silence? He heard his own heart-beats in the intense solitude. And yet, there again, surely came the faint moan. He renewed his search, his breath coming quickly the while. Bending down under every jutting rock, at last he came upon the object of his search. Huddled up under a rock, with her small body hidden under its projecting ledge, lay Gladys. "My darling, thank God!" said her father, brokenly, as he lifted her into his arms. Her face and hair were covered with blood from a gash above her temple, her pinafore and sun-bonnet were stained too, and she moaned in her unconsciousness as her father raised her in his arms. Very tenderly and as rapidly as might be, he wrapped her up in his own coat, and bore her away towards home. The other searchers met him and the good-natured young fellows were nearly as relieved and delighted as her father at the sight of her.

"She must have fallen and cut her head and become unconscious," they said, and followed the quick hurried steps of

the father home.

Ida was on the steps when he arrived. Mrs. Joubert could not persuade her to rest, and it was with great difficulty she had dissuaded her from going out again in search of Gladys. But now, when her husband came up bearing the precious burden in his arms, she ran to him.

"You have found her, Rex? I knew you would! I knew you would. Thank God!" She would have taken the child out of his arms, but he said gently—

"You are not able to carry her, dearest. And she is still unconscious. She must have fallen and been stunned by the fall."

He laid the child on the bed in the room to which Mrs. Joubert led the way. That good soul kept up a low murmuring of sympathetic exclamations, as she bustled about getting hot water to bathe the blood-stained face, and sending off for a doctor.

Ida bent over the child, chafing her hands and her limbs to restore the circulation partly stopped by cold and exposure. Fortunately the night was such as comes often in Mid-summer, hot and calm, but there had been a heavy dew-fall after sunset, and the child's clothes were saturated with damp.

In a very short time the doctor arrived, but already Gladys had opened the great dark eyes and recognised the two anxious faces bending over her. "Mother and daddy," she said feebly, putting out a hand to each. But she could do no more, and the doctor took her father's place beside the bed. Rex went round and stood beside his wife. He drew up a chair, and gently placed her in it.

"Leave her to the doctor, Ida," he said. "You are worn out."

"Yes, you can do no more now, Mrs. Hunter," said the doctor, "and there is really no danger. The cut on the temple looks worse than it is. And she is not unconscious now, but asleep. Let her sleep as long as possible after I dress the cut."

With deft, gentle fingers he bandaged the small dark head, Ida watching him eagerly the while.

"Guard against cold, and there is no fear of any harmful results of the accident. She is fortunate to escape so well."

The doctor took his leave.

"Let me watch her to-night, Ida. You are not able for it. See, you are not able to stand!" Rex said, as she rose from the chair, and staggered and would have fallen, had she not steadied

herself against a wardrobe that stood near.

"Let me rest beside her then," she pleaded, her pride so far broken as to recognise his authority.

She drew the child into her arms and soon fell into the profound sleep of exhaustion. Through the long hours, Rex sat by the bedside watchful and watchful. In that vigil he made his plans for the future. This night's occurrence had shown him that he had been re-instated in his rightful position. Was it not to him she had turned in her sorrow? Had she not obeyed him as a little child might have done?

The battle had been long—counted by the pain it had cost him—but victory was his at last.

The morning came, and Rex stole away quietly, leaving them still sleeping. Surely the new day would find them both far on the road to recovery after their long, undisturbed, restful slumber.

He was not wrong in his surmise. When he returned after a few hours, he found Gladys on a couch on the steps, and her mother seated beside her.

"There's daddy!" cried Gladys, her black eyes dancing with delight notwithstanding the bothersome bandage across her forehead.

"Mother's not angry with me, daddy dear! Are you? She says I gave you and her lots of trouble when I fell and out my head. Mother says she forgives me."

"And so do I, little daughter."

He leant and kissed the little white face.

And then he looked at Ida. The flickering colour came and went in her cheeks. Her lips trembled, and her lashes fell. She put out her hand.

"You were good to us last night," she said falteringly.

"Daddy will be good to us always," chimed in Gladys. "He said so. He says when you forgive him he will take you and me in a big ship to England. Why don't you forgive him like you do me, mother darling?"

"The child says what I would say, dearest. Let me atone for the past," her father pleaded.

"Nay, Rex, let us forget the past," she said. And so it came to pass that Mrs. Joubert was obliged to advertise for a new governess and "Double Nought" became a forgotten name.

S. M. C.

THE HILLS.

THE breeze from the heath on the mountain,
 The bleak tops unsheltered and high,
 The murmur and fall of the fountain,
 A bird out of sight in the sky
 That sings to my ear and goes winding,
 Away 'twixt the cleft rock and dale,
 That sings to my heart till tears, blinding,
 Hide hill-side and vale.

And down the green pathway to meet me,
 Slow steps by the bleak boulders pass,
 And I see a hand stretched forth to greet me,
 A face that I laid 'neath the grass;
 And a voice, that was sweeter than singing,
 Calls out from the silence once more,
 Whilst away in the distance is ringing
 A bell on the shore.

The hills have heard laughter and weeping,
 Through their hundreds of years that were fleet,
 And when I and the crowd shall lie sleeping,
 Fresh voices shall call round their feet,
 Some one else, where the cleft peaks stand hoary,
 Shall linger like me 'neath the stars,
 Some one else shall here worship that glory
 Time dims not nor mars.

Watch the soft cloud that slips from its holding,
 High up 'mid the gold and the blue,
 To cling round the hill-tops, enfolding
 The fresh, vocal shower or the dew,
 And the fern where the spring from the mountain
 Filters up through the rock and grey sand,
 And the white flower that grows by the fountain,
 Untouched by a hand.

And the moon as it hastens to capture
A smile 'mid the dark from the hills,
And the first star that climbs up in rapture,
To bathe in the cool mountain rills ;
And the brown bird that sings in the gloaming,
By his home on the cleft boulders high,
And the hare which the hunter found roaming
That limps back to die.

They know nought of age—so unchanging
The centuries to them are as days ;
Eternal, unaltered, unchanging,
The birds and the stream chant their praise.
As young as the hour when the Maker
Fixed deep their foundation of rock,
Time beats round their feet as a breaker ;
They feel not the shock.

As calm as their lakes that lie dreaming,
When tempests tear round from each part,
As silent, as cold, as unseeming,
(Alas ! for the strange, human heart !)
Drain the fount, and the hills never heed it,
Though sweet was its call in the spring ;
Kill the bird—though the hills used to feed it,
They miss not its wing.

ALICE ESMONDE.



THE PALACE OF ART.

PART II.

I UNDERTOOK to bring forward by way of contrast, to the dark and mournful history I have so imperfectly sketched, another who started in life under somewhat parallel circumstances, in whom religion, while it was no clog on the fancy, or hindrance to the enjoyment of beauty or the acquisition of knowledge, consoled him in difficulty and shielded him in temptation, kept him

Amid the world unworldly still,
Amid the unbelieving holy,

and led him in the end to the true greatness of charity and humility. Let me, then, introduce you to another bedroom scene enacted on a September evening, in the year 1838. The room is small, by no means luxuriously furnished, and is in much disorder. On the floor are trunks and boxes lying open and empty, and as in Chatterton's attic, a multitude of little scraps of paper are strewn about, and the whole grate and fireplace are as full as they can hold of the charred and ruined remnants of burned manuscripts. Novels, tales, plays, and poems have been ruthlessly sacrificed in one great holocaust. The occupant of the room is a man still young. He has gone through, not months, but years of disappointing toil and perpetual struggle, and he has at last won his way to recognition and success in many branches of literature. But not in despair has he destroyed the once cherished manuscripts. He does not lie with ghastly features and contorted limbs on a self-sought bed of death. He is on his knees in prayer. His intellect is in all the vigour of its ripened maturity. Many of the richest veins of his creative imagination and poetic fancies are still unworked, and practice has made easy the means of working them. And yet with all the black past for ever done with and a bright future secured, in all the fullness of his growing fame he is about to throw "his royal robes away" for the humble garb of a religious. Need I say that the room was in a house in the village of Pallaskenry, and that the occupant was Gerald Griffin?

The main incidents of Gerald Griffin's life are so well known that it will be only necessary to deal with them very briefly. He was born in Limerick on the 12th December, 1803, and lived there until 1810. In that year his parents, with young Gerald and their other children, removed to a residence called Fairy Lawn, which his father had built on the banks of the Shannon, about 28 miles from Limerick.

Here, and later on in the house of his brother in Adare, he spent his boyhood. We have seen how the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe influenced and moulded the dawning genius of Chatterton. The beautiful scenes that surrounded his boyhood's home, the broad expanse of the Shannon seen as far as the distant island of Scattery, with its round tower and its ruined Churches; its tributary, the Fergus, with its wooded islands, the charming scenes of woodland and pastures in the demesne of Lord Dunraven; the ruined Abbey of the Franciscans in the demesne with its slender shafted windows, shady cloister and lofty tower; the ancient Abbey of the Trinitarians in the village of Adare, the remains of the old castle of the Earls of Desmond, dismantled by Cromwell—all in like manner influenced and moulded the dawning genius of Griffin. Among them all would he love to wander alone or with his sisters, steal sometimes, as his brother tells us, at dusk of evening through the dim cloisters of the Abbey

And people all the silent shades
With saintly forms of days departed,
When holy men and votive maids
Lived humbly there and heavenly-hearted.

In these years and amid these scenes were generated the intense love of nature, the keen appreciation of its beauties, the feelings of romance and the reverent enthusiasm for all that was good and noble in his country's history, and especially on its religious side which are such marked characteristics of all his writings. These scenes rested in his mind with an intensity which neither time nor distance nor the struggle of life could remove or weaken. Again and again in his poems he looks back to them wistfully and with regret

A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I lingered there;
But in my wisdom there is woe
And in my knowledge care.

He has painted these scenes in lines of singular beauty in "Matt Hyland," in the opening Stanzas of "Shanid Castle," and in the introductory Stanzas to "Suil Dhuv."

Griffin was fortunate in his teachers. For four years after he went to Fairy Lawn he and his brothers had a tutor who was an excellent English scholar, fond of quoting poetry to his pupils, especially Shakspeare, Pope, and Goldsmith. Then, when Gerald was eleven years old, he was placed in the school of Mr. J. M. O'Brien of Limerick. O'Brien was passionately devoted to the ancient poets and showed a highly cultivated taste in their study. Under him young

Gerald caught up much of this spirit and made rapid progress ; and the tastes which he then acquired never left him. But he was most fortunate of all in the influences which surrounded him in the happy, loving, sympathetic, and truly Catholic home in which his childhood and his youth were spent. His father and mother were persons of deep and practical religious feelings, and from them and the example of their daily life he learned those lessons and imbibed those feelings of religion and honor which were to stand him in such good stead in the after days. His mother was a woman of rare intellectual gifts, of great refinement and sensibility, and of much literary cultivation and taste which she at all times endeavoured to arouse and encourage in her children. In his brothers and sisters too, and especially in his eldest sister who was a great invalid, Gerald found, along with the deep affection which bound them all together, that appreciative sympathy with his young efforts and encouragement for his dawning ambition which had been denied to Chatterton with what sad results I have already shown.

For Griffin, like Chatterton, showed early a great love for literature and thirst for knowledge, and began very early to dabble in verse making and other literary work. "This love," says his brother, "would show itself at the time by his sitting to breakfast or tea with a book before him which he was reading, two or three under his arm, and a few more on the chair behind him." This was often a source of amusement to the rest of the family. He had a secret drawer in which he kept his papers and it was whispered that he wrote scraps of verses and put them there ; but he was such a little fellow that it was thought to be in imitation of one of his elder brothers who had a strong taste for poetry."

Gerald's father was not successful in business and he and his wife emigrated in the year 1820 to the United States, and built for themselves another Fairy Lawn in Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania. On the abandonment of the Fairy Lawn by the Shannon, one of the sons, then a medical doctor, removed to Adare ; and Gerald, the invalid sister I have spoken of, a younger sister, and the brother who was afterwards his biographer, went to reside with him. It was at one time intended to make a doctor of Gerald, and he had actually made some progress in his studies under his brother's care. But the passion for literature was too strong and would not be thwarted.

Griffin, like Chatterton, began his literary career by anonymous contributions to the local newspapers. His talent for writing became known, and his services were gladly availed of by the local press as long as he was willing to give them for nothing. About this period he made the acquaintance of another then unknown Irishman who

shortly afterwards was to make his mark as a novelist and dramatist—John Banim. The acquaintanceship ripened into a lasting friendship, and Banim later on gave abundant proofs of its depth and sincerity by the important services he rendered Griffin in London.

Griffin's first efforts in pure literature were dramatic. He had a great taste for theatricals, and in his young ambition he put before him the task of (as he himself says) "revolutionizing the dramatic taste of the time by writing for the stage." In a letter written to a nephew many years afterwards he recalls three times. "Ah, my dear fellow, times were different when I used to pull out of my pocketfull of manuscripts with you on a sunshiny day on the banks of the Adare River, and read through a tragedy or farce with the parts ready cast for Kean or Liston, and no delay but to get them acted and printed as fast as possible. Then I would have thought it a profanation to talk of Mammon and Melpomene together, and I sauntered by the silent river, my bosom filled with a gentle enthusiasm and my imagination giddy with the prospect of future triumphs in the career of dramatic renown." When a boy of 17, he wrote a tragedy called "*Aguire*" founded on some old Spanish story. It and two other plays he is known to have completed are unfortunately lost. They were destroyed in the holocaust of which I have already spoken. But those who read "*Aguire*" at the time—Dr. Griffin and (no mean judge of dramatic excellence) John Banim—thought and spoke very highly of its power and beauty. The only play of Griffin's which has come down to us is "*Gisippus*." It was written in his twentieth year. It was not acted until two years after his death when it was produced with brilliant success in Drury Lane with Macready and Lady Martin, then Helen Faucit, in the principal characters.

Some time after the writing of "*Aguire*" he determined to adopt literature as a profession; and after he had finished "*Gisippus*" he determined to try his fortune in London. For a long time his eldest brother and the sister whom he had looked up to and who had always had such influence over him tried to dissuade him from the perilous step. But his young ambition to reform the stage and his longings for literary fame were not to be gainsaid; and in the autumn of 1823, while still in his twentieth year, he set out for London alone, with his plays and his verses, amid the affectionate farewells of his brothers and sisters, their misgiving for his failure and their fervent prayers for his success. For more than two years Griffin went through the same weary round of drudgery, neglect, privation, and disappointed hope which Chatterton broke down under before five months were over. Like him Griffin did any work that came to his hand, and he did it with unwearied industry. He wrote plays which he could not get

acted. He wrote articles for newspapers and magazines but found, to use his own word, "much shuffling and shabby work when he called for payment." He did translations from French, translating at one time a volume and a half of *Prévot* for two guineas. He was at times reduced to abject want. For the lack of clothes he was obliged to refuse an invitation from Banim to meet Maginn. "I wait," he says in one of his letters, "until dusk every evening to creep from my mousehole and snatch a little fresh air on the bridge close by." He was often on the brink of starvation. He was at one time three whole days without food. In reading the account of the pitiful story his landlady on one occasion told Banim of her young lodger and his circumstances one reads only a repetition of the story of the kind-hearted landlady from whom the starving Chatterton refused a meal. In a letter too long to quote, written to his father and mother on the 12th October, 1825, he gives a graphic and fearful picture of these early struggles. That letter, too, gives abundant evidence of the industry, energy, perseverance, manly endurance, rectitude of principle, and unshaken reliance on Divine Providence, with which the struggles were fought and the sufferings borne.

He kept up all through this terrible time a correspondence with home. But his independence would not allow him to disclose his necessities to the fond ones who would only have been too anxious and too happy to relieve them. Their distress was great when these wants became known to them through another channel, and then only when the struggles were over and their help was no longer needed. Towards the end of 1825, Griffin began to get remuneration and somewhat constant employment in the higher class magazines. He owed this mainly to Maginn, and owed the introduction to Maginn to Banim. He also got employment for a time as a parliamentary reporter. During all this time he had been busily occupied on verses, tales, and other literary work.

The turning point of his career was the publication of the volume of tales called "*Hollandtide*" early in 1827. The book was very favourably reviewed, and from that time forward his success as an author was assured. After the publication of "*Hollandtide*" he returned to Ireland to find his best loved sister had died just before his arrival. His brother, Dr. Griffin, and the rest of his household had in the meantime removed to Pallaskenry, and Gerald once more resumed his old place in the family.

The success of "*Hollandtide*" completely changed the relations between the publishers and himself. He had numerous applications for the produce of his pen, and he obtained from this time forward a ready sale for any work he had completed. There followed in a

few months the "Tales of the Munster Festivals," consisting of "Suil Dhuv the Coiner," "Card Drawing," and "The Half Sir." Later on he produced the most successful and the most popular of his works, "The Collegians," from which Boucicault borrowed the evergreen "Colleen Bawn." This fine novel was written when Griffin was only 25. From the date of the success of "Hollandtide" down to the date of the memorable scene I have already described, the life of Griffin was a smooth and happy one. He lived mainly in Pallaskerry. He paid occasional visits to London where he was made much of in literary circles, and he made a tour in Scotland of which he has left behind a very charming account in his letters and notes. It was during this time that he produced "The Invasion," "The Tales of the Five Senses," "The Rivals," the "Tales of my Neighbourhood," "The Duke of Monmouth," and "The Barber of Bantry." It was during this period also that some of his best poems were written.

It is not my intention to attempt any critical account of the works of Griffin either in prose or poetry. There is in them all much to instruct, to amuse, and to admire. His writings are everywhere characterized by a delicacy and tenderness of thought, a chasteness and grace of expression, an intense admiration of beauty in all its forms whether of nature or of art, and a genuinely earnest Irish sentiment and feeling. There is, too, despite his later scruples to the contrary, a high religious tone and a pure spirit of morality breathing through all he wrote. He is seen perhaps at his best, from the human side at least, in his letters. As well in the time of struggle as in the time of his success these lively, play and graphic letters, full as they are of the warmth of affection, make (as Father Matthew Russell has said in this Magazine) our feelings of Gerald Griffin one of personal regard.

It would be doing a grievous injustice to the memory of Gerald Griffin if one were to think for a moment that his entering a religious life at the age of 35 was due, as has been sometimes suggested, to disappointed ambition or want of success. Even what has just been said shows how utterly untrue in fact such suggestion is. He says himself—

I snatched at my laurels while yet they were growing,
And won for my guerdon the half of a name.

Deep down in his heart were those religious feelings he had learned at his mother's knee, and which proved his safeguard in the times of temptation and difficulty he had to go through. There came to him from time to time the thought that literature, even if he could win

success in it, was not his true vocation. He felt this in the early years of his London struggles. In a letter to his brother dated 18th May, 1824, he says—"I have the terrible idea starting in my mind at intervals that I am mispending time." The thought came back to him again and again with greater force during the time of his success and thus grew upon him what his brother calls "that silent and unanswering tendency to religious habits of thought and feeling which took away by degrees the keen relish he had long felt in his literary speculations and ended in his embracing the monastic life." In a letter to his sister dated 23rd March, 1829, he had said "*Be content here and happy hereafter* is after all the only reasonable rule of human conduct." He began to scruple about what he thought was the inutility and harm of having given to the public works of imagination founded upon deep and absorbing passion. About the time that he wrote the letter from which I have last quoted he said to his brother: "I see you and William, and every one around me engaged in some useful occupation and here am I spending my whole life in the composition of trashy tales and novels that do no good either to myself or anybody else." In particular he regretted that he had ever written *The Collegians*, that he had written a story founded on such a plot, and had made his readers feel more sympathy for Hardres Oregan than for Kyrle Daly. These feelings, as time went on, grew in intensity and strength. From a journal he kept during his tour in Scotland in 1838, I take this passage: "I have seen quite enough to convince me of the utter hollowness and nothingness of every human pursuit. It is enough to think of poor Walter Scott's last words, 'Lookhart, my dear, be a good man—be virtuous, be religious—nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.'"

It was shortly after this that the memorable scene I have already described took place; and on the 8th September, 1838, Gerald Griffin entered the novitiate of the Christian Brothers, then situate at North Richmond Street, Dublin.

Into "the cottage in the vale" which his soul thus made for herself I do not propose to enter. He has told us himself that he would not "exchange the peace of heart" he had found "for all the fame of all the Scottes and Shaksperes that ever strutted their hour upon the stage of this little brief play which they call life." He has told us, too, that he felt a great deal happier in making dull boys learn that *o*, *u*, spells "ox" and that the top of a map was the north and the bottom the south than he did when he was roving about London "absorbed in the modest project of rivalling Shakspeare and throwing Scott into the shade." He died on the 12th June, 1840, in his 37th year. His own lines best tell the lesson of his life:—

Willing to serve is truly free,
Obedience is best liberty,
And man's first power a bended knee.

I have now, imperfectly and inadequately as I know, finished the task I had put before myself. I have endeavoured to illustrate by two lives, strongly alike in many of the circumstances of their beginnings, but widely different in their endings, the lesson of the poem which has given this paper its name. I have shown you in Chatterton the fate of a human soul who, spurning as he did all supernatural gifts and graces dwelt apart in the isolation of intellectual pride, loving "Beauty only and knowledge for its Beauty." I have shown you in Griffin the life of a soul richly dowered also with love of beauty and knowledge but combining with that love a Christian's humble faith and the patience and the hope which that faith brings along with it. May I trust that I have thus pointed the mora which Tennyson intended to convey in the lines already quoted:—

That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof
And never can be sundered without tears.

R. P. CARTON.

TWO ROADS.

WE came to two roads, walking yesterday,
One winding like a ribbon through the green
Fair countryside, its hedgerows flow'ring gay,
But only leading, as too soon was seen,
Towards a large country town ; a busy place
Full of the sound of human toil and strife,
What I like least. That too-deceiving grace
Of the way thitherwards seemed just like Life,
Where sought-for joys oft fail. The while, my friend,
You took the steep hill with no promise sweet,
Simply because it came. Lo ! at the end
Its summit showed the sunset at your feet.

KATHLEEN M. BALFE.

MRS. JACK GROGAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. TITE was a proud woman when she led Mrs. Jack Grogan's first "carriage visitor" up the narrow stairs that led to her drawing-room, and, throwing open the door as wide as it would go, announced with a curtsy "a visitor to see you, if you please, ma'am."

A curtsy and a "ma'am" from Mrs. Tite! Poor Kit was taken aback, and it was a moment before, in spite of her husband's nudge and loudly whispered "Go ahead, can't you, Kit?" she had courage to go forward and hold out a trembling hand to Mrs. Hammond.

"You never saw the like," Mrs. Tite, who had lingered in the doorway, told Tite that afternoon. "You never saw the like. A lion in its den or one of them tigers, the Indian major who was here was always talking about, couldn't have frightened her more; and Mrs. Hammond quite the lady, and pleasant in her ways, and never a sign or a token that Mrs. Jack wasn't as good as herself, but 'I'm glad to see you,' as pretty as could be, and sitting down in the drawing-room as if she'd never sat in a better room in her life, and she's used to things *good*, I could see that with half an eye—you never said yourself I was blind, Tite, you know that, and if I never *wore* one, I know the *price* of a good black silk when I see it, and twelve-and-six a yard was the least Mrs. Hammond ever paid for that silk she'd on to-day; and, what's more, the making of it *wasn't done at home*, and that means something, as the least of us know (not that I hold, or ever did hold, with ready-made clothes, I've told you that often enough, Tite; ripping here, and bursting there, and the buttons flying anywhere), but a court dress-maker knows how to spell *pounds*, and if that silk wasn't made by a court dress-maker, my name's not Tite. You'd see it by the very set of the skirt, and *lined with its own self*, not so good, I won't say *that*, but *good*, you could hear the very rustle of it"—Mrs. Tite made a sound with her tongue against her teeth—"as she went up the stairs; and her *bonnet*! that didn't come out of the Edgeware Road; I can tell you that. I wouldn't wear a poor feather myself, but she had

two! Next time you walk up Bond Street (not that you ever do it) you look into a window and you'll have a notion what they were."

The visitor would, perhaps, think all the more of Mrs. Jack for not being too forward, Tite suggested with diffidence.

Nobody wanted her to be too forward, Mrs. Tite returned, but there wasn't much forwardness in her opinion in being able to shake hands as if you had been brought up in a Christian land, and as for pouring out the tea (and many a one would have been glad to have shown off the ladies' tea-pot, not to speak of the tea-spoons) *Mr. Jack did that*, as sure as she was there, when she carried in the tray it was *Mr. Jack* who up with the tea-pot and poured it out and carried it to the visitor himself!

Mr. Tite ventured on a mild joke. If Mrs. Jack had poured out the tea, and sugared and creamed it into the bargain, it wouldn't have been for the *first time*, he guessed from what he'd heard.

Mrs. Tite's answer was ready. "I wonder at you, Tite," she retaliated, "and I'll tell what, you, or me either, might pour out cups of tea till the day we died, before we'd have carriage visitors like—young Mrs. Grogan."

"Visitors, was they?" Tite asked.

"Visitor or visitors, it's all the same word," Mrs. Tite returned, "and I hope it's the beginning of a good day for Mrs. Jack, with no harm in her, so to say, but having married Mr. Jack."

"If only Mrs. Jack wouldn't always sit so mum," was a speech of his wife's Tite was fast becoming accustomed to. "If only Mrs. Jack wouldn't sit so mum when visitors were there."

"Or Jack hold his tongue now and again," Tite suggested with a wink one day. He had heard specimens of Mr. Grogan's "gift of the gab," when he came down to the kitchen to smoke a pipe with his landlord.

Kitty herself did not complain of her husband's powers of speech. Who talked like Jack? Who was so amusing, so wise, so witty? What were Mr. Needham's jokes (and Mr. Needham's jokes ranked A 1 at the Hospital) compared, in her opinion, to Jack's? Who could care to listen to his stories when Jack had one to tell? Who could care to speak, indeed, when he, or she, had the chance of listening to Jack Grogan's words?

It may have been poor Kitty's humble admiration that first touched and then won Jack's heart; it is something to be a hero even in a Kitty's eyes.

"If one is ever to know Mrs. Jack Grogan, one must gag the husband," Mrs. Hammond told her husband when she recounted the incidents of the visit to the cottage.

"Yes, Mr. Jack can talk," Hammond returned. "But—is there anything in the girl to know?"

"She is certainly not the kind of girl one would have imagined attracting the fancy of a young man like that," Mrs. Hammond said, then she paused a moment. "But marriages are inexplicable."

"To outsiders," Hammond said.

"Do you know," Mrs. Hammond smiled, "I am not sure I do not like Mrs. Jack better than your friend, Mr. Jack."

Hammond looked up. "There is no harm in the lad," he said. "A bit harum-scarum, but he'll settle down all right."

"He looks good-natured," Mrs. Hammond said, "but if that girl lives long enough, she will be his bond slave."

"Well, she's not going to die, and I thought," Hammond looked mischievously at his wife, "you were the advocate of obedient wives."

"When the husband has sense."

"Come, come, that won't do." Hammond laughed. "Don't put rebellion into Mrs. Kit's (or whatever her name may be's) head."

"Well, you will see," Mrs. Hammond repeated. "If nothing happens to the girl, by and by she will not be able to call her soul her own."

"Nothing will happen to the girl," Hammond said, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Which means?"

"That, if Providence removed Mrs. Jack Grogan, it would remove a good many other difficulties."

"Anthony, what a speech!"

"So it is," Anthony apologised.

"There is no chance of the mother relenting, or Mr. Wynbroke changing his mind?"

"My dear, you know these Wynbrokes as well as I do."

"But Mrs. Grogan herself——?"

"Ah, you don't know your world, the very fact of Mrs. Grogan's own mésalliance makes her the more difficult to deal with."

"It should not," Mrs. Hammond began; but her husband interrupted her.

"Can even you fancy Mr. Wynbroke presenting Mrs. Jack Grogan to his guests at the Court as his niece?"

Mrs. Hammond shook her head, but went on boldly, "Anthony, the girl is a good girl, I am sure of that."

"Ah, that is what everyone tells me," Hammond replied, and, indeed, it was what everyone who came across Kit, sooner or later, seemed bound to say. When the girl, who often hid away from Jack's most lively companions in her own room, walked into the drawing-room, flowery hat on head and prayerbook in hand, and carefully avoiding looking at anyone but her husband, said, "I'm off to benediction, Jack," the young fellows used to look at each other and exchange, perhaps, a grin, when Jack, seated probably on the top of the table or back of Mrs. Tite's arm-chair, sang out, "Right you are, Kit, go ahead; don't you lose yourself, that's all," and Kitty, no idea of adieux to the company troubling her head, trotted off to her devotions, content, loving her Jack, her only wish that he was trotting along by her side. Kit's prayers in these days, I fear, were more for her husband than herself, and she bade fair to be soon as well known in the church in the Marylebone Road as "the ladies," devout worshippers as they were, themselves.

"Upon my word, I believe you like saying your prayers, Kit," her versatile husband had said one day, and Kit opening her round eyes had replied, "I'd like to be good some day, wouldn't you, Jack?"

"You're good enough for me anyway, Kit," the young husband had replied, ignoring the latter part of the sentence, and had given his wife a hug that had made her smile in happiness.

But we must go back to the Hammonds.

"I am not sure he is not proud of her," Mrs. Hammond said meditatively, as she reflected on one or two sayings of Mr. Jack Grogan.

"A new possession," Mr. Hammond said drily.

"Not so very new."

"Well," Hammond said, "as you have already, with wifely wisdom, remarked, some alliances are—inexplicable, and—there is no accounting for tastes."

"Where one, at least, knows the worth of the Sacrament, there is always a chance, Anthony." Mrs. Hammond laid her hand on her husband's shoulder, and, taking his cigar out of his mouth, he turned his head in his arm-chair, and kissed it.

"You saw Miss Woodham?" Hammond asked after a pause.

"And Miss Amelia," Mrs. Hammond nodded her head. Husband and wife had no secrets from each other.

"They are a capital little couple," Hammond said.

"I like their originality," Mrs. Hammond said, "people are—so like each other."

Hammond laughed. "How is the education getting on?" he asked.

"Mrs. Grogan has been introduced to Sir Walter Scott; that is the education for the present moment."

"An introduction to good and—*Scotch*—literature, not a bad beginning," Hammond laughed again, "and the lady is nothing, if not rational."

"Miss Woodham tells me she sat up till one in the morning to finish 'Guy Mannering.'"

"'Ivanhoe' was not the first dose? I should have thought the fair Rowena and the Knight were more in Mrs. Jack Grogan's style."

"I never can understand you not caring for Sir Walter."

"Life is too short," Hammond answered lightly. "I wonder what Charlotte Woodham will propose for Mrs. Jack to swallow after the course of Waverley is finished."

"A course of Austen, perhaps?"

"Ah, Miss Austen would be too subtle for Mrs. Jack."

"Subtle, what a word to use!"

"It expresses what I mean, at any rate," Hammond said, "but take my word for it a young woman, like Mrs. Jack Grogan, would require more plot. Well, I shall be curious to see what a year hence—she turns out."

"You will not see much difference," Mrs. Hammond said. "The girl is simple—a change of voice and tone, picked up imperceptibly, a little less shyness of manner, perhaps, but, Anthony, no one could say of the girl now that she is vulgar."

"Perhaps not," Hammond replied. "You are more hopeful than I am, my dear, and she is too much with that landlady from what I hear."

"Other lodgings, perhaps?" Mrs. Hammond suggested.

"Oh, the Woodhams won't move. Well, the advantages on one side must counter balance the disadvantage of the other, and Charlotte will see to it."

"And *Amelia*," Mrs. Hammond made a mischievous little grimace.

"And *Amelia*," Hammond repeated, "but Charlotte is the power."

"Miss Woodham must have been pretty?"

"Charlotte was beautiful," Hammond amended with emphasis, "but it was *Amelia* who had all the beaux—including my humble self."

"You needn't apologise, you hadn't seen me!" Mrs. Hammond nodded her head.

"A course of Scotch is the education, then?" Hammond asked.

"A few concerts, drives, and pictures thrown in."

"Good," Hammond said. "But I should think if I know Charlotte and *Amelia* Woodham, you have forgotten something—church-going!"

"Miss Woodham asked me the address of a dress-maker," Mrs. Hammond said demurely.

"Good," Hammond said again. "Charlotte evidently does not despise all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world."

"Anthony, I am not sure it wouldn't be counted a good work to introduce Mrs. Jack Grogan to a bonnet shop. She had been out and was sitting in her hat."

"Well?"

"Do you remember old MacKenzie's receipt for hotch-potch? Well, there were roses intillt, and buttercups intillt, and daisies intillt, and lilac flowers intillt, and feathers, black and white, intillt, and lace intillt, and chiffon——"

Hammond put his hands to his ears. "I have seen Mrs. Jack's hat," he said, "and I am glad Charlotte is not neglecting that part of her education."

"Anthony." Mrs. Hammond had got up to go upstairs and take off her own bonnet. "Anthony, I repeat I am not sure that I don't like Mrs. Jack better than I like Mr. Jack."

"Then we shall not quarrel about *that*," Hammond repeated from the old nursery tale.

"There is too much of that young man."

"An uncharitable speech for Mrs. Hammond."

"Shall we ask them down to the Cottage?"

"With Charlotte Woodham as mentor and chaperon?"

"Alone."

"Mrs. Kitty would not come."

"But Mr. Kitty would, and Mrs. Kitty would not stay behind."

"I am not so sure of that, but—try."

"Yes, I shall try."

"My dear, you would not know what to do with her."

"Yes, I should. Anthony, I repeat it, and will probably repeat it again: if anyone wants to know Mrs. Jack Grogan, we must first suppress Mr. Jack."

"I would like to see anyone try it," Hammond said.

CHAPTER XV.

The day of Jack Grogan's dinner-party drew near. The young man, coming across Anthony Hammond in the Underground, had frankly invited him to the entertainment. Hammond, who had, long ago, recognised that the young fellow was, whatever his faults, honest as the day, tickled at the invitation, was almost tempted to accept it.

"One or two of the fellows only," Jack said modestly enough. "Hope you don't think me extravagant;" then "Kit's in a wax."

"Mrs. Grogan does not approve?" Hammond asked. This young couple interested him, and it was not easy to picture Kit in a "wax."

"Thinks we'll end in the poor-house," Jack laughed, "but," apologetically, "it's only once in a way. I had told some of the fellows, you know"—the hand turning over the money in his pocket, "you can understand it, sir? They expected a bit of a blow-out."

"Well, mind what you are about," Hammond said and held out his hand; it was not a moment to preach, and the words were said with a smile that took away offence.

"Oh, I'll put the spurt on, and work like old boots. You'll see," Jack answered lightly as he waved his hand in adieu.

By this time the waiters at Bonner's had come to know the young man well. More than one of them had been taken into his confidence, and he had consulted them individually as to the menu and the wine, not pretending to disguise his ignorance.

He would like to see Needham "sit up," and he rather thought he would, Jack told Kit the evening before the eventful day.

To do Jack justice, he had not thought only of himself; Miss Amelia's heart had been made glad with a couple of new ferns, and Mrs. Tite was the recipient of various articles that were more or less of an embarrassment to the worthy woman. "Saw 'em in a shop and thought you'd maybe like 'em, Mrs. Tite," her lodger, in airy fashion, would remark as he handed over his gifts.

"And so, of course, I do, Mr. Jack, because of your thinking of them," was the ambiguous "thank you," returned one day when her lodger had presented her with a pair of far out-stretching lacy-tongs. "A new toasting-fork, sir?"

"A toasting-fork! Bless your soul, Mrs. Tite." Mr. Grogan explained the virtues of his purchase at full length. "Save you a lot of trouble, you know—reach anything you like without getting up from your chair."

"Trouble's what I was never one to grudge," Mrs. Tite returned severely. "My Maker didn't give me my hands for nothing. But I'm obliged to you all the same, sir, and there's none of us can tell the day a thing may turn in handy, so to say."

"That's right, Mrs. Tite," Jack winked at Kit, "lay 'em up for a rainy day."

"You saw none of them new-fangled things when I first went to service, Mr. Jack, but I'll tell you something, and I'm *right*—the easier your work's made for you, the more of it you have to do. There's more turn over the work, and there's more turn over in kitchen and parlour both than there was when I was a girl. But I'll keep the lacy-tongs, sir; they've got their right name—that's something."

"See here, Mrs. Tite." Jack flung himself on the sofa, and illustrated the worth of the invention by snatching with the tongs one of the be-ribboned anti-macassars from the back of Kit's chair. "There's a long arm for you."

"Laziness and mischief, to my mind, that's all it's worth," Mrs. Tite returned with a renewed severity, as she repinned the chair-back in its place. "Not that I'm ungrateful, Mr. Jack. As my grandfather always said, 'it's the thought, not the present that ought to fill the heart.'"

"A worthy maxim of a worthy ancestor," Jack returned. "I'll borrow them from you on a warm day; heat, as the immortal Bard ought to have it, 'makes idlers of us all.' Remember the quotation, Mrs. Tite." Jack, by this time, had got hold of his wife's hair with the "lazy tongs" and was drawing her, protesting, to him.

"Well, Mr. Jack, let's hope you'll never be in real want of the tongs; you're not one of the sort to take well with sitting all your days in a chair, and a good thing for your good lady that her hair's her own and not like some I could mention in this very lane."

"Your own, Mrs. Tite?" Jack asked, as, releasing his wife, he brandished the tongs over the landlady's head.

"My own's my own, and never more nor a bottle of oil spent on it from one year's end till the other; but there's some at No. 1 should be ashamed of themselves. Hair doesn't grow like the mushrooms, from short to long in a night. Short on Sunday and long on Monday. I ain't blind, Mr. Jack, and I know what's what."

"That you do, Mrs. Tite," Jack said admiringly. "Well, I've found out the way to bring a recreant wife to my feet"—Jack had laid hold of his wife's skirt—"and—I'll borrow the lazy tongs, with your permission, for a week."

"May you never use them anyway but for your nonsense, that's my wish for you, Mr. Jack, and seeing they're your own present you're welcome to them, sir."

"Mrs. Tite, even in my wife's presence, I must tell you you're an angel. You needn't move, Kit, I have you fast."

Tite, too, had his present, an amber-mouthed pipe to hang for many a year over the kitchen mantel-piece admired by friends.

Kit, herself, was invited to go in search of a new gown.

"You might go to the Park, Kit, and see what people wear. Of course the most of them are out of town now; but use your eyes, and you'll see somebody decently dressed. Why, I saw a girl the other day as I came through—a *stunner*, I can tell you, all in black and white, what d'ye call it? Muslin? and one of those feather things about her neck, and a hat all pink and black, roses or something like that. You'd look ripping dressed like that, Kit. There's Needham's sister, the young one; she tells me, when she wants a frock, she just goes and takes a peep and comes home and—and—well, cuts one out and makes it, I suppose."

"I never was good at dress-making," Kit said modestly, and shook her head.

"Well, go to Lucy Needham's—she'll put you up to all the dodges."

"I——" Kit hesitated, then went on, "I'll go to the park, if you like, Jack, but please I'd rather go by myself or with Miss Charlotte or Miss Amelia."

"Why, what's the matter with Lucy Needham? You're as bad as Mrs. Tite, Kit, because a fellow owes her a pound or two he means to pay some day——"

"Oh, Jack, you know it's not that." Kitty took courage, "I—I—Jack, I don't care for Lucy Needham."

"I don't see why you don't," Jack returned, "but it doesn't matter to me. Choose your own friends, but don't let Miss Charlotte or Miss Amelia make a frump of you, that's all. And—look here, you be sure and buy one of those feathery things for round the neck—what d'ye call 'em? boas—they're fetching, at any rate."

"They're dear." Kit shook her head.

"Well, one of them won't ruin me anyway," Jack cried. "Look here, Kit. You don't think I'm going to sit and guzzle at Bonner's to-night, while *you* have had nothing out of the pie."

"Miss Charlotte asked Mrs. Hammond about a dress-maker," Kit confessed. The dream of her life had been a black silk dress. Would she attain to the possession of one, she wondered.

"Mrs. Hammond? Well, that's not so bad, but you don't want to walk about with a long tail like hers. Why, I nearly shut the door on it."

Kit laughed. "I'll do my best to look nice, Jack," then the

round eyes filled. "I'll never look the wife you ought to have had, Jack." The small hands clung to his arm, the swimming eyes were lifted to his face.

"Why, Kit, got the blues? Pin your faith to me, young woman. I'll let you know soon enough when I find you don't suit the situation."

Kit laughed among her tears. "You're a deal too good to me, Jack."

"I'll be a deal too bad to you, if you are such a little goose." Jack gave his wife a little shake.

"You might go along and see Lucy Needham," he presently suggested, "and, Kit, if I'm a bit late you needn't fret."

"I'm going to have supper with Miss Amelia," Kit said, "Miss Charlotte's going out."

"That's all right," Jack cried, "and now I must be off and dress."

In the world was there anyone so good-looking as Jack? Kit could not think there was as she superintended his toilet, brushed and parted the crisp short curly hair and tried her hand on the new necktie till her husband pushed her at last away with "your fingers are nothing but thumbs; what duffers women are?"—and then she brought from a corner where it had been carefully hidden, a button-hole bought in the Edgeware Road, Jack's favourite button-hole, a rosebud with its accompanying bit of fern. Kit did not dare tell what she had spent on this treasure, but her heart almost redoubled its beat as she reflected that she had spent half-a-crown—*half-a-crown* on a rosebud, when she had been lecturing Jack on his own extravagance. Well, she would save it somehow. Jack had told her she must get a pair of new gloves; but she would sew up the tips of the old ones—if she did it with care, they would last her a long time yet. And how well the rosebud looked! How it stood out, backed with its delicate fern proud against the black coat! Would Jack after all have liked a crimson better than a pink bud? No, nothing could be better than this. Kitty's eyes glistened with pride and pleasure as she stood behind her husband's shoulder and saw him reflected in the glass.

Jack, nearly as much pleased with his own appearance as his wife, surveyed himself with satisfaction, admonishing Kit faintly that his head was a "bit too sleek," and ruffling it up

with his fingers. Had Kit a handkerchief ready? Bless her, what had made her put that twopence-halfpenny scent upon it—faugh! she must find him another.

But the toilet was finished at last to the satisfaction of both concerned, and the young husband with a farewell kiss professed himself ready to start, and, whistling, dashed down stairs, nearly upsetting Mrs. Tite in the parlour passage and almost knocking down Miss Amelia on the door-step.

Miss Amelia, but not the demure, composed Miss Amelia of everyday; even Jack Grogan, in his haste, could see *that*. "I beg your pardon," he had begun, but changed his sentence, "What is it, Miss Amelia? Nothing wrong?"

Miss Amelia, white, trembling, for an instant could not answer, but, at last, the words came. "It's Charlotte. Charlotte has had an accident. They have sent me on to—to get her room ready."

"Where? What?" Jack Grogan was alert in a moment.

"An omnibus, getting into an omnibus. They wanted to take her to the hospital, but I wanted her here."

"Bad?" Jack Grogan asked. His coat with poor Kit's buttonhole was already thrown aside, and his eye was turning from the bedroom door to that of the parlour.

"I don't know, I think so. Oh, Charlotte, if you are killed!" Miss Amelia trembled like a leaf in a storm.

"Then we'll get the parlour ready; that is best, Miss Amelia. Here, Kit, Kit! we'll want all the hands."

It was like the conjuror with his "*presto*, quick," Mrs. Tite told her friends later.

"Mr. Jack can work when he will," and, indeed, even to poor Miss Amelia in her anxiety the time seemed wonderfully short before Jack Grogan had Miss Charlotte's bed in the parlour, and furniture and nicknacks cleared away; hot and cold water, linen, all that the house could supply that might be needed there. And then came the tramp of men's feet on the pavement (the lane was paved to the Recluse's door) and Miss Charlotte, on a policeman's ambulance, was carried in. The doctor in attendance nodded his approval at the arrangements made, nodded again when Jack, as he went to his assistance whispered, "Student," and "St. Mary's" and nodded for the third time when the young fellow, unseen by Miss Amelia, gave a questioning shake of the head.

"She would have been better at the Hospital," the surgeon said when a pause came in their work, and Miss Ocharlotte was lying, as it seemed to Kit, with the tight bandages of a corset round her face, "but the sister," he motioned towards Miss Amelia, "would not hear of it."

"Ah," Jack said, "we can see to her here."

"A relation?" the surgeon asked. He was now looking round the room, taking in its details, Miss Amelia, Mrs. Tite, and Kitty with (it seemed) one glance.

Jack shook his head, "But we'd all do anything for Miss Woodham," he said.

"She must be kept quiet. The sister has had a shock. A nurse, if I might recommend it, for the night."

"Oh, Kit and I, and Mrs. Tite 'll manage," Jack said, his spirits beginning to rise again.

"The landlady's daughter?" The doctor looked again at Kitty.

It did not enter into the young man's head to be offended. "Hear that, Kit," he said. By this time the three had moved into the passage, leaving Miss Amelia in charge of the sick room. "The doctor's asking if you belong to Mrs. Tite. She's my wife, sir." He drew Kitty to his side.

The doctor's sharp glance went from one to the other of the pair, as he made a little bow to Kitty Grogan; then he turned to Jack again. "I shall look round first thing in the morning. I can rely on you to see that she is kept quiet, and to report in case of any change?"

"I'll see to her," Jack cried, "and there's no thoroughfare here; keeping quiet's as easy said as done. I'll send round first thing, sir, and let you know how she's getting on."

It was Kitty who first remembered the dinner at Bonner's. Eight o'clock and past! What would the guests be thinking? "Oh, Jack, the dinner!" she cried, as her husband washed some stains that were red, from his hands.

"The dinner! By Jove, Kit, if I hadn't forgot about the dinner." Jack Grogan looked with dismay at his wet and tumbled cuffs. "Phew!" he drew in his breath with a whistle.

At that moment a rat-tat that shook the house came to the house-door, closed for once as a precaution against noise by Mrs. Tite, and the next instant loud and clear Mr. Jem Needham's

voice came from below. Mrs. Tite's, too, raised in remonstrance.

"It's no use, Needham, I can't get away," Jack explained when his friend had reached the drawing-room. "You must enjoy yourselves without me; and, look here, you do the stumping up." Jack felt in his pocket.

"You will look round for half-an-hour. You could spare him for half-an-hour, Mrs. Grogan?" Needham asked.

"I could do that," Jack looked at Kitty; but Kitty shook her head.

"Miss Amelia would be frightened, and so would I, Jack." Poor little Kitty drew a shivering breath.

"You see how it is," Jack said. "It's—well—it's a baddish accident, and I next to passed my word to that doctor chap (Kempe, you know) that I'd keep an eye on what was going on. Enjoy your dinner, there's a good chap, and tell the others to enjoy it too. Get what you want." Jack would scarcely have been human if he had not given a sigh. "I don't say it isn't hard lines, the first time in his life a fellow has had the chance of enjoying himself; but hurrah for another time!" Jack seized a book from the table and sent it spinning in the air, catching it dexterously as it came down.

"Jack!" Kitty said reprovingly.

"Oh, Miss Charlotte won't hear that hurrah. And we'll give her a proper one when she's well again. Kit, if I'm to have no dinner"—Jack made a grimace—"do you think there's any chance of a bit of supper?"

"Jack," Kitty said presently, as she carefully helped him to bread and cheese and drew the cork of the bottle of porter. "Jack, all that money's just as good as thrown away."

"Not a bit of it, Mrs. John Gilpin (if you have not made that lady's acquaintance, Kit let me introduce her and remark—we have a poet's word for it—that, like yourself, she was of 'frugal mind.') If the fellows enjoy themselves, that's the main point after all."

Kitty did not answer for a moment; then she said, "Miss Amelia sent Mr. Tite for the priest."

"Right enough," Jack said.

"Oh, Jack, she's not so bad as that."

"Miss Charlotte? Miss Charlotte might have fifty priests and she wouldn't know one of them, but it'll do Miss Amelia good."

"Miss Charlotte was at her confession yesterday," Kitty said. "I knelt behind her, so I know."

"Well, that's one weight off Miss Amelia's mind," Jack said. "Not that I believe either of these women ever did anything they needed to confess."

Kitty shook her head. "Oh, Jack, you know better than that."

"Well, I'm glad for your sake, and Miss Amelia's sake, and poor Miss Charlotte's own sake it's all right. There, will *that* satisfy you?"

"No, it doesn't," Kit said bravely. "You know quite well you oughtn't to talk like that, Jack, and you know—oh, Jack! if it had been you, instead of Miss Charlotte," Kitty sobbed.

"Well," Jack said, some annoyance in the tone.

"I should have died," Kitty said. "I should have died, and that's true."

"I suppose no wife would like to see her husband brought home a bundle of broken bones," Jack fenced.

"You know that isn't it," Kitty said, and nestling up to him, laid her head on his shoulder.

"Well, wait till Christmas and you'll see," Jack said. "Kit, you are the biggest goose." But Kitty did not answer and only drew a little nearer.

"Honour bright, Jack."

"Well, honour bright. Pour out the porter, Kit, and don't bully your unfortunate husband."

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued).

ON THE NAZARETH HILLS.

" His throat most sweet, and He is all lovely : such is my Beloved, and He is my Friend."—*Canticle of Canticles* v. 16.

PAST the houses white and shining in the heat,
 Past the olive groves and fig-trees making shade,
 The white and scarlet blossoms rich and sweet,
 And the cactus green that hedges all the glade,

The Darling of His Mother and of men,
 Of all who love the lovely and the pure,
 Doth wander where the sheep in mountain-pen
 Await the coming of the shepherd sure.

O Love, but Thou art ruddy, fair and white,
 Thine eyes are as the doves' upon the brook,
 As the roebucks' are Thy footsteps fleet and light,
 As the radiance of noonday is Thy look.

The ringing of Thy Matins o'er the rocks
 Doth mingle with the rush of mountain-rill,
 The bleating of the many folded flocks,
 And the early song-bird's all ecstatic trill.

O crystal-clear Thy heaven-ascending Prime !
 All angels crowd in silence to adore
 As Thou passest in the dewy dawning-time
 Over craggy rock and grassy floor.

Chant for us, Emmanuel, at the morn !
 Boy-Jesus, sing for us at life's noontide !
 But oh ! when night doth find us weary, worn,
 Let us hear Thee—let us see Thee by our side

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

MORE ABOUT DAWDLING.

AS far back as page 138 of our fifteenth volume (March, 1887) we put together in half a dozen pages a great many remarks about punctuality and promptitude and their opposites which many young people might profitably study and put in practice. We have less scruple in saying this, as every paragraph of the paper in question is chiefly made up of quotations. We therefore have been surprised at finding a batch of extracts and references on this subject of punctuality which were collected before 1887 and yet were not used in the paper referred to. No doubt they did not come under my eye at the moment when they were wanted. They ought, if possible, to be read in conjunction with the paper to which the title of the present note purposely refers back.

We there quoted Adelaide Procter's lines :

" One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each."

This maxim is developed very strikingly in a little poem by John Boyle O'Reilly, "To-day." The last stanza especially is likely to stick in one's memory :

Only from day to day
The life of a wise man runs ;
What matter if seasons far away
Have gloom or have double suns ?

To climb the unreal path,
We stray from the roadway here ;
We swim the rivers of wrath,
And tunnel the hills of fear.

Our feet on the torrent's brink,
Our eyes on the cloud afar,
We fear the things we think,
Instead of the things that are.

Like a tide our work should rise—
Each later wave the best.
" To-day is a king in disguise,"
To-day is the special test.

Like a sawyer's work is life ;
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.

What has become of Washington Irving Bishop who created such a sensation sixteen years ago as a thought-reader, and by his power of finding objects hidden purposely in the most unlikely places? How transient fame is, and especially notoriety! From the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, October 17, 1883, he addressed to *The Freeman's Journal*, and no doubt to all the Dublin newspapers a long letter of thanks for the sympathy shown by every one during an almost fatal illness that attacked him during his professional visit to our metropolis. This letter has survived so long for the sake of some lines which Mr. Bishop quotes without naming the author.

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too.
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Work while life shall last;
The mill will never grind again
With water that is past.

The last lines are probably a proverb. "The mill will never grind again with the water that has already run past." If the wheel was out of order for a time—if the miller had stopped work—the water flows on and grinds nothing, and that water will not come back to turn the wheel round. So the passing minutes, hours, days—if we let them pass away unused, they will never return to give us another opportunity of using them, they are past and gone for ever, lost for ever. "The mill will never grind again with the water that has gone past."

Like a sawyer's work is life:
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.

An earnest, practical man is called in French *un homme du présent*. "Act, act, in the living present." "*Le moment ou je parle est déjà loin de moi.*"

There are some pedantically punctual people who carry the matter to the verge of superstition; there are others who have a

horror of being even a little too soon, and who, in their anxiety to avoid this, contrive pretty often to be a good deal too late. Keep a little book in your pocket that may occupy pleasantly and profitably a few odd moments of this sort.

Joseph Baxendale, the real founder of the great Pickford Carrying Company, used to give his workmen little printed slips containing such advice as the following on the importance of punctuality:—

“Method is the hinge of business, and there is no method without punctuality. Punctuality is important because it subserves the peace and good temper of a family. The want of it not only infringes on necessary duty but sometimes excludes this duty.

“The calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of punctuality. A disorderly man is always in a hurry. He has no time to speak to you because he is going elsewhere; and, when he gets there, he is too late for his business, or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it.

“Punctuality gives weight to character. ‘Such a man has made an appointment; then I know he will keep it.’ And this generates punctuality in you; for, like other virtues, it propagates itself. Servants and children must be punctual when their leader is so. Appointments, indeed, become debts. I owe you punctuality if I have made an appointment with you, and I have no right to throw away your time, even if I throw away my own.”

This is for the present enough about this subject in theory. Perhaps some one may be induced by these remarks to make a serious effort to improve in the practice of this virtue:—for Father Coleridge speaks somewhere of the *virtue* of promptitude.

M. R.

AN IRISH COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THE Irish language is so much to the front these times that the above title will probably be misinterpreted as referring to a Scripture Commentary written in the ancient language of Ireland ; but there is question only of a commentary written by an Irishman—namely, the Most Rev. Dr. M'Evilly, Archbishop of Tuam. Dr. M'Evilly indeed could have composed his Commentary in the language into which his immediate predecessor, Dr. M'Hale, translated some part of the Iliad and Moore's Melodies ; for he preaches in Irish as eloquently as in English. But the most enthusiastic advocate for the revival of the Celtic tongue will hardly dispute the greater utility of the task he has performed in furnishing a complete Commentary on all the sacred writings which make up what we call " The New Testament," with the single exception of the Apocalypse of St. John. It is easy to conjecture why His Grace has not considered it necessary to include in his plan that mysterious book which stands altogether apart.

Many a man begins with a much wider plan than he is able in the end to carry out. In this respect the first sentence of Lord Macaulay's *History of England* is an example of the vanity of human wishes. On the other hand some begin with a modest design which grows into something far greater than was at first intended. We suspect that, when the venerable Archbishop of Tuam was a young ecclesiastic acting as professor of Sacred Scripture at Saint Jarlath's College to ecclesiastics not much more youthful, he intended to confine his published Commentary to the writings, and perhaps to a part of the writings, of St. Paul ; but he persevered in his great work when appointed President of St. Jarlath's, and even when elevated to the episcopacy as Bishop of Galway. Nay, he only completed the undertaking after he had become Archbishop of Tuam.

The books of the New Testament have, therefore, not been treated by His Grace in the order in which they occur in the sacred volume ; but they have gradually taken their place in the

series—the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and then the Epistles of all the Apostles. The Archbishop has thus gained the beatitude of the just man in the tenth chapter of the Book of Wisdom—God has enabled him to complete his task, *complevit labores illius*.

Some of these stately royal octavos have gone through six editions. As the work is stereotyped, the cost of reproduction is much reduced, and the zeal of the Author has induced him to take advantage of this circumstance to offer the whole series at a price hardly adequate for even one or two of the set. It is certainly the cheapest addition that a priest can make to his scriptural library.

Not, indeed, that the utility of the work should be confined to ecclesiastics. Many local circumstances, and the absurd views of certain sectaries regarding the Sacred Scriptures, have been used too long by many Catholics in Ireland as an excuse for neglecting the habitual study of the written Word of God. The large Family Bible was not meant for this purpose. Perhaps some reader who is responsible for such domestic arrangements in his or her home will be reminded by the present notice of the obligation of placing a good readable copy of the New Testament within reach of the members of the household. It would add greatly to the interest and profit of such reading if the reader referred often to this Commentary of the Archbishop of Tuam.

I fear that there are not many copies in Ireland of the very latest edition of the authorised collection of indulgences called the *Raccolta*. It is dated 1898, but it can hardly have been completed before 1899; for its very last item, at page 676, records a grant made by Leo XIII., through a rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, as late as the thirteenth of December, 1898. This is an indulgence of three hundred days to all the faithful for reading the Holy Gospel for at least quarter of an hour, and a plenary indulgence (on the usual conditions of confession, communion, and praying for the Pope's intentions) to those who have done so every day for a month. Any one who strives to acquire the blessed habit of entitling himself to these indulgences will often, in the course of his pious reading, put to himself questions to which a sufficient answer will be found in the three volumes which Dr. M'Evilly has devoted to the explanation of the four Holy Gospels.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO " DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

No. 67.

OUR Acrosticians have not yet recovered from their summer lassitude. September is nearly half over, and the only solution that has been offered is from J. C., who says that "O." has disguised in dignified verse the old nursery rhyme :

This little pig went to the market,
 This little pig stayed at home ;
 This little pig got bread and butter,
 And this little pig got none.
 This little pig went *squeak ! squeak !*
 All the way home.

The excellent and devoted mother from whose dictation I took down this complete version of these classic rhymes, and whose name would add a certain piquancy to this paragraph, informs me that this formulary with the accompanying tickling of toes is an infallible means of making Baby break out into smiles and laughter. The lazy reader is not likely to refer back to a former Number of this Magazine, so we give again Judge O'Hagan's mystifying paraphrase of this little drama :

What varied fortunes they may share
 Who felt the same fond mother's care
 How one to distant marts may roam,
 And one all idly lag at home !
 How one may taste the rich repast,
 The while another's left to fast !
 And one again accuse his fate
 In bitter words, disconsolate !
 The legend of my first may tell,
 A theme that suits my second well ;
 That half-pathetic comic tale
 Beyond all others hits the nail.
 I've seen, when it was told anew,
 My second touched and tickled too.

The two acrostic words are *pigs* and *toes* ; and the lights are *pint*, I. O.—the U to be added is here spelled "you"—*gone* (after the

"going, going" of the auctioneer) and *summons*. J. C. guessed all these except the last, for which he suggested "Sergeant-at-arms" or (worse still) *sansculottes*.

Even with sundry omissions now and then we have not yet got nearly halfway through our little quarto of "Dublin Acrostics." It occurs to us that it will be better to make sure of interpreting those that were contributed by Judge O'Hagan and by his friend, Dr. Russell of Maynooth. We therefore leave the following to be solved by the ingenious reader.

He said "on such a night as this"—
 That moonlight scene—you know it—
 The fairest page of human bliss
 Pourtrayed by pen of poet.
 When home to Belmont's friendly towers
 The young Lorenzo brought her,
 And whiled away the happy hours
 With Shylock's pretty daughter :
 Until their playfulness became
 Absorbed in deeper feeling,
 When towards my first at length there came
 My second gently stealing.
 The tale would please me more, I own,
 If, while eloping thither,
 Lorenzo stole his bride alone,
 And not the ducats with her.
 Ah ! had he but possessed my whole,
 And that in ample measure,
 He might not then have stained his soul
 With Shylock's ill-got treasure.
 As to my whole—I cannot say
 If Shylock ever saw it—
 But from his brethren of to-day,
 It is the dence to draw it.

1. In Scotland, like Achilles' dart,
 I give, and then assuage, a smart.
2. Though not a miser, 'tis my fate
 For ever to accumulate.
3. Let Piron's epitaph apply,
Qui ne fut rien, for so say I.
4. I'm very little of a bore,
 Yet none divides the commons more.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Saint Louis*. By Marius Sepet. With a Preface by George Tyrrell, S.J. (London: Duckworth and Co.) Price 3s.

This is a new volume of the French series of Saints' Lives of which Father Tyrrell is editing the authorised translations. The title-page associates with Messrs. Duckworth as publishers, Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son, of Dublin, and the Benzigers of New York. Modern views and modern researches have been diligently availed of in the compilation of these 250 pages which add a great deal by way of statement and disquisition to Alban Butler's account of the Saint. In some respects this is one of the most original of the series. The arrangement is very much in accordance with French ideas of order. Part I. describes the Man, part II., the King; while the first part is sub-divided into seven chapters treating of Saint Louis as son, husband, father, brother, friend, master, Christian, clerk, ascetic, and apostle. He was indeed a most saintly king, and his poor France needs his prayers badly now. Can mistakes occur in a version so carefully made? Is Alphonso a Spanish name? And is "the Albigenese heresy" (page 1) an English phrase? In the last page "which" is used as in the Protestant Pater Noster. Father Tyrrell shows us the proper point of view from which to regard the holy king's career in the interesting preface which he has prefixed to the book, as he has done to all the volumes of this series.

2. *A Visit to the Roman Catacombs*. By Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., Provost of Birmingham. (London: R. and T. Washbourne). Price 1s. 4d.

Messrs. Washbourne are described on the title-page as agents for St. Anselm Society, 9 Agar Street, to whom we owe this wonderfully cheap book. The present issue must be offered under special circumstances, for 1s. 4d. can never pay for the production of a very well printed and neatly bound volume of nearly 200 pages, with numerous artistic illustrations. The book itself is well known to be solidly learned. No better value can be had for a shilling and a groat.

3. We group together three pamphlets which come to us from places so far apart as Indiana, London, and Mangalore. An Irish priest, Father Richard O'Kennedy, is the author of the first, reprinted from *The Ave Maria* under the title "Are Protestants Catholics?" To this striking question are added in the first sentence two others: Do we and can we pray for them while living? Can we and do we pray for

them while dead? The zealous and charitable priest's object is to obtain prayers for persons nominally or otherwise outside the Church. The second pamphlet is "A Few Aids to Faith," by Father Reginald Buckler, O.P.; and the third is an Indian reprint of the article "Why am I a Catholic?" which the famous Father Salvator Brandi, S.J., contributed by request to the *North American Review*, and of which some thirty or forty thousand copies have been circulated in the United States. The Mangalore Catholic Truth Society begins with an edition of two thousand copies. From the same far distant press comes a most edifying sketch of Father Maffei, S.J., who died there recently. All honour to those who in that enervating climate add to their arduous duties such literary tasks as these and the maintenance of the very spirited and entertaining *Mangalore Magazine*.

4. The following extract from *The Tablet* of August 26 may be both an anachronism and a solecism among our "Notes on New Books," but we give it nevertheless. It refers to "Close to the Altar Rails" (Burns and Oates).

"Father Russell's two little books of eucharistic thoughts and prayers are already well known and widely appreciated, and this third which he has just added will, we are assured, help to draw devout readers close to the altar rails. The writer draws his thoughts from many sources and treats them in his own happy unconventional way. There is thus a freshness about this little volume which breathes the sweetness of the calm and comfort found most surely in the place where God's hidden glory dwelleth."

5. *The Catholics of Ireland under Penal Laws in the Eighteenth Century*. By His Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney. London: Catholic Truth Society [Price 2s. 6d.]

This is one of the most valuable and interesting books in the long list of works published by this indefatigable Society. Every page is filled with facts, gathered by that patient research for which the first Australian Cardinal has always been distinguished. He cites original authorities and brings together all sorts of witnesses, down to John Mitchell and John Morley. We may indeed be counselled to forget old wrongs. We must try to forgive them; but it is not well to forget through what dangers and tribulations our forefathers have preserved for us our blessed inheritance of the true Faith. This minute account of the horrible devices used for more than two centuries to extirpate the Catholic Church in Ireland is in the highest degree useful and edifying, and will make the reader bless God that now at the end of the nineteenth century the Catholic faith is, in spite of all, more firmly rooted in Ireland than ever it was.

6. The 95th Number of *The American Catholic Quarterly Review* (July, 1899) seems to be one of the most varied and most valuable that we have seen of this great periodical. Solid contributions to ecclesiastical history and theology are relieved by literary papers and a very full chronicle of contemporary science. One of the most interesting items is an ingenious and very original essay by the Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J., on "Wiseman's Mind as revealed in *Fabiola*"—another act of reparation for the neglect shown too long towards the memory of this great Prince of the Church.

7. One of the most important pieces of religious literature that *The Ave Maria* has given to us is a long and stately poem which runs through the four weeks of August, "The Canticle of the *Magnifloat*," by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan of Doneraile, the eloquent author of "The Triumph of Faith." When shall we have this and others of his poetical writings in a volume?

From the United States also comes Benzigers' "Catholic Home Annual" with its usual abundance of stories and pictures. The beloved and honoured name of Sarah Trainer Smith appears for the last time in the table of contents.

"Our Lord in the Eucharist" is a neat little shilling book of selection of extracts from Father Faber's great and holy book, "The Blessed Sacrament."

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

I celebrated Mass lately in a little chapel with the date of its erection, 1686, cut into one of the old stones. Under the shelter of a great castle it had been through all the penal times a centre of sacramental influence in saving for Iréland her Catholic faith. The chalice at the altar was dated 1720 when "chappèl" and "challice" were not accounted mistakes in spelling. I thought: "How often has this silver cup been used in the holiest of rites! What a happy privilege to make such a gift to God!"

* * *

Ralph Waldo Emerson calls one of the Gothic cathedrals of the Middle Ages "petrified prayer." Kneeling for the first time in certain churches and convent chapels, I have felt drawn to pray in terms like the following, which might well occur to us when we enter any such sacred edifice:—

My God, I give thee thanks for all the love and faith that

went originally to the construction of this church, and that have since been exercised day by day in its worthy maintenance. To build it up many made offerings, not out of their superfluities, but offerings that cost them serious sacrifices. What munificent contributions have been sent home by poor Irish exiles to adorn the church of their native place! What faith and love and generosity and self-sacrifice are represented in every stone of all those beautiful temples that have been raised to the worship of God in Ireland during the last half of this expiring century! And now in particular I give thanks for the zeal of those who built this home for Thee, O Lord! Very many contributed to raise these walls through the purest motives of faith and piety; and Thou, O Lord, Who wilt not accept unrewarded a cup of water given in Thy name, hast rewarded them or wilt reward them.

And, since it was built, how many an act of faith has been made here, how many an act of contrition! How many, grievously stricken by sorrow and what seemed misfortune, came here and made magnificent acts of resignation to the will of God, and were marvellously strengthened and consoled! If Thy presence did not sanctify this place, it would be sanctified by the holy tears that have been shed here, by the prayers that have here gone up from so many hearts. But these prayers were poured out, those holy tears were shed, because Thou art here. I join my prayers now with these tears and prayers; and one of my prayers is that I may have a much larger share in the ardent faith and in the love for the beauty of Thy house, of which these walls, these pillars, this altar, are the visible embodiment, so many "petrified prayers."

* * *

But the sacred name of God's house may be given to other buildings besides churches and chapels. "Whatever you do to the least of these you do to Me," our Lord Himself has said expressly and emphatically, pointing to the little children that clustered round Him; and elsewhere He has made his tender appeal in favour of those at the other end of life, the old and broken down. For both of these classes of the special favourites of our dear Lord and Saviour a home has been opened in Kilmorey Street, Newry, not far from the site of the castle from which Aodh O'Neill coaxed Mabel Bagnal from his Saxon foe, Sir Henry, to

make her his Catholic wife. This surely can be called God's House, especially as its little chapel offers a new shelter for the Eucharistic Presence. Twenty years ago the Institution was founded by a pious benefactor and placed by the saintly bishop, Dr. Leahy, under the care of the Sisters of Mercy. The founder has been a benefactor ever since, and this "Home for the Aged Poor and Orphans" has provided fully for more than fifty old women and children, and has afforded peace and comfort in the decline of life to many who had known better days. Which of us does not envy the man whom God inspires to make such noble use of the mammon of iniquity? *

* * *

We have at different times quoted rival translations of famous hymns of the Church, such as the *Adoro Te Devote*, translated by Father Caswell, Father Eyre, S.J., Judge O'Hagan, Father Coleridge, S.J., and (most recent of all) Father George Tyrrell, S.J. To the very many versions of the *Stabat Mater* in Orby Shipley's "Annus Sanctus" and elsewhere may be added an excellent version which seems to be quite original in Father Jarlath Prendergast's little book on the Stations of the Cross.

* * *

At a meeting of the great Sodality of the Children of Mary attached to Our Lady's Mount, Harold's Cross, Dublin, under the care of the Irish Sisters of Charity—a Sodality which has furnished many a useful and devoted nun to American Convents, especially in Texas—Canon Fricker, P.P., Rathmines, addressed an earnest exhortation from which we extract the following passage for the sake of some dear names embalmed therein. After urging upon these young missionaries their grand duty of maintaining and spreading the Irish heritage of undying Catholic Faith, the Canon recalled how "there is preserved in one of the loveliest spots in Ireland a precious relic. In the Catholic Church of Rostrevor is to be seen an ancient bell, whose story is typical

* Those who feel this holy envy are afforded an opportunity of sharing in the enterprise. At the cost of several thousands Mr. Fegan (I venture to give his name) has erected commodious buildings to shelter as many as can prudently be admitted. For the maintenance of the Institution on this extended scale a Grand Bazaar will be held in the Town Hall, Newry, in November. Applications for tickets and offerings for the Charity may be made to the Superiores of the Sisters of Mercy, Mrs. M. E. Russell, Our Mother of Mercy's Home, Kilmorey Street, Newry.

of the Irishwoman's constancy since the days of St. Patrick, when the first lives given to God in faith and love were those of the daughters of Ireland's High King. Fourteen hundred years ago, a virgin saint and abbess built her monastery in Rostrevor, the fairest valley in the heart of the Mourne Mountains, and even long after St. Bronach went to her reward, her bell it was that summoned together the worshippers from hill and valley around. But after ages of peace came times of persecution: St. Bronach's Abbey and the adjoining church were wrecked and ruined, the Sisterhood and clergy were scattered and hunted, the faithful had neither church to worship in nor homes to shelter them; they hid like wild beasts amongst the mountain passes and crags. But still Saint Bronach kept watch for them and their faith. From time to time, when a storm threatened or danger was impending, the people heard Saint Bronach's bell tolling to warn them and remind them to be true to God and to Saint Patrick's teaching. No doubt ever entered the peasants' mind but that it was their Patroness's bell they heard. Nor were they wrong. For generations the solemn peal came upon the breeze at intervals, on to the days when peace for Catholics in their own land, liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, was about to be proclaimed. Then one night a violent tempest raged, an aged tree was blown down at Kilbroney (Church of St. Bronach), and in its hollow trunk St. Bronach's bell was found. So we may confidently hope, as an Irishwoman kept guard over the faith of her children in Ulster, so will our young missionary women from Ireland guard and spread the faith they carry to distant lands—a faith as pure and strong now as when it was received from St. Patrick's own lips."

* * *

The following most interesting appreciation of Judge O'Hagan's Song of Roland—one of the finest pieces of literature produced by an Irishman—appears in a very clever journal published in the Isle of Wight and hence called *Vectis*. It is probably from the pen of the accomplished editor, Dr. Dabbs.

Some few years ago an Irish scholar, lawyer and poet, Mr. John O'Hagan, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court in Ireland, issued the first English translation of the 'Chanson' of Roland, which attracted considerable attention at the hands of English critics to whom "Literature" is not synonymous with

the latest new thing in prose fiction. Mr. O'Hagan dedicated his work to the late President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, Dr. Charles Russell, and he prefaced his fine and flowing verses with an elaborate "Introduction" in prose which is one of the most scholarly and valuable pieces of writing of the kind it has been my good fortune to encounter.

It is no exaggeration to say that this "Introduction" might well be used by our own scholastic authorities as an invaluable preface to any general survey of European history and culture. The light that is thrown on Charlemagne, and the entire cycle of the Carolingian legends which are the root and foundation of modern European civilization, is not exceeded by any of the pages of our greatest modern historians; while at the same time it is essentially "literary," and in reading this "Introduction" one is never withdrawn from the subject matter of the great mediæval Christian poem.

On this side of the English Channel, we are, I fear, too prone to ignore the Ireland of culture and scholarship—particularly if, as in this case, it is not the offspring of Trinity College, Dublin. Englishmen are ready enough to recognise the transcendent merits of the great Protestant historian and scholar, Lecky; but I am of opinion that such a work of poetic scholarship as this of the Catholic O'Hagan has never been fully accorded its rightful place among us as a veritable classic.

Let me give this parting advice to those into whose hands this "Song of Roland" (publishers: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.) may chance to fall. Before reading a line of the verse translation, which is as flowing and vigorous as Sir Walter Scott himself, peruse carefully and thoughtfully every sentence of the fine prose "Introduction."

* * *

Some months ago a pigeonhole paragraph gave on the subject of the happiest time of life the opinions of Cicero, Sir Thomas Browne and others. A Religious of the *Sacré Coeur*, in South America, writing home to her sister in Ireland, discusses the question cleverly. Let us give a rather long extract:—"I think you hardly do justice to middle life in esteeming its advantages less than those of youth. It seems to me that every stage of existence in God's creatures has its own particular beauty. I am thinking just now of a beautiful little pear-tree covered with its first spring blossoms

growing under my window. It is lovely to look at; yet I doubt if it will be less so a few months hence, when it will be laden with its rich fruit. In the case of animals, what is prettier than a young foal frisking about the fields? Still who would not prefer the same colt grown into the handsome carriage horse, or the fiery charger? In the same way our youthful years have many charms, but so too has middle life. Indeed one of the principal things which render youth interesting is the promise it gives of riper years. To my mind there is a singular attractiveness about a Christian Mother of a family, who lives only for her husband and children, with that earnestness which singleness of purpose gives. There is something so beautiful in her unselfishness, so much of the supernatural pervading the every day round of common-place duties. At the same time I can quite understand people in the world who have attained middle age regretting their youth. What is it we regret in youth? Its light-heartedness, its freedom from care, its blissful ignorance on many points where "'tis folly to be wise," its hopefulness, its trustfulness, and we must add—its exterior advantages which do not improve with years, and the corresponding admiration which diminishes in proportion. Still I am inclined to think that, looking back on youth, it seems a happier time than it really was. According to the words of the poet:

" Our memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hang
Shines on a distant field."

The reason is simply that happiness, as defined by St. Thomas or St. Augustine, is the "absence of desires," and at no time of life are desires so plentiful as in youth.

With regard to people in religion, I should say middle-life is preferable to youth because we enjoy the advantages of both as a general rule. We have the experience of life, the deeper interest in people of which you speak, the wider view of things etc.; and with all that we have the freedom from care, the youthfulness of character which belong to early years. Our constant intercourse with children is one of the great sources of this perpetual youth.

It is very desirable to preserve the names and memories of those who establish the various works and institutes of charity.

Those who are now carrying on most efficiently the blessed work of the Children's Hospital in Temple Street, Dublin, are, as we have more than once warned them, bound to cherish the holy memories of Ellen Woodlock and Sarah Atkinson. So, too, it is not enough to mention Margaret Aylward in connection with the struggle against the hideous system of Proselytism and the foundation of the Sisters of the Holy Faith; but it is very well to remember that in her noble and holy work she was ably assisted by the wise counsels of Father Gowan, the holy Vincentian, and by Mrs. Scully, a lady of English birth, Miss Jane O'Hagan, afterwards Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Emily Seaver, afterwards Mrs. Bowden, the mother of a zealous priest of the diocese of Dublin, and sister of two saintly Fathers of the Society of Jesus, long since gone to their reward, the late Mrs. Margaret O'Connell, and Miss Anna Campbell, now a Carmelite Nun. But the most energetic and devoted of these ladies was Miss Ada Allingham (afterwards Sister Mary Francis), a member of one of the most charitable and respected families of our city. She was a young lady of great piety, rare talents and virtue, and admirable simplicity; she it was who stood beside Miss Aylward in all her trials and aided her in her struggles, and went to her reward only a few months after her in the Convent of the Holy Faith, Glasnevin.

* * *

What shall be the last word we shall utter before we lose finally the power of speech? If it be just before our death, may it be an humble prayer of faith, such as "*My Jesus, mercy!*" Some are struck down suddenly, and it is pleasant for their friends to remember that the last word they spoke was something good and kind. Few have the choice of their last word of human speech proposed to them so deliberately as it was for a poor German peasant who had to undergo an operation for cancer of the tongue at the University of Bonn. The surgeon, with his colleagues and pupils round him, was ready to begin, when he thought it well to warn the patient that the operation, even if most successful, would leave him ever after incapable of speech. If he wished to say anything special, this was his last chance. The poor man bowed his head and prayed a moment in silence, and then said aloud, as his last audible words: *Gelobt sei Jesus Christus*. "Jesus Christ be praised!" *Laudetur Jesus Christus*—

the habitual greeting in some form or other in religious communities, instead of the meaningless "Good Morning" or "How do you do?" Let us say it often now that at the end it may spring unbidden to our lips. Jesus Christ be praised! Glory be to God!

* * *

Here is another new Madonna sonnet by the Rev. Dr. Kelle of *The South African Catholic Magazine*, on the Blessed Virgin's question: "How shall this be done?"

Heaven's balance was all trembling, when it eyed
Mary,—unwonted trouble on her brow,—
Confronting God with an imperial "How?"
For once, this once, Heaven hoped to be denied,
Nor hoped in vain. To be no earthly bride
Was always Mary's gift to Heaven, and now,
Strong in the splendour of her Virgin vow,
She waives the Motherhood of God aside.

O Queenly spirit! O Heart immaculate!
This world contained no measure of thy worth,
All ether souls with inward strife are torn;
Thou wert so heavenly, thy royal state
So towered supreme above the dross of earth,
That even thy temptations were heaven-born.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

THE VERSES OF AN IRISH SQUIRE.

AFTER Shakespeare the most quoted bit of English poetry is Gray's Elegy, and especially its "gem of purest ray" hidden in "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean," and its "mute inglorious Milton" who might have written *Paradise Lost* if he had got a proper chance. No doubt there are plenty of poets who "die with all their music in them." Indeed in real life, in all pursuits and professions, it often seems to be a mere arbitrary combination of circumstances which determines whether one is to gain renown while another more richly gifted is left in obscurity.

In an Irish castle with historical associations stretching far back into Ireland's past and with a venerable chapel sheltered beneath its walls, which for more than two hundred years, through all the dangers of the penal times, was a fortress and shrine of the old Catholic faith in the country, I was allowed recently to examine some literary relics of an Irish country gentleman who never put any of his compositions into print. I have obtained permission to do so now several years after his death.

Mr. Peter Connellan of Coolmore, Co. Kilkenny, was born on the 3rd of February, 1806, as "Burke's Landed Gentry" informs us. He was educated at Winchester School and at Oriel College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1823. He travelled a good deal as a young man, was high sheriff of his county in

1836, and in 1844 he married a daughter* of Sir Hercules Langrishe, Bart., of Knocktopher Abbey, Co. Kilkenny—a name familiar to the reader of Irish history just before the Union. Another link with those times was his mother, a daughter of Mr. James Corry, who had been Clerk of the Journals of the Irish House of Commons—a kinsman perhaps of the Right Hon. Isaac Corry, of Newry, Grattan's victim in a famous rhetorical duel.

After his marriage Mr. Connellan settled down in his country home. He was a brilliant conversationalist and excellent speaker, but he seldom appeared in public except in connection with the business of the county, of which he was deputy lieutenant. He died in 1885.

His literary tastes, strange to say, drew him chiefly in the direction of original Latin verse, in which he was very successful—an accomplishment probably unique among the Irish squires of his day. This discipline accounts for the sculpturesque accuracy of his English metrical forms. Let us now give some samples. "The Suicide's Grave" was, we believe, suggested by the terrible fate of one with whom he had been intimately acquainted.

I knew thee well, thine early vice
In youth unchecked, matured by years,
The scoff and curse, the wine and dice,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.

And oft with sneering sophistry
Thy cold and subtle wit would dare
Conclusions with thy God to try
Or plead the logic of despair.

Our paltry span of time forsooth
But for the joys of sense was given ;
Or, if it were not so, in truth
'Twere now too late to hope for heaven.

Poor soul ! and didst thou dream that here
That spark divine, thy sentient soul,
Could close with life its vain career
Or reach in death its final goal ?

Or that the temple where 'tis placed,
Thy Maker's image and thine own,
Unshrined by lust, by crime debased,
Its holier service might disown ?

* This page was in type, a little before its time, when the newspapers announced the death of this venerable lady at Ballyduff, Co. Kilkenny, on the 19th of September, 1899, in her 79th year.

Thy narrow faith, thy vision dim,
Thy judgment warped from views of right,
Could mete the bounds of love in Him
Whose mercy towers above His might!

And now at length thine own dark deed,
Stamped with self-murder's hideous stain,
Hath sealed with blood thy godless creed
And sped the bullet through thy brain.

Rude hands thy highway lair did make,
Thy butchered corpse at midnight thrust
With torch, with mallet, and with stake
"From company of holy dust."

No solemn chime of village bell,
No weeping friends thy pall to bear—
It was the owl that shrieked thy knell,
The ribald oath thy burial prayer.

No white-robed priest, whose words of grace
Thy relics might consign to God
To sleep beside thine honoured race
Beneath the churchyard's quiet sod.

But din of commerce, mirth and strife,
The hurrying wheel, the horse's tread,
And all the rush of careless life
Shall rattle o'er thy shattered head.

Hereafter! oh, let pity veil
The dark "for ever" still to come,
And at the shadowed horrors quail
That gape beyond thy ghastly tomb.

And what is all thou gainest *here*?
The good man's ban, the bad man's jest;
Unhallowed rites, a bloody bier,
A name unwept, a name unblest.

If Mr. Connellan had written for the printer, it might have led him to aim more strenuously at condensation. On the score of length we abstain from quoting "*Aubrey and Ella*" and choose next the shortest piece in the collection. The title, "*Spes Bifrons*," reminds one of the Junius Controversy, in which the signature *Bifrons* figures.

And wilt thou still, enchantress Hope,
Present thy gay kaleidoscope
Through juggling art to mock my view
With baubles ever false and new?

In vain the painted splendours pass
 Illusive o'er thy magic glass,
 And, as the pageants of a dream,
 As fleetly shift, as idly gleam.

Take hence thy gauds, nor longer ply
 The cheats that sate my aching eye.
 Come in thy strength and with thee bring
 That emblem which thy Poets sing.

Learn of thy sister, Faith, to place
 The Rock of Ages as thy base.
 Strike deep in God, and boldly dare
 To ground thy trusty anchor there.

We pass over "The Lay of Lucknow"—a subject which perhaps recommended itself to the poet partly on account of family traditions. His grandfather had been in the service of the East Indian Company, and had taken part in the Rohilla campaign of the Bengal army; and he afterwards became Secretary to the King of Oudh.

"An American Hunter's Story" was founded on a touching incident that is related by Washington Irving in his "Tour in the Prairies."

Once, only once, to lure the deer
 It chanced I went at early dawn,
 And piped the cry with mimic art
 Unworthy of a hunter's heart;
 It draws the trusting mother near
 To seek her bleating fawn.

A milk-white doe with bounding run
 Her course to search the tangled wood
 Across the green savannah took,
 With wistful and unquiet look,
 And close before the traitor's gun
 A helpless mark, she stood.

And thrice I poised my ruffian hand,
 And thrice my grasp relaxed my aim;
 For, as the murderous tube I raised,
 So soft and womanlike she gazed
 (Scoff, comrades, as ye will)—unmanned
 A faintness o'er me came.

I thought upon my childish hours
 When first in innocence I played
 Around our hut, where broadly gleam
 The waters of Arkansas stream,
 And sported wild thro' green-wood bow'rs
 Beneath the maple shade.

Then, if I raised my infant cry
Through ceaseless dread or infant joy,
A mother's startled step was near
Amidst the leaves, with listening ear
And restless yearning in her eye,
To seek her truant boy.

No ! perish the revolting thought !
A snare shall fond affection prove
To ruin thus a wretch to draw
Who follows nature's holiest law ?
Shall blood by shame be basely bought
And death be dealt by love ?

Mistrusting lest my heart should change,
In haste a warning shout I made,
And in a twinkling from my sight
The graceful eoward sped his flight,
Beyond my rifle's utmost range,
Across the forest glade.

Mr. Connellan was evidently of a very affectionate disposition. His filial devotion in particular breaks out in the only remaining pieces for which we can make room. Here is the farewell that he takes of his beloved Coolmore when he was leaving it with his mother to spend a year upon the continent.

Farewell to the roof where my happiness dwells,
Creation, tho' homely and poor, of my hands.
Dear mansion, my bosom regretfully swells
As I leave thee, a pilgrim to far foreign lands.

Farewell to the fields that like emeralds gleam
As spring wakes to beauty the grass and the grove,
Blue Brandon, farewell, and the arrowy stream
That fringes with silver the meads that I love.

But chiefly to those whom I gratefully prize,
The friends that are gentle, and cordial, and true,
While the heart in its eloquence speaks thro' the eyes,
To them let me falter a deeper adieu.

With balanced emotions I triumph and grieve,
Alternate the sigh by the smile will be check'd :
The sigh is a tribute to all that I leave,
The smile is an earnest of joys I expect.

And I go not alone, for my heart will be twined
With one who can brighten the shade of regret,
And, tho' leal be the friends I am leaving behind,
A truer, a dearer, remains to me yet.

While the my impressions and feelings may share,
 Alike to my soul are the scene and the time—
 The showers of Erin's more temperate air,
 Or the sunnier magic of Italy's clime.

And still as remembrance shall call up our home,
 The Tiber, in fancy, may yield to the Nore ;
 And the classic enchantments of seven-hilled Rome
 May bow to the lowlier charms of Coolmore.

Away, then, with sadness, for what is a year ?
 One turn of the sand as it spills through the glass,
 And none are the hours to enjoyment more dear
 Than those which in travel and novelty pass.

And when my loved valley once more I shall see,
 Flow clearer, bright stream, as you speed to the main !
 Be greener each lawn and more wavy each tree
 To welcome your errant possessor again.

Our last selection, "My Mother's Grave," is best introduced by the note which Mr. Connellan himself prefixed to it.

"In my 76th year I attended Inistioge Church, on Sunday, May 1st, 1881. Arriving too early for Service, I went to look at my mother's grave in the churchyard. Dying in her 82nd year, she lies alongside of my infant grandson, little Percy Gethin, snatched away at five months old. Within the distance of a few yards, in the "Black Tower," is the vault which contains the remains of Colonel Tighe. The union of all these circumstances and the recollections arising out of them, combined with my own declining health, affected me greatly, and on my return home I wrote the following lines. They claim no poetical merit, and are only a reflex of my feelings at the time."

This Sabbath morn of opening May,
 Ere yet the tolling bell shall cease,
 I dedicate its primal day
 To thoughts of penitence and peace ;
 And just a lingering moment crave
 To ponder at my mother's grave.

I look—and on the moss-grown wall
 Two tablets tell their record frail ;
 While youth and age their lines recall,
 Howe'er contrasted be their tale.
 I read at least the annals given
 Of candidates alike for heaven.

With one, Death trod the skirts of Birth,
A bud that scarce acknowledged time,
But opened for an hour on earth,
To blossom in a brighter clime ;
We gave his pillowed infant head
A corner of my mother's bed.

And she—whose guardian relics lie
As if to watch her baby prize—
Not e'en her newborn comrade nigh
Is safer in Our Father's eyes,
When Hope its promise shall have earned,
And Faith is into vision turned.

Far as life's fullest limits reach,
She knew not selfishness nor guile ;
The honest counsel, kindly speech,
The tempered mirth, the answering smile :
Such traits have left their winning spell
To hover o'er her narrow cell.

And yet another slumbers near,
Who waits, with them, the wakening hour :
A man to recent memory dear,
Within the vault of yon dark tower,
Whose ivied honours mantling wave
Their shade above my mother's grave.

What though my worthless self could claim
No kindred ties of blood or line ?
What though, with deeper warmth, his name
Is prized by other hearts than mine ?
I boast, enduring to the end,
The kinship of a life-long friend.

Come, Sexton, mow the weeds away
And smooth once more the putrid soil ;
Ere long another lifeless clay
Within those rails may claim thy toil ;
The garnered harvest-crop to fill,
One ripened sheaf is wanting still.

Meet partners of the dreamless sleep
Shall share with me our triple bed ;
And still may angel spirits keep
Their watch and ward around my head,
As sponsors of a mother's love
And cherub innocence above !

If ye could join in prayer and praise,
 Hushed as ye lie beneath the sod,
 Your purer Litany might raise
 A voice to reach the Throne of God—
 That fount of Mercy, strong to save
 The *third* who fills his mother's grave.

Towards the beginning of this paper some names were mentioned which linked with pre-Union times the author of these feeling and polished lines. We may link them with the present by saying that Mr. Connellan was the father of the Viscountess Gormanston, to whose kindness we owe these interesting relics and the permission to use them as we have done.

SAINT FRANCOIS OF ASSISI.

JESUS said to him :—"If thou wilt be perfect, go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and come follow me" (Matth. xix., 21).

These words, whether striking upon the ear or breaking the silence of the heart only, have marked the crisis in the history of many a soul besides him to whom they were spoken first. You remember him. His story is so instructive a warning that the three first Evangelists have set it down for us in full in almost the same terms. A certain youth came to our Lord one day and asked Him : "Master, what good shall I do that I may have life everlasting?" "If thou wilt enter into life," answered Jesus, "keep the Commandments." "But," said the young man again, "all these I have kept from my youth—what is still wanting to me?" Then Jesus, looking on him, loved him; and He said to him, "If thou wilt be perfect, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and come follow me." But when the young man had heard this word, he went away, sad: for he had great possessions.

Sad! He might well be sad, going away for ever from Him who had looked upon him and loved him, spurning the magnificent grace of this call to perfection and (as is believed) to the

Apostleship, basely shrinking from the glorious toils and the glorious recompense which might have been his in the Church Militant and in the Church Triumphant—going away in order forsooth to possess still, for a few years at best, his miserable possessions: Miserable enough no doubt his possessions were in themselves, but, no matter what they were, utterly, abjectly miserable and contemptible for one whom Jesus had looked upon with love, and to whom Jesus had said out of His love, “Come follow me”—for one who might have been Saint John’s rival in the tenderest affections of His Master and in the loving homage of the faithful; for one who might have lived with Jesus, and died for Jesus, and been high among the highest for ever in the kingdom of Jesus. What did that young man gain? And, oh! what did he lose? Even in the few days or years of his life thereafter, what did his possessions avail him, haunted as he was by the ghost of a lost vocation? And when the few days or years of his life were over, what cared he—what cares he *now*—for those “possessions” for the sake of which *he went away sad*, followed by the yearning Eyes that still said, “Come to me!”

He went away. Then Jesus, looking round about, said to His disciples: “Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the Kingdom of God!”

This scene, the incidents of which I have given in the very words of one or other of the Evangelists,—this pathetic scene, in what it expressed and in what it foreshadowed, was a startling innovation on the notions then current in the world, nay, on the highest lessons of virtue that had yet been proposed to men. Our Divine Master here raises up a new ideal for the aspirations of the human heart. He establishes solemnly the true Christian standard of perfection, and, canonising Poverty with her sister virtues, He inaugurates Religious Life. For our Lord spoke not these words for one but for many. Alas! of these also how many turn away, sad! What day has passed since then which has not beheld this struggle going on in some soul?

Once this struggle raged in the breast of a young man named Francis Bernadone, living some six hundred years ago at Assisi, a town of central Italy, midway between the two seas. But he, when Jesus said to him, “Sell all and follow Me,” *he did not turn away sad*. Else we should not to-day be keeping the Feast of the glorious Saint Francis. His feast has gathered us together

in his own church that we may think about him and pray to him. Let our thoughts group themselves round that question which occurred to us this moment in reference to the young man of the Gospel—"What has he lost and what has he gained?" What did Francis of Assisi give to God? What in return has God given to Saint Francis? And so (as the old Franciscan chronicles are wont to say) all to the praise of the Lord Jesus and His poor servant Francis.

First, what did Saint Francis give to God? He gave himself. He gave himself, heart and soul, soul and body, the perfect undivided devotion and service of his entire being—all, utterly and irrevocably. A wholeburnt offering, no "pilfering in the holocaust," nothing withheld at the first or retracted afterwards. Every beating of his heart, during the twenty years especially of his ripe manhood after he had embraced religious life, was but an inarticulate sigh of that love which often made itself articulate in the words he was once overheard repeating all night long in an ecstasy, *Deus meus et omnia*—"My God and my all."

Not that he was not already very near and dear to God during his five and twenty earlier years of preparation for those extraordinary graces. His mature life of sanctity does not stand out in relief against the dark background of erring passionate youth. He was not of those who, like the Apostle of the Gentiles or the son of Monica, are struck down in their sin and pride and changed suddenly into saints, and then lifted on high as brilliant trophies of the omnipotence of God's grace. God works such miracles, and even His wonted dealings with souls are often greater miracles than raising the dead to life. But God's will is law and order, and miracles can only be rare and astounding exceptions. An ordinary providence rules over the realms of grace as over the realms of nature. Innocence, not Sin, must be the fitting groundwork of Sanctity, and grace well used wins new stores of grace. Francis used God's graces well from the first, though gay and thoughtless enough. "All these I have kept from my youth." *And Jesus looked on him and loved him.*

One peculiar claim upon the peculiar love of Jesus, one blessed mark of predestination, was his—a tender heart for the poor. Once in his most worldly days he was so engrossed in some business that he paid no heed to a beggar who craved an alms. When the beggar had gone away empty-handed, Francis felt his

heart troubled. He did not thrust this generous scruple aside as a weakness, but, eagerly running after the poor man, he left him calling down blessings on the head of his benefactor who on his part vowed never again to turn a deaf ear to the prayer of any creature that should ask relief for the love of God. If Francis had hardened his heart against that poor man's prayer, should *we* be praying to him now? At least this charity to the poor, and this fidelity to the divine graces as they came one by one, helped to secure for him the higher grace of listening and obeying when God's voice fell upon his ear at last: "If thou wilt be perfect, sell all thou hast and give to the poor and come follow me."

This text of Holy Writ has been chosen as the keynote of our thoughts this morning, not merely because this first explicit invitation to a life of evangelical perfection is applicable in general to all who are honoured with a like vocation, but particularly because those were the very words in which the grace of God spoke to the youthful heart of Francis. *If thou wilt be perfect. Wilt.* All rests with the will. God's glory lies in being served by His poor creatures of their own free will, so weak in its freedom unless it lean trustingly upon grace. *Wilt* thou be perfect? Hast thou the *will*, the high and noble ambition not merely to secure eternal life and to escape eternal ruin and despair by keeping the Commandments of God but to be *eminent* among the elect of God, to be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect, to give special honour to God's name, special joy to the heart of Jesus? *Wilt* thou be perfect? I will. By the grace of God, with whom nothing is impossible, I will. All sanctity, all perfection, lies in that deep, earnest, humble *I will*; on God's side grace is never wanting.

Francis of Assisi answered *I will*, when Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus of Calvary, whispered "Follow Me!" He followed Him. He did not turn away, sad, though he had great possessions. He had, as things were reckoned, much worldly substance; and even if he had little, he had his hopes, the vague desires and ambitious hopes of the young earthly heart. But, whether little or much, he gave *all*—when the summons came. Tearing himself away from every shackle of sense and nature, he felt as a captive bird may feel when it has long flung itself in painful and vain efforts against the bars of its prison, but at last it bursts through them and finds itself free once more, soaring upward through the

breezy sunshine, higher and higher. "Our soul hath been delivered as a bird out of the snares of the fowlers." *Laqueus contritus est, et nos liberati sumus.* "The snare is broken, and we are free." Let no earthly affection, even the holiest, dare to stand in the way. "Hitherto," said Francis to his father after stripping himself of all, "hitherto I have called you my father—henceforth I shall be able to cry with greater confidence, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.'" Just like that ancient monk of the desert who was told, "*Your Father is dead*;" and he answered, "Blaspheme not! My Father is Eternal."

Not that Francis or any other, in adopting the strictest discipline of perfection, is called upon to stifle the natural feelings of the heart. Grace does not destroy nature, it perfects it; but corrupt nature to be perfected must be chastened and restrained.

Yet did Francis really feel this parting as a sacrifice? Was not he a saint? And the saints have hard hearts. It is false. The hearts of the Saints are the most like to our Lord's own heart, and the Heart of Jesus is the tenderest and most loving of all hearts. St. Paul makes it his bitterest reproach against certain wicked men that they were "without affection"—*sine affectione*. The Son of Mary was not so, the Mother of Jesus was not so, Saint Francis was not so. Far otherwise. A close copy of our Lord Jesus Christ in everything, in nothing did he resemble his Divine model more closely than in the sweetness and tenderness of his loving heart.

True sanctity is always amiable, and never was saint more amiable than Saint Francis. Selfishness in all its forms and under all its disguises—and in all sin there is selfishness more or less ugly, more or less base—selfishness it is, and sin that disgust and sadden, while sanctity consoles and attracts. For sanctity is the emptying-out of self and putting on the Lord Jesus Christ. *Exinanivit semetipsum. Induimini Dominum Jesum Christum.* Now this emptying out of self, when perfect and perpetual, is that Poverty which Saint Francis wooed and wedded as his bride. Shame and suffering were her dowry. Poverty, shame, suffering—these were the portion of his choice. Poverty for the love of Jesus "Who, being rich, for our sake became poor"—shame for the love of Jesus who, "having joy set before Him, chose the cross, despising the shame"—suffering for the love of Jesus, who, "that He might sanctify us by His own blood, suffered." (Heb. xiii. 12).

For the love of Jesus. Yes, the heart is emptied out only to be filled. The heart is made to love the Infinite Good, and the more perfectly it is detached from the things that may attract it by some tiny particle of apparent good, the more impetuously does it yearn with all its affections after the only worthy object of its love. Hence that consuming love, incomprehensible utterly to us in our coldness and sinfulness, wherein the great heart of Saint Francis, nay almost his physical frame, his entire being, was ravished and dissolved. He could only love the little Child of Bethlehem; he could only glory in the cross of Christ Jesus crucified. 'Jesus my Love is crucified' was the plaint of his soul. His constant study and pastime were to ponder on the passion of Jesus, and his compassion was like that of Her who stood by the cross. Like to hers in kind, though of course immeasurably lower in degree; yet how immeasurably higher it was than aught that our frozen hearts can conceive, God wished to betray to us in part by the mystery of the stigmata of Saint Francis which the Church commemorates by a special festival in her Calendar.

From that rocky crest of the Apennines, Mount Alvernia, whereon he had not prayed like Moses on Mount Sinai, "Lord, show me Thy glory," but "Lord, show me Thy shame," and whereon he had suffered such great sorrow for the shame and torments of his crucified Lord that he himself was, not only in soul but in body, mystically crucified with Him—from that mount of pilgrimage Francis descended, not again like Moses from that other mountain with the Law graven by God's finger on two tables of stone, but bearing in his mortified flesh, traced there also by the finger of God, the sacred scars of crucifixion, symbols and mementoes of the new law of love. If Zachary had put to him the prophetic question, "What are these wounds in thy hands?" he might give with truth that strange answer which seems so sorrowfully untrue on the lips of Him Who was wounded for our sins: "With these I was wounded in the house of them who loved me." The Stigmata of St. Francis were indeed wounds of love, inflicted by the loving hand of Jesus to whose love he had given himself all. Oh! how unspeakably close and intimate must have been that union of love which the Heavenly Bridegroom sealed with such a seal!

Yes, St. Francis had indeed given himself all, all, to God. Yet not himself alone. For this seraphic ardour, this lifelong ecstasy

of love, this existence so preternatural, so ethereal, that it might seem to be placed here by mistake while its proper place would have been heaven—this unearthly life was led on this gross earth of ours by no austere recluse of the desert whose feet for long years had ceased to walk in the paths of men. No, this is a saint loving and beloved of many, living and toiling in the midst of us. This is not the voice of one crying in the wilderness, but of one conversing familiarly and winningly in the towns and hamlets and along the country roads, meek and humble and tender-hearted, for was he not the dear and faithful disciple of Him of the meek and humble Heart round Whom even the timid little children used to cluster affectionately as “He went about, doing good to all?”

Francis also went about, doing good to all, and gaining the hearts of young and old. This very tenderness of heart was part of the blessed spell which God made use of to draw souls to Himself by drawing them first around Francis. And how many souls has Francis thus given to God besides his own! For his own heart could not hold love enough to content his love. There was a battle in him between Humility and Zeal. Humility urged him to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling in the secure solitude of prayer and penance, whilst Zeal bade him join action to contemplation and strive to win back to Jesus the souls for which Jesus died. Zeal triumphed, and Humility did not suffer from her defeat. Saint Clare thus interpreted for her father and guide God’s will in this regard, confirming the prophecy of the leper whom early in his course he had nursed and cured and then sent to Heaven, and who from Heaven said to him—“Go forth and preach; blessed be thy words and works; many souls shall be saved through thee.” And forth he went, preaching Jesus crucified by word and work, and many souls were saved through him. Not alone the countless souls whom he allured to virtue and to Heaven by his own preaching and prayers and by the silent sway of his apostolic heart. Not alone those whom he sanctified as it were by personal contact, and for whom life spent near him must have seemed like that evening-walk to Emmaus when the hearts of the Disciples burned within them as Jesus talked with them by the way. Many souls indeed he thus gave to God. But one man can do so little, one voice is heard over so scanty a space, one life is so short. But what if

Saint Francis had traversed all regions and had lived on, doing good until now? He *has* traversed all regions, and he *has* lived on, even until now. He lives and works through those whom he trained in the school of the evangelical counsels and formed into a Religious Order perpetuated ever since in the Church of Christ. This is the First Order of St. Francis, the seraphic Order of Friars Minor which God blessed from the beginning with such marvellous fruitfulness that the third year saw St. Francis's twelve companions already multiplied into sixty monasteries; and ten years later the second General Chapter gathered together five thousand Religious. And this was nothing to their after development when in every town and village of the Old World, in every colony and half-formed settlement of the New, in all pagan lands where there was admittance for missionary or martyr, there the son of St. Francis was sure to be "about his father's business."

So for six hundred years and more St. Francis has toiled and suffered for God through his children, the members of that Order, rich in its poverty and in its humility illustrious, which under its Father's blessing has given such devoted service to God and His Church; which has given to the Church great theologians like our Duns Scotus, the triumphant champion of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and ascetic poets like the Blessed Jacopone da Todi for whom is claimed the glory of the *Stabat Mater*; which has given to the Church popes like Sixtus V. and cardinals like the venerable Francis Ximenes: Ximenes, one of the grandest characters that light up the sombre pages of history—Ximenes as consummate a statesman as Richelieu and at the same time as holy a bishop as St. Charles Borromeo—Ximenes as munificent a patron of learning as Lorenzo de Medici, and withal in his highest as in his lowest estate an humble and mortified son of St. Francis—Prime Minister of Ferdinand and Isabella, Viceroy of the great Emperor Charles V., Regent and Primate of Spain, and yet a Saint.

Of canonized Saints also the Order of St. Francis has given to the Church of God on earth and in heaven many more like St. Bonaventure, St. Joseph of Cupertino, St. Bernardino of Sienna, and that most popular of Saints, Anthony of Padua, and, above all, the queen of Franciscan Saints, St. Clare. She it was, that maiden of Assisi, young, beautiful and high-born, who was chosen

by God and his seraphic servant to be Foundress of the Second Order of St. Francis, called from her name "Poor Clares." This is another great gift from St. Francis to God; for, remember, we are still answering that first question "What has Francis of Assisi given to God?" He gave to God his spiritual daughter Clare, and with her all the bands of holy Virgins who in the innumerable convents of her Order have led, and are leading at this hour, and will lead until the last Poor Clare shall have gained her lily and her crown, secret happy lives of heavenly contemplation and angelic purity amidst privations and austerities beyond the endurance not only of their sex but of their nature—austerities not needed by themselves for expiation or preservation, yet needed to appease God's anger against a wicked world that shrinks from the penance which it needs.

But Saint Francis knew that in our Father's house there are many mansions, and that "all do not receive this word but they to whom it is given;" whereas not to a chosen few but to all are those other words spoken, "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments." He wished, therefore, to help *all* to carry more cheerfully the sweet yoke and the light burden which often, through our own fault, seem to us bitter and heavy. And accordingly—so we are told in that wonderful little book the *Fioretti di San Francesco* or "Little Flowers of Saint Francis," one of the purest and most exquisite Italian classics and therefore untranslatable, but nevertheless turned into admirable English by Lady Georgiana Fullerton of holy memory—we read there that one day the holy Father Francis preached with such fervour that the inhabitants of the town wished to follow him out of devotion. But Saint Francis would not allow them, saying, "Do not be in such haste. You need not leave your homes. I will tell you what you must do to save your souls." Thereupon he founded the Third Order for the salvation of all; and, leaving them much consoled and well disposed to do penance, he went from thence. Thus did Saint Francis yearn to give *all* souls in all states as a gift to the Lord who had made them all and who had bought them (though his own) at a great price. And as the First Order and the Second Order provided the means of salvation and sanctification for the few fortunate souls whether among the brethren of Jesus or the daughters of Mary who by circumstances and disposition and the special graces of God might be enabled to shelter them-

selves in the haven of Religion : so, in establishing the secular Confraternity of the Third Order, Saint Francis in his universal charity consulted for the mass of christians whose appointed lot it is to be in the world if not of it, and to whom social ties and duties and other signs of God's will interdict any nearer approach to that standard of perfection, "*Sell all thou hast and follow Me.*"

In all the good wrought by all these instruments of good, in all the graces dispensed through all these channels of grace, Saint Francis of Assisi has his part. He has worked, he is working, for a Master who overlooks no service and who gives abundantly in return for whatever little is given to Him with ever so little love. But with generous souls, oh ! that Master is generous. And if He assures a recompense for even a cup of cold water given in His name, what for a soul ?—a soul given to Him in life and then for all eternity ; one's own soul, first of all, the only soul whose lot is in the hands of each. But what for a soul like the seraphic soul of Francis ? What for all the souls, the least precious of them more precious in the mind of God than all the gold and diamonds of a thousand worlds, and these given in myriads to God through the labours of the holy Institutes which St. Francis gave to the Church for ever, and which she uses so well in applying the fruits of Redemption to generation after generation of souls over all the earth ?

Over all the earth and here at home. Yes, Saint Francis has long been at work among us. Hardly was the Order established when the Friars Minor made their way into the little Island which must then have seemed so far away from Rome and the mountain valleys of Umbria. And mark the epoch of Irish History at which Saint Francis was born into this sad and sinful world. Just two years after the death of our Patriot Saint, Laurence O'Toole, and ten years after the Second Henry sailed across St. George's Channel. Poor Ireland has had need ever since of the Patron Saint of Poverty. Might not she be named the Saint Francis of the Nations, "the poor little one of Christ," as St. Francis called himself with a meek contempt—*Poverello di Cristo*—the martyr land of the poverty and faith of Jesus, marked (she also) with the blessed stigmas of her crucified Saviour. Poverty and patience and loyalty to the faith of the Holy Church—these are the Virtues which St. Francis dying urged upon his children. These are the virtues which Catholic Ireland preaches,

and which by the grace of God, Who turns to His own account the malice of men, Catholic Ireland has practised. In this, too, Saint Francis has had his share, and God will reward for it him and his. Saint Francis, Saint of the poor and suffering, pray for Ireland.

And now that we have attempted some answer to that question, "What has Francis of Assisi given to God?" we have also begun the answer to that further question "What has God given to Saint Francis?" That which the creature gives is the Creator's gift before it can be given. Our very desire of giving back what God has first given to us is itself a gift of God. Yet He deigns to receive with gratitude that which was always His own, which it would be robbery to keep, which it is not generosity but justice to restore. With those who go beyond justice God goes beyond generosity. "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come follow Me." *Thou shalt have treasure in heaven.* Yes, this phrase of our text we have reserved till now: for this is what God gives to Saint Francis—Heaven, a Saint's share of Heaven, the Heaven due to such a Saint. *Treasure in Heaven.* Every little act of love done for God, every little toil endured for God, every little sacrifice made for God, every little pain borne for God on earth, toil and sacrifice and pain made bearable at the instant and even delightful by the grace of God and the hope and foretaste of Heaven. But this is true for everyone of us. And if for those who have done least for God, and toiled and suffered and loved least, if for the lowest in Heaven, Heaven be what eye has never seen and heart has never conceived—if our Heaven be such, what is the Heaven of Saint Francis? *Thou shalt have treasure in Heaven—come, follow Me!* "Follow Me not through my poverty only and my toils and my humiliations and my sufferings, but follow Me into the joys and glories of Heaven—follow Me whithersoever I go. O! good and faithful servant, because thou hast given Me all the little thou hadst to give, I will give to thee, not all that I have to give but all that I can give thee—because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things, enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

Nor did God wait for Heaven to place his good and faithful Servant, Francis, over many things. He was placed in power

over the material world, over the birds of the air, over the wild beasts of the desert, better still over his own heart and all its passions and desires, over the hearts of his fellow-men. He softened the hardest hearts, he enlightened the darkest minds, he tamed the fiercest, he warmed the coldest. He might have made his Master's words his own : " I am come to cast fire upon earth and what will I but that it be kindled ? " The mysterious symbols of his Saviour's love which it was given to him to bear outwardly were less marvellous than his inner gifts of sanctity. But though " the Kingdom of God is within " and " it is good to hide the King's secret," the King himself may divulge his secrets, and he is wont to exalt them who humble themselves like our humble Saint. Enshrined from the first in the innermost heart of the Church, first of all the Saint Francises, the " Saint Francis " who is meant when no distinctive title is added, there is hardly a name in the Calendar of the canonised Servants of God crowned with a brighter halo or pursued with the homage of so many hearts. Especially dear he has always been to those dearest favourites of the Heart of Jesus, the virtuous poor ; and he was the patron saint of many of those among the Saints who have had to labour for their crown since he had gained his. That is now six hundred and forty one years ago ; and still Saint Francis is almost as intimately known and revered as lovingly as he was by Brother Leo or the gentle Saint Clare. He is not forgotten like the great men of his day who would have looked down upon him with scorn, could they have adverted to his existence. Even of human fame what tribute has the most famous amongst them to compare with that eleventh Canto of the *Paradise* of Dante where the sublimest of all poets but one has deemed the story of Francis a fit theme for the austere grandeur of his genius ? In painting also, the early Umbrian school of Italian Art is consecrated by its associations with the Seraph of Assisi. Again, as the adventurous discoverer of unknown regions may name them after the monarch whose munificence has encouraged the enterprise, even so the missionaries of Saint Francis have hallowed with his name more than one spot on which they were the first to plant the standard of the Cross. Thus the very goldseeker of California honours the Patriarch's memory without thinking of it : for one of the future, if not actual, capitals of the world bears his name, and near to San

Francisco is Santa Clara,—Francis and Clare.

Mere human fame, however, would but darken the lustre of the Blessed. The accidental glory of the Saints is not increased by any such barren remembrance, but by this that their memory is a cheering beacon to the wayfarer who is still far from the home which *they* have reached. It is for this that their memory lives in the heart of the Church. The Church of God never forgets, as God himself forgets never. She thinks of all her children—those who have finished their journey and are safe at home, but more of those who are still toiling along their way. She holds us all in her heart. Her heart is large enough for all: for her heart throbs with the life and with the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. And to-day she bids us allow this joyful commemoration of the virtues and glories of her great Saint Francis to be for us what it is meant to be, the source and occasion of many graces. We may use it specially as a reminder and as a protest—as a reminder of Gospel maxims we are all too apt to ignore in practice, and as a protest against the worldliness and paganism of this respectable purse-proud Nineteenth Century with whose spirit we may all, even in the most secure vocations, be partially infected. In one of the most brilliant organs of educated opinion in these countries I noticed some years ago what would be styled a “clever article” on the Dead Virtues. And what, think you, were these Dead Virtues but the Evangelical Counsels of Perfection, Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience? These virtues dead! Yes, they *are* dead for *them*, for they themselves are dead. They are dead for all who are dead to supernatural life, who are alien to the faith and the spirit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But they are *not* dead, they are *living* in the living Church of Jesus, for “Jesus being risen from the dead dieth now no more,” and His Word passeth not away, and His counsels and His commands endure.

Saint Francis has his message for each: for one to cling yet closer to God and therefore to keep further away from the occasions of sin—for another to bear more cheerfully the crosses and hardships of life, remembering that such crosses and hardships are not real sorrows or afflictions, but only the little flowers of Calvary to be gathered with joy and laid with love upon the altar of Mary the Mother of Sorrows and Comfortress of the Afflicted. But St. Francis’s message for all of us is to try

henceforth to love and serve better our good God whom even St. Francis himself did not love or serve too well.

No, not only in the important crises which occur in some lives, but in the difficulties little or great which beset the daily course of all lives, in our temptations, in our trials, in the ordinary petty sacrifices which Duty constantly imposes, *we* must never—no, never!—*turn away sad*, but turn always, even in our sadness, to Jesus, refusing Him nothing that He has a right to expect from us. He does not expect too much. He knows how poor we are and how weak. But at least He expects us to abstain from the evil things He has forbidden and to do the good things He has commanded. He expects us to rejoice generously, and to help when we can, in all the good done by others, however much their calling may differ from ours. And, above all, He expects us, according to our graces and our circumstances and the allotted duties of our various states in life,—He expects us to serve Him our Lord and our God and to save our souls. And now (to make the last words of St. Clare's Testament our last words also) let us bow our knees before the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in order that, through the merits and prayers of the glorious Virgin Mary His Mother, and of our seraphic Father St. Francis and of all the Saints, our Lord who has given us a good commencement may give us the accomplishment, and may give us also in time final perseverance, and, after a happy death—Heaven!*

M. B.

* These things were said in the Church of the Franciscan Fathers, Limerick, some thirty years ago—an instance, let us trust, of "the survival of the fittest."

THE OLD MISSION CHURCHES OF CALIFORNIA.

THIS land is the land of the new :
 New gold in the depths of the hills,
 New gold in the opulent sun,
 The sweep of the heaven that fills ;

New gold in the poppies ablaze,
 New gold on the cheek of the peach,
 And the grapes, as they heavily hang,
 Hold the gold of the Summer in each.

New blessings for all who will strive,
 New life of each breath is a part,
 New happiness waits for the young,
 New hope for the weary of heart.

And here, in this land of the new,
 How strange and how silent they stand,
 With the touch of the finger of time,
 And the hint of a far-away land.

They link the strong heart of to-day,
 With its plans for the ultimate good,
 With those whose least work was a prayer
 Unguerdoned and misunderstood.

And the silence of years breaks in song
 Of the days that can never grow old,
 Of the fight against darkness and sin,
 And the souls gathered into the fold.

Of the loneliness far, far from home,
 Of the hearts that grew old in the strife,
 And joyfully counted as loss
 The hope and the sweetness of life.

The past and the present are one,
 And one is the war that we wage,
 And one is the Lord over all,
 Unchanging from age unto age.

SARAH KEPPEL VICKERY.

San Francisco, December, 1897.

EX LIBRIS WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

BOOKS in Shakspeare's estimation, and amongst his immediate friends, might have been for the most part regarded as common property,—indeed the notion is not yet altogether extinct. If it was so, it may be thought somewhat fantastical to imagine, that Shakspeare, whilst still a player, had any extensive library of his own at his lodgings in the vicinity of the Globe Theatre. But if he had, it would be by no means difficult even yet to catalogue the whole of it, though the books which it contained have so long been scattered to the winds. The Plays themselves contain such a catalogue, for from them we can conjecture with no little certainty the books their author must have had access to. On the shelves of such a library we see Ovid, Plautus, Plutarch, Seneca, Ariosto—in the original or in translations. Uhaucer must have been there too in some form, and, together with Holinshed, a fair selection of old Plays and Romances whose titles are well known to us.

But the book above the rest, which for the present purpose has attracted our attention, is the *Enchiridion* and *Discourses* of Epictetus; whether the copy was Shakspeare's own, or borrowed from a friend and not returned, as the fashion has ever been, it were idle to inquire. However, it is plainly our business to give some reasons for thinking that the best of the old stoic philosophers had his own place amongst Shakspeare's books, because we do not now intend to explain the philosophy itself, so much as to point out Shakspeare's use and opinion of it. At the same time, as Epictetus is not so well known now-a-days as he formerly was, it may be necessary to say something in detail as to his writings and himself.

Yet of both everything can be said in a few words. A slave of Epaphroditus, the courtier of Nero, in extreme poverty, and a cripple, whose whole possessions amounted to a bed, a water-jug, and a small lamp, Epictetus lived his life in Rome about the time when Christianity first took root there. We know little else of this uneventful life. The philosophy which sustained it, can be as briefly described. It consists in a few simple rules, the efficacy of which lies in an heroic application as occasion requires

It is thus introduced in the *Enchiridion*. "Of things, some are in our power and others not. In our power are opinion, pursuit, desire, aversion, and, in one word, whatever are our own actions; not in our power, are body, property, reputation, command, and, in one word, whatever are not our own actions."

Epiotetus deduces from this, that the opinions we form about things are absolutely in our own power, so that, if we form happy opinions, we shall be happy, and if unhappy opinions, unhappy. External occurrences, or things not in our power, are in themselves supremely indifferent, and incapable of making us unhappy *in themselves*. It is solely the opinion which we form about them that afflicts us. Again externals are neither good nor evil of themselves; for good and evil consists solely in the way we regard outward things, which are not in our power. Hence human happiness is reduced by Epiotetus in its essential being to happy thinking. Shakspeare sums up the whole of this doctrine of Epiotetus in Hamlet's remark to Rosencrantz (Act II., Sc. ii.) Hamlet calls Denmark "a prison and one of the worst of them." His friend replies: "We think not so, my Lord." To which Hamlet retorts: "Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but *thinking* makes it so: to me it is a prison!"

A further illustration of this same fundamental principle in the doctrine of Epiotetus is to be found in the play of *Richard II.* (Act I., Sc. iii.) The scene is a mere expansion of Chapter XXII. of the *Enchiridion*. John of Gaunt seeks to console his son on going into exile. "All places," he says, "that the eye of heaven visits are to a wise man ports and happy havens. *Think* not the King did banish thee, but thou the King." The whole passage would repay perusal in connection with the corresponding words of Epiotetus. "When you see any one weeping for grief, either that his son is going abroad, or dead, or that he hath suffered in his affairs, take heed that the appearance may not hurry you away with it. But immediately make the distinction in your own mind, and have it ready to say: "It is not the accident itself that distresses this person, but the opinion which he forms about it."

In Bolingbroke's answer to his father's argument, Shakspeare appears to point out a weakness in the philosophy of Epiotetus. "Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand by *thinking* on the fresty

Caucasus?" as if he said in effect "There may be some things which depend, for their influence upon us, on the way we view them, but there are others, which, independently of our thinking, have power to injure us." Epictetus would have had a readier answer to this appeal to matter of fact on the part of Bolingbroke, than the Duke, his father, seemed prepared to offer, so suddenly does he change the subject. The famous soliloquy of Jaques in *As You Like It*. (Act II., Sc. vii., 139) has a counterpart in the twenty-third chapter of the *Enchiridion*; "Remember that you are an actor in a drama of such a kind as the author pleases to make it. If short, of a short one; if long, of a long one. If it be his pleasure you should act a poor man, a cripple, a governor, or a private person, see that you act it naturally. For this is your business, to act well the character assigned you; to choose it is another's."

How full, too, is the play of *Julius Cæsar* of this old-world philosophy! But of all the reminiscences of Epictetus in the plays, the most important is perhaps the light thrown by his Discourses on Shakspeare's use of the word 'fancy' in such plays as *The Merchant of Venice* or *Twelfth Night*. Here the word 'fancy' is used in its primary sense; that is, as Epictetus employs it in its Greek original *phantasia*, or as the schoolmen use the word 'imagination,' which is a translation of the Greek equivalent.

By the *phantasia* or 'fancy' is meant, in the primary sense of the word, that faculty, which receives and preserves the *outward shows* or *appearances* of things, as they are actually impressed upon the senses by the external objects around us. For instance the sun *appears* to the eye to move from east to west. The reason corrects this *impression* on the sense faculty. Epictetus and Shakspeare would style such an *appearance* 'fancy.' Or again, a stick in water appears to be bent: it is the *reason* which corrects this 'fancy.' These are the impressions made upon the senses, and these 'shapes' or 'sense-images' make up the *phantasia* or *fancy*. Now the use of *appearances* of this kind is common to the brute as well as to man; but an animal is guided alone by these *appearances* or *fancies*, and follows them instinctively. On the other hand to man belongs a *rational* or intelligent use of the 'outward shows,' and he plays a man's part in proportion as he follows reason, and corrects *appearances*. The Discourses of Epictetus are largely occupied with advice as to the right use

of *appearances*, or sense-impressions. For instance, in Book I., 6, we are told, that use is one thing, and understanding another; that God has constituted animals to follow 'fancies' or the 'outward shows,' but that men are formed to *understand* the use of them and to discriminate the true from the seeming.

To correct the fancy is thus the main object of a rational being, Epictetus adds: "Each of the animals is constituted either for food or husbandry, or to produce milk, or some other like use, and for these purposes, what need is there of *understanding* the appearances of things, and being able to make distinctions concerning them? But God hath introduced man as a spectator of Himself and His works; and not only as a spectator, but an interpreter of them. It is therefore shameful that man should begin and end where irrational creatures do. God has put into the power of man this most excellent faculty of reason whereby he is enabled to make a right use of the *seeming* of things." In *The Merchant of Venice* the choice of the caskets was a device designed by the father of the heiress of Belmont to discover a wise husband for his daughter, according to the philosopher's maxim. A successful choice could only be made by a man who, instead of irrationally following appearances or fancies, had learnt how to interpret them aright.

Epictetus has a great deal to say about this choice of a wise man with regard to fancy. In this he places ultimately the essence of wisdom and prudence. "If you ask me," he says (Book I., 8) "what is the good of man: I have nothing else to say to you, but that it is a certain regulation of the choice, with regard to the fancy or appearances of things as impressed on the senses." Hence Bassanio says, after he has heard the song 'tell me where is fancy bred?'—"So may the outward shows be least themselves; the world is still deceived by ornament." In Bassanio, at last, Portia had met a good and a wise man who understood and interpreted the sense-impressions and fancies; instead of following them like an irrational creature.

The idea of making the proper use of the appearances of things the motive of a play may have been suggested to Shakspeare by a passage in the twenty-eighth chapter of the Discourses (Book I.) After pointing out that Agamemnon and Achilles in following their fancies, instead of reason, suffered many things. Epictetus adds: "And what Tragedy hath any other

original? The Atreus of Euripides, what is it? Fancy. The *Ædipus* of Sophocles? Fancy. The Phoenix? The Hippolytus? All fancy. To what character, then, doth it belong, think you, to take no care of this point? What are they called, who, when some fancy strikes them, instantly act conformably to it, instead of correcting the outward appearances of things by reason? Madmen. Do we then behave any otherwise?"

It is thus that the Discourses of Epictetus throw a flood of light on the distinction between reason and fancy. Shakspeare seems to have been full of the subject about this time, for he followed up *The Merchant of Venice* with a play which turns solely on the use of fancy. Orsino and Olivia in *Twelfth Night* are mere creatures of fancy to start with; the play tells us how they each gradually learned wisdom, and a right use of mere sense-impressions. Olivia following the 'outward shows' of things, becomes enamoured of Viola, a maiden dressed as a youth. Orsino recognises 'how full of shapes is fancy,' yet he is at first the slave of each. A comedy in this case was the result—though more often, alas! such a condition of affairs leads to tragedy. One word more—whilst seeing so much of Epictetus in Shakspeare's plays, we do not forget that the dramatist might also have derived his fondness for stoic philosophy from the incomparable letters of Seneca.

JOSEPH DARLINGTON, S.J.

CREATORI AQUARUM.

HARK! from waterless Bethulia rises Judith's cry :
 " God, Oreator of the waters, show us clemency.
 God of heaven, Lord Almighty, by whom all is made,
 God, Oreator of the waters, hasten to our aid ! "

As she prayed, so prays creation—man, and beast, and bird—
 God, Oreator of the waters, Thou hast ever heard.
 All, of which Thou art the Maker, in Thy tenderness,
 God, Oreator of the waters, Thou dost love and bless.

When the corn and vines are drooping in the thirsty plain,
 God, Oreator of the waters, Thou dost send the rain.
 Bleating flocks and lowing cattle, on the river banks,
 God, Oreator of the waters, bless Thee with their thanks.

Sandiest desert hath *one* fountain—eastern pilgrims tell—
 God, Oreator of the waters, giver of the well ;
 Arid moor hath water trickling down some mossy rift :
 God, Oreator of the waters, 'tis Thy wayside gift.

In the dark depths of the forest, where they dare not sing—
 God, Oreator of the waters, birds will find some spring.
 Leopard-tracked, the stag of Hermon upward ever mounts—
 God, Oreator of the waters, to its crystal founts.

Health, and life, translucent beauty, joy to ear and eye,
 God, Oreator of the waters, in Thy creature lie.
 Yet, I thirst, and as the hart thirsts when the leopards chase :
 God, Oreator of the waters, fountain of all grace !

I will find that other fountain in that other land—
 God, Oreator of the waters, Thou dost understand.
 Thou dost understand my longing for that saving flood,
 God, Oreator of the waters, giver of Thy Blood !

Not to palm-tree fountain guide me, guide me to the Rood—
 God, Oreator of the waters, to the Precious Blood.
 Lo ! my soul with sin most grievous is all scarlet-hued :
 God, Oreator of the waters, cleanse me with Thy Blood.

All was shed for my redemption, for my life, my food—
 God, Creator of the waters, all the Precious Blood.
 Better gift than that which honoured Mary's Motherhood—
 God, Creator of the waters, give Thy Precious Blood.

Into wine the water reddened, when that Mother wooed :
 God, Creator of the waters, now we drink Thy Blood.
 Wash me, feed me, Saviour! save me—turn my bad to good,
 God, Creator of the waters, with the Precious Blood.

To the Christian's Land of Promise mounts Christ's multitude,
 God, Creator of the waters, through the Precious Blood.
 There, by saints and angels ever be the song renew'd,
 God, Creator of the waters, to the Precious Blood!

K. D. B.

MRS. JACK GROGAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

JACK GROGAN'S dinner, without its host, had gone off well. His friend, Mr. Needham, had taken care of *that*; and it was Jack who "sat up," when the day after Miss Charlotte's accident, running round to Bonner's to tip one or two of his particular friends among the waiters, the supplementary bill for wine was handed to him. "The young gentlemen made a night of it," one of these gentlemen explained with an apologetic grin, seeing perhaps his patron's crestfallen face.

They must certainly have made a night of it. Jack, in his first indignation, made up his mind to have it out with them. "Confound the fellows," he said to himself as he emptied his pockets—"If I don't give it to them hot and strong!" And then he walked home, for once not whistling, to pour out his woes to Kit.

Kit's summing up was to the point. "I don't call it honest," she cried, "it wasn't honest, and you trusting them, Jack."

"I don't know about that. I said to Needham he was to see the chaps got what they wanted,"

"But, Jack, he knew you could not afford that." Kit looked in dismay at the bit of paper in her hand.

"I don't know about that," Jack repeated, "I'd told them about old Wynbroke, you see."

"But it's taken about all you get in the quarter," Kitty remonstrated.

"Well, of course, I didn't tell 'em the sum," Jack apologised; but the word "quarter" had turned the current of his thoughts. "There's no use worrying, crying over spilt milk. The thing's done and can't be undone, a couple of months and we'll be in clover again. Mrs. Tite'll let us go on tick."

Kit shook her head. "It's hard on Mrs. Tite; she pays as she goes. It wasn't honest, and I can't help saying it, Jack."

Jack was beating the floor with his foot; suddenly he turned and faced his wife, a half comical gleam in his eyes. "Look here, Mrs. Kit; you're fond of the truth, and I won't say if I had been there myself, it mightn't have been a shade or two worse." He pushed his hands through his curly hair.

"Oh, Jack!"

"Oh, Kit!" her husband mimicked, "it's true, and what you've got to do is to swallow it, young woman. When a fellow's enjoying himself, he doesn't think of much else, and that's the truth. I was mad as a hatter with Ned and the whole lot of 'em, but——" Jack shrugged his shoulders with expression.

"They ought to think," Kit said with decision, (she was still holding the crumpled wine bill, as if she had not courage to let it drop); then, "What will Mr. Hammond say?"

"Hammond? What's Hammond got to do with it?" Jack asked. "Hammond's not my Father-confessor."

"I didn't know," Kit returned humbly, "I thought, maybe, he would want to know what you did with all the money. Oh, Jack, you won't let Ned Needham give a dinner for you again?"

"Not if you'll undertake that Miss Oharlotte's not to smash herself up again. Look here, Kit, I'll get one of the swells from the Hospital to come round and meet that duffer they picked up in the street. Not that he didn't do his work well, but Cartwright's the man."

"You'd maybe affront him," Kit, still standing, with bill in hand, suggested.

"Affront him, by getting Cartwright to meet him! He's not

such a fool. 'Met Cartwright this morning in consultation'—his patients 'll hear of it, I bet you a five pound note."

"You haven't got it to bet," Kit said with directness, but an idea came into her head. "Look here, Jack, let Ned Needham and the others pay half the bill."

Jack burst into a guffaw. "Kit, you little fool," he pulled the bit of paper out of her hand, "the fellows did as they were told, and that's enough," but the young man's face was almost as rueful as his wife's, as he sat dangling his legs from the table and reading the items.

At the Hospital, among Jack Grogan's set, the dinner was the talk of the week; the young fellow's income was multiplied, in imagination, by ten, and he found himself treated with consideration even by men he didn't know.

"You went it the other night," was his only reproach to his friends, his only hint that he thought they had erred on the side of extravagance—the laws of hospitality could not be outraged.

"Thought we let ourselves out a bit?" Mr. Ned Needham inquired—perhaps not feeling altogether at ease.

"Oh, I'm glad the fellows enjoyed themselves," Jack returned with heartiness, "they tell me you were first-rate" (Mr. Needham had established himself in the chair).

"Well, we gave you all the honours, drank your health with a three times three, old chap, and the missus into the bargain. See here, you must give us another dinner, old fellow, and let's see you at the head of the table, yourself."

Jack, thinking of his empty pockets, could not restrain a little grimace. "That '*pour autre* time,' as Frenchie says, I'm about cleared out."

"That's the time to go it," Needham returned cheerfully. "Money in one's pocket keeps up a fellow's principle. No money no principle, say I."

Jack laughed. "It'd do you good to have a wife to preach to you, old man. It'll be cold victuals and ginger beer with us to the end of the session."

Jack Grogan's empty pockets, however, did not trouble him long. He resigned himself to the inevitable and his landlady's tender mercies.

"I thought that had come to an end, Mr. Jack," the lady said with severity when he came to borrow his first half-sovereign.

"You've a wife depending on you now, sir."

"That doesn't prevent me depending on you, Mrs. Tite," Jack responded in coaxing tones, "unless, indeed, you'd rather I went to my relative, my respected uncle up the Harrow Road."

"Uncle! Get out with you, Sir. Don't you be running off there; that's a beginning that never comes to an end. There's women I've known——." Mrs. Tite's pause was impressive.

"Never mind about the women, they'll get their deserts, no doubt about it; but you wouldn't refuse a fellow a sovereign who's had his pocket picked?"

"Oh, Jack," Kit remonstrated, while, "you've been to the police?" came from Mrs. Tite.

Jack answered Kitty's exclamation with, "upon my word, it's next thing to the truth," and with the next breath assured his landlady, that if he had not yet put the police on the track, it was because he did not wish the father of a family or the son of a widowed mother to be put into quod on his account. "'Who steals my purse steals trash.' I never need to ask you, Mrs. Tite, if you know the maxims of the immortal Will. I'd pine away myself if I thought of the other fellow pining behind his prison bars. Kit and I respect the liberty of the British subject, don't we, Kit?"

"I don't believe you ever lost your purse at all, Mr. Jack," Mrs. Tite said, eyeing her lodger with suspicion.

"Right you are, ma'am, here's the purse," Jack produced it from his pocket, "but where's the money? Come, Mrs. Tite, that sovereign. If you don't fish it out, I'll dance a breakdown that'll bring the whole place about your ears."

"And send Miss Charlotte to her grave. I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Jack."

"She's not there yet, and what's more to the purpose she's not going there. Miss Woodham 'll pull through," Mr. Grogan responded lightly.

"I asked the doctor myself, sir, and he said it'd be a shave," Mrs. Tite shook her head.

"Just so, a shave; but we're going to pull her through, we're not going to have Miss Amelia like Lord Ullan's daughter, left lamenting on our shores. My first patient is to do me credit, and to do Pear-tree Lane credit. Why, the carriages 'll come rolling up, 'the great Dr. Grogan at home?' 'the celebrated

Dr. G. to be consulted to-day ?” They’ll put a tablet over the door, ‘John Matthew Grogan lived here.’ Carlyle and Cheyne Row ’ll be nowhere, Mrs. Tite.”

“I’d give all I have to have your spirits, Mr. Jack, and what wouldn’t that poor thing, Miss Amelia, down stairs, give for a touch of them this minute ?” Mrs. Tite shook her head.

“Miss Woodham’s going to get all right, don’t you be afraid,” Jack Grogan said with more gravity. “We see heaps of such things up at the Hospital, and Miss Charlotte’s a good subject, as they say. A couple of months, and you’ll see her about again.”

“A couple of months !” Mrs. Tite held her breath.

“A couple of months,” Jack Grogan repeated, “and if Miss Charlotte hadn’t been Miss Charlotte, you might have added another number.”

Jack Grogan was right, Miss Charlotte Woodham was to pull through, and the young fellow himself was to contribute not a little to her recovery. “What we should have done without him, I don’t know,” Miss Amelia told Mr. Hammond every time he came to the Lane. When Miss Amelia’s bandages had to be changed ; when her position became irksome and she begged to be moved ; when there was panic in Miss Charlotte’s heart and signs of a rising temperature, Jack was there to doctor and comfort ; and when Miss Charlotte was, at last, lifted to the sofa, it was Jack who lifted her there. But the little ladies, if they had known it, owed him more than this. It was Jack who suggested to their surgeon to call in the still greater man, Mr. Cartwright in consultation, and it was Jack who made the story of the two sisters so interesting, that the great man pooh-poohed the idea of a fee, and pushed it back into Miss Amelia’s hand with a smile that won her heart for life.

It was Jack too who had—in the darkest days—kept Miss Amelia from despair by his reiterated assurance that Miss Woodham would pull through. “She’ll get all right, you’ll see, Miss Amelia. Cartwright says so, and *he* knows. That other chap’s all right, but take my word for it he was born first cousin to an undertaker, he can’t help croaking.” Miss Amelia would smile, comforted.

Miss Amelia herself, poor little soul, was to prove the truth of a saying of Mrs. Tite’s (to Tite) that it was Miss Charlotte

being the elder sister and used to take the lead in things that made the difference between the ladies. "If Miss Charlotte wasn't there, you'd see what you'd see, Tite. Miss Amelia's not wanting in head-piece, but used like to trusting to Miss Charlotte."

In those days, of adversity the little ladies' friends gathered round them. It was wonderful what a popular little couple they proved to be. Soups, jellies, fruit, flowers, poured in. Anthony Hammond sent wine.

Kitty Grogan had many a run to the Wharf with dainties, that would not keep, or that did not commend themselves to Miss Charlotte's appetite. It was an ill-wind that blew nobody good, old Enhew quoted to her.

Kitty was Miss Amelia's right hand; a quiet little presence always there, watchful, gentle, sympathising in a fashion that appealed to Miss Amelia's heart, whose own eyes filled when she saw the girl's swim in unshed tears when a moan or stifled cry came from the sufferer. Kitty, too, was so obedient, never arguing the question like Mrs. Tite, who had her own ideas as to how an invalid should be treated, and many a reminiscence of accidents of the same kind that had ended tragically for the greater part.

"You're a ghoul, Mrs. Tite," Jack Grogan, overhearing some of these tales, would cry, and hurrying her out of the room, to Miss Amelia's relief, by the shoulders.

It was Kit who, as a matter of course, when Miss Charlotte's consciousness had returned, and every noise was as a stab to the poor brain, "tackled" (as Jack put it) the Recluse and his canary. No one else in the Lane would have dared, Mrs. Tite maintained, to hint that his bird could make a noise. "Those that once heard *his* tongue didn't want to hear it again," she affirmed. Kitty, however, reported him as civil, and the canary disappeared until Miss Charlotte was about again.

Kit, from the day that Miss Charlotte was said to have taken the turn, divided Miss Amelia's vigils; and, when, at last, danger was past, she spent long hours in the still darkened room, rosary in hand, while Miss Amelia took up her lessons again.

Miss Charlotte, a bandage still over her eyes, could hear the drop of each bead as, one by one, they slipped through Kitty's fingers to join their fellows in her lap. Sometimes she would ask for the Aves to be said aloud, and came to love the rough Northern

accent. And, when change was ordered, and Anthony Hammond insisted that his old friend was to be taken to his cottage, and there was a question as to how Miss Amelia was to leave her pupils, it was Kitty who, in fear and trepidation, was chosen to be Miss Charlotte's companion, and to be "feet to the lame and eyes to blind," as Miss Charlotte herself put it.

Anthony was, perhaps, the instigator of this plan. It was he, at any rate, who hinted to Miss Amelia that a frock or two might be needed, Mr. Wynbroke had given him *carte blanche*, he said, to provide for the young couple, and whatever was necessary for Mrs. Grogan he trusted to Miss Amelia to get, and handed her a cheque for fifty pounds with the one proviso, "For God's sake use your own taste, Amelia. I suppose you couldn't get rid of that fringe, but I recommend a new hat. She won't need a garden on her head at the Cottage."

Jack liked something gay, poor Kitty hinted, when Miss Amelia suggested a soft black grenadine, and a ribbon or two for the evening frock; but she was docile as usual, and I am not sure whether Jack or she was the happier, when, the day before the short journey, the treasures were displayed, before the packing.

Fifty pounds in the hands of a Miss Amelia go a long way. The dressing-gown, the dressing-jacket, the various etceteras of toilette, once almost unknown to Kitty, the well-made slippers, the well-out gloves, the pretty handkerchiefs; Miss Lucy Needham, who had dropped in, looked at them with envy.

"By Jove, you'll be a stunner," Jack cried, as he curled a length of ribbon round his finger, "but," Jack had the antipathy so many men have to black, in his opinion "the dress might have been smarter."

"Might have had a little more style about it," Miss Needham criticised. "Why, at Garrould's, in the road, I saw a pink silk, with chiffon, going for what you may call a song. It was a bit faded, to be sure, but then it had—style."

"It has a silk petticoat, a black silk petticoat," poor Kitty cried with anxiety, as she almost turned her grenadine inside out to display its various beauties.

"I wouldn't wear a black dress, myself," Miss Needham went on, "but then I'm one who thinks a woman ought to make the best of herself."

"Miss Amelia," Kit began, looking to Jack for help, and Jack, who had been inwardly fuming, was ready for the occasion.

"You're dark, Kit's fair, you see, Miss Lucy. That makes the difference. Any painter-fellow will tell you black sets off a fair skin."

Miss Needham bridled. "There's no accounting for tastes, Mr. Grogan, but, black or white, I like a bit of style."

Jack encountered Kit's reproachful eyes, and made his apology. "And you carry your precept into practice, and no mistake about that," he gazed with pretended admiration at what he called Miss Lucy's "turn out."

"Jack," Kitty said—the cab was at the door, the day of her departure come—"I'm scared." She clung to her husband as if she had been parting from him for a twelvemonth.

It was not easy for Jack, who had never known what shyness was, to enter into her feelings. "Scared! Kit, anybody would think you were a baby. Where's the good of being scared? And, look here, I'll be down on Saturday."

But all the rest of the day Kit's eyes, swimming in tears, haunted the young husband.

CHAPTER XVII.

Two generations dragged out—not lived—on alien soil had failed to make Saxons of Jack Grogan's landlady's family. Mrs. Tite thought little of the English! "A cold lot," she would confide to her husband, "a cold lot, and small wonder when you've said it. Go into one of their churches (and I'm not going to deny that I *have* gone into one of them just to look at a marriage) and you'll find yourself frozen to the very backbone, to your very marrow, as the saying is. Live all your life with nothing better than an iceberg, (Mrs. Tite pronounced it 'berge') and you'll see whether you get frozen up or not. Bless you, Tite, many's the time I've heard my grandfather say it, *Protestants don't know what a bit of warmth is*. And its catching; I never knew the Englishman yet (no offence meant to you, Tite) that wasn't a bit that way, the least taste in the world, you may say, of the same disease, 'the poker down the back,' as the saying is. Not that

you're not better than most, or I wouldn't have looked at you, Tite, no, not if you'd gone on your bended knees for a month, or had had a thousand pounds to your back."

John Tite, who, perhaps, opened his mouth a dozen times in the twenty-four hours, accustomed to these harangues, delivered as Mrs. Tite bustled breathless about her kitchen, would content himself when time came for an answer, with a nod of the head that might have meant acquiescence or anything else.

The Miss Woodhams had at first been a trial to Mrs. Tite. She had pronounced them, notwithstanding their common Faith (and, indeed, it had been their common Faith that had made her break through her rule of only taking "gents") as both "English" and "high in their ways;" but nowadays she could not understand how she had so misjudged her "ladies." "The salt of the earth" they were, and the best salt too, she was fond of telling friends and neighbours, and what would she have done now, had she fallen in with a lodger like the Reeloos, who worried the senses out of everyone with whom he had to deal? (Made the charwoman put on a pair of goloshes every time she came and leave her own boots at the door for fear of carrying in a scrap of dust). But her ladies *were ladies*, and you might travel from London town to Paris before you found a pair to compare with them, and that was a fact she dared anyone to gainsay.

Miss Charlotte Woodham was certainly *English* in her undemonstrativeness. Kitty Grogan was taken by surprise when the evening before their departure for the Hammonds, Miss Charlotte took her face between her hands and kissed her on the forehead. There was a solemnity about the ceremony that made Kitty feel almost as if it were a benediction. "You are a good child, Kitty," Miss Charlotte said, "what would Amelia have done without you?"

The grateful colour came to Kitty's face. "Miss Amelia has been very good to me," she said.

"And you have been very good to Miss Amelia. I'm neither blind nor deaf, child, though I have still my bandages on." Miss Charlotte put up her hand to her head.

"I wish it was Miss Amelia who was going with you," Kitty advanced, but with timidity. As time went on, the terrors of the visit were growing in dimensions.

"Miss Amelia has her work. We are working folk, Kitty,

and——” Miss Charlotte paused, then laid her hand on the girl’s shoulder. “You may learn a great deal in this visit, Kitty.”

“Yea,” Kitty said. There was little belief, or relief either, in the tone.

“Everything is not learned from lesson books,” Miss Charlotte went on. “Kitty, I have only one piece of advice: *be yourself.*”

Kitty looked up puzzled. “Yes, Miss Charlotte?”

“*Be yourself,*” Miss Charlotte repeated, her hand still resting on the girl’s shoulder. “Be yourself, never pretend to be what you are not. But I need scarcely say that to *you*, Kitty. God has given you a single heart.”

Kitty’s wits were but slow, but quick enough to puzzle out something of Miss Charlotte’s meaning. “Yes, Miss Charlotte,” she said again, and then courage came to say the words that had been for days resting on the tip of her tongue; and, that she might say them with more emphasis, she sat down on the floor by Miss Charlotte’s side. “I don’t know what I’ll do among the gentle folk.” The note was a despairing one, and Kitty buried her head in the sofa by Miss Charlotte’s side.

“Be yourself,” Miss Charlotte repeated—the words were short, but the little tap on the shoulder was a reassuring one.

“You mustn’t be frightened, Kitty,” came from Miss Amelia, who, seated by the window, was busying herself replemishing Miss Charlotte’s little travelling portfolio.

“What’s the use of telling her that?” Miss Charlotte said with some tartness. “Kitty, like the rest of us, must live and learn and have her experiences. Be yourself, Kitty, and don’t try to be anybody else, that’s my advice.”

Mrs. Jack Grogan was not much consoled, but Miss Charlotte’s kiss was still warm on her forehead. And she felt she could go through fire and water, or (what was worse) face any number of Hammonds, for anyone who had been so kind to her. She lifted her head: “Miss Amelia, Miss Charlotte will tell me when I don’t do right?”

“Miss Charlotte will leave you to find out for yourself,” that lady returned with energy. “You are not a child, Kitty, and you must learn to use your wits. It is very good of you to look after an old cripple like me; but it is good of Mrs. Hammond to ask you, and see you make the best of your advantages.”

Mrs. Jack gave a little sigh. Not even from her husband did

she get any comfort or consolation. "Why, Kit, it's a feather in your cap!" that gentleman observed. Lucy Needham would give her ears to be going to stay at a house like the Hammonds.' What on earth do you think's going to happen to you? Mrs. Hammond won't eat you, and you've always got Miss Woodham. And—and—" (Jack drew on his imagination) "you're fond of flowers, there'll be plenty of them in the garden yet, what d'ye call them? Chrysanthemums, and—and—all the other things—and *nuts*. I wouldn't say, Kit, but the Miss Hammonds will take you out nutting. Kent's a great county for nuts, what d'ye call them? Cobs? That's it, Kentish cobs; and I am sure Mrs. Hammond has poultry—ducks, maybe, and a pond, you'd like that, Kit; and ponies, and dogs——"

"I don't like dogs, Jack," poor Kitty put in.

"You've got to learn to like 'em, that's all," her husband said. "If it wasn't for that plaguey college and Mrs. Tite, I'd have a couple now. Wait till we're in Harley Street, yeung woman, that's all."

"Of course, if *you* like them, Jack," the meek wife acquiesced.

"Of course I like them; who doesn't with any sense in his head? 'The friend of man,' and all that. Life's not worth living without a dog, Kit."

Kit sighed. The Hammonds were bad enough, but dogs! She gave a little shiver, and turned her face away that her husband might not see her eyes.

"Now, look here, Kit," Jack turned his wife round and made her face him, "don't you get into a funk. Put a little side on, that's all you need. Speak up when you're spoken to, and don't look at your toes, and give 'em all back as good as they give."

Kitty shook her head. "I'll do my best, but I wish I wasn't going—if it wasn't for Miss Charlotte," the unselfish little soul emended. "And, oh! Jack, you'll come and see me." The kept-back tears came at last.

"Good Lord, Kit, anybody would think you were going to the North Pole! Come and see you? Of course I'll come and see you. Didn't you hear old Hammond say I was to come down from Saturday till Monday. What day's to-morrow? Wednesday? Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. Three days isn't eternity, Mrs. Grogan."

"No," Kitty acknowledged.

"And you liked Mrs. Hammond?"

"Yes," Kitty acquiesced.

"She's a tramp," Jack said, "a regular tramp."

"Yes," Kitty said again.

"And then there are the girls, you're sure to like the girls."

"Are there girls?" Despair began again, grim and dark, to settle down on Mrs. Jack Grogan.

"Girls? Kit, why don't you listen to what's said to you? Mrs. Hammond told you herself, the last day she was here, there were three of them."

"I'm sorry, Jack," Kitty apologised; then came, "oh, Jack, I *can't* go."

"Well, run along and tell Miss Amelia and Miss Charlotte," Jack said loftily, and walking to the window pretended to look out.

For a second or two Kitty stood wringing her hands, and then was seized with penitence and compunction. "Jack."

Mr. Jack Grogan put his hands into his pockets and began to whistle.

"Jack."

Clear and loud came the notes of the last popular waltz from Jack Grogan's lips.

"Jack."

At this third appeal, the husband condescended to say, "Well?"

"Jack, oh, Jack, you know it is only because I am such a—fool."

"Say 'goose,' " responded that gentleman.

"Such a goose, Jack," the penitent wife repeated.

"The biggest goose in creation, that's what you are, Kit—a baby of three years' old is a joke to you and wouldn't make such a goose of herself."

"No, Jack."

"Now, look here, you go and enjoy yourself, enjoy yourself, mind, like a sensible girl, and if you're in any—any—" Jack paused for a word—"quandary, just you go to Miss Charlotte."

"Yes," Kitty said; but it was with a doleful face she went about her last preparations.

"Jack, your white ties are in this drawer, and your socks are

all darned, and Mrs. Tite—— ”

“ Bless the woman,” Jack Grogan cried. “ One would think I’d always had a wife ! What do you think I did before you came on the scene, eh, Mrs. Grogan ? ”

“ I don’t think Mrs. Tite minded much about the socks,” Kit said boldly.

“ Do you think there are no shops in the world, and that a fellow hasn’t a penny to buy a new pair ? ” Mr. Grogan demanded. He had seated himself in the armchair and perched his wife on the arm.

“ We’ve got to be careful,” Kitty shook her head.

“ So we have, Mrs. Gilpin, and, see here, I promise to darn the socks myself.”

Kitty gave a wan smile.

“ I’ve done it before—before you were ever thought of, Mrs. John Grogan, but I know a better dodge than needle and thread. See here, Kitty, whisper ! *Sticking-plaster*. That’s where all the sticking-plaster goes at St. Anne’s. Lord bless you, the fellows crib it by yards. Fix your hole, stick on your plaster—(skin or stocking whichever you like) and there you are, Mrs. Kit.”

“ Oh, Jack, what nonsense,” but Kitty’s face began to brighten.

“ Not a bit of it. Fact. You ask any of the fellows. Why, it’s a wrinkle for yourself, Kit. When Lucy Needham had that spill coming down Spencer Hill at Wimbledon the other day and tore her, what d’ye call ’em—gathers, one of the chaps was out with his case in a minute and stuck it together as neat as could be. Old Cartwright (he named a celebrated surgeon) couldn’t have fixed up a patient better.”

Kitty laughed. “ I wish I could believe you, Jack.”

“ Please yourself,” Jack said. He had succeeded in restoring his Kit to momentary happiness at least, and was content.

The eventful morning came, and Kitty Grogan made her start in what her landlady would have called a “ tremble ”—a tremble that was to last till she and Miss Charlotte found themselves at the door of the old Kentish Rectory that Hammond had seen, fancied, bought, and added to, and finally renamed—a tremble that, if it had not been for her dread of “ upsetting ” Miss Charlotte, would in all likelihood have ended in tears.

Miss Woodham was a woman who saw everything (according to Mrs. Tite) with even the "tail-end of her eye." How it happened Kitty never could exactly tell, but Mrs. Hammond seemed scarcely to have greeted her guests before it was arranged that that evening at least Kitty should spend with Miss Charlotte in her room, off which her own opened, a little dressing-closet.

The rooms were not grand; that in itself was a relief to Kitty's mind. When Miss Charlotte was comfortably installed in bed, she sat down by her side and looked about her.

Everything excepting the carpet seemed to Kitty white. The very floor, she saw to her astonishment, was white-painted where most folk would have had the boards varnished or oak-stained; and the walls were white-washed as Kitty had seen them in many a Scotch cottage. Curtains, covers, jugs, basins, candlesticks, all were of the same pure colour; and whiter and purer than all, it seemed to Kitty, shone the little statuette of Our Lady that stood on a bracket beside the bed, at her feet a scallop-shell of Holy Water.

When Miss Charlotte's breathing told her she was asleep, the girl got up and moved softly about the room, examining the shelf of books, chosen by Hammond, who remembered what, once upon a time, had been Miss Charlotte's tastes; the writing-table with nothing a-missing, the couple of vases with carefully arranged flowers, the chrysanthemums Jack had prophesied and a few bright Autumn leaves; the framed card on the mantel-piece that told her of hours, Mass at half-past seven (where was the church, Kit wondered) breakfast half-past eight, luncheon one, and so on through the day, ending with prayers at ten.

Then Kit wandered into her own room, white as snow too, and she too had Our Lady on bracket by bedside, and a little shelf of works on mantel-shelf, books over which she shook her head, till she came to a "Garden of the Soul."

Miss Amelia had often said of late that Kitty was one of the happy people who couldn't make a noise, and her inspection over, the girl set to work to unpack Miss Charlotte's wardrobe and her own.

It took longer than she had expected and it was with surprise she heard the clock in the passage strike seven, and almost with the last of the strokes came a gentle knock at the door, and Miss Charlotte stirring said, "Come in." Supper, and such a supper!

Had ever roast chicken and bread and butter been so good, Miss Charlotte wondered. She was at that stage of convalescence when change of diet comes as the best medicine. "I am afraid I am greedy," Miss Charlotte shook her head. "Kitty, do you know what my dear father once said to me when I made almost the same remark? 'Be grateful, child, be grateful, and don't imagine scruples.' And I hope I *am* grateful to-night." Miss Charlotte crossed herself.

Supper over, Mrs. Hammond came to say good-night, and something of Kit's tremor returned as she saw her hostess bustle about, seeing that all was right. "My girls will bring you fresh flowers whenever you need them," she said, as she pushed a chrysanthemum back into place; at nine, she went on, the maid would bring Miss Woodham beef tea and all that might be needed for the night. Were they quite sure they had all they wanted? A little more coal on the fire? The nights were getting chilly now. Or wood—did Miss Woodham like wood? Rustle, rustle, round the room went the long silk train, and Kitty somehow thought of the wings of some great bird.

Mrs. Hammond gone, and Miss Charlotte tucked up again in bed, Kit took her beads and sat down by her side to rest. What was Jack doing at that moment, she wondered, and Miss Amelia? She hoped Jack had not gone out with Ned Needham. Well, she would say her prayers for his intentions. She had scarcely composed herself and settled down to her devotions, when a second soft knock came to the door, so soft that Kitty, hesitating, waited till it was repeated, and then tiptoed across the room to answer it. In the passage, lighted by a lamp that hung from its centre, stood a girl nearly as short as Kit herself, a black lace veil over her head and shoulders.

"Mother thought that, if you could leave Miss Woodham, you would perhaps like to come to prayers," the new comer said, "I have bought you a veil," she held out a fac-simile of her own.

"If I thought Miss Charlotte wouldn't wake," Kit said; her hands went nervously together and her beads fell with a little clatter on the floor.

Miss Charlotte stirred, spoke, and Kitty went to her side. "It is prayers, Miss Charlotte," she said, "and I'm sorry I dropped my beads, and—and—I don't want to go."

"Don't want to go to prayers! nonsense." Miss Charlotta

was wide awake now. "Off you go; they will do you a great deal of good."

Kitty obeyed submissively, and followed her companion through (it seemed to her) endless short passages with steps and doors at the end of each. How would she ever find her way back again, she wondered almost in despair. At last they came to a small oak-raftered hall, and Dorothy Hammond, turning, spoke, "Shall I help you to put your veil on? We have Mass and the Blessed Sacrament in the house, you know."

Kitty had not known it. A wave as if of warmth came over her. Why, it was as good as being in a convent! To live under the same roof night and day with our Lord! The colour came to her face, her breath came fast, her companion, arranging the veil over her head and face, noticed it curiously. "Have I walked too fast?" she asked.

Kitty shook her head. "I was thinking," she said; then all her timidity came back as what seemed quite a little crowd of people came into the hall, and she shrank back against the wall.

There might have been some sort of order, Kitty thought there was; the little crowd became presently of line, and a girl of about fourteen, the youngest Hammond daughter, took her station by a red-baize covered door, a basket a prayerbooks in her hand. Kitty, following the example of the person who preceded her, took one, and then passed through the now open door into the chapel. A chapel, and the smallest Kitty had ever seen in her life; the foremost row of worshippers almost touched the altar rails, and a priest kneeling in front of the Tabernacle scarcely seemed to have room to turn. The devotions were short: the Rosary, the Compline hymn, and a *De Profundis*, and then the congregation filed out as it had filed in, and Kitty found herself in the hall again wondering how she would find her way back to her room. She looked round for a face she knew, and caught the eye of a tall girl in white who smiled down on her, Kitty almost fancied like an old friend. "Dolly Hammond told me to look out for you and take you back to your room," she said. "You and I are neighbours. You must let me introduce myself. I am Mary Somerton."

The name meant nothing to Kitty, but she felt at home with this smiling new friend, and followed her almost happily through the puzzling house. At the door next her own her guide stopped. "As we are neighbours, I hope we shall be friends," she said, and

again came the smile that made Mary Somerton's face beautiful.

Miss Charlotte was sitting up in bed when Kitty softly opened the door. "Oh, Miss Charlotte, it has been beautiful, as good as the Convent every bit. They have the Blessed Sacrament here."

"Didn't I tell you?" Miss Charlotte said. "Mr. Hammond let have a chaplain for the summer months; a great boon to the people round."

Kitty did not listen; she was thinking. "Miss Charlotte, I never thought I would be as lucky as this," she said at last. "The Miss Hammonds are just as well off as if they were Sisters. I'll have a lot to tell Jack when I write to-morrow."

"Give me a kiss, Kitty," Miss Charlotte said. As she turned on her pillow, her eyes were full.

FRANCIS MAITLAND.

(To be continued).

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

No. 76.

IT may seem strange to the casual reader that after No. 67 in October there should come in November No. 76. But we announced our intention of not giving our solutions of the "Dublin Acrostics" in the order in which they occur in the book, but to confine ourselves to the contributions of two friends who till their death were faithful contributors to this Magazine. The Acrostic which we now leave in its ingenious obscurity till next month is, like the last, by Judge O'Hagan, who first describes the two words separately and in combination and then helps the puzzled reader with three "lights."

I.

Though justice halt—though Nemesis may fail—
To me belongs the even balanced scale.

II.

I'm counted haughty, I am cold, I know,
And scarce can fail, amid a waste of snow.

III.

To ask for me may equally portend
The entrance to a quarrel or its end.

1. 'Tis I should lead the present hairy fashion.
2. I killed my son in just, though jealous passion.
3. Dear to the Turk and me is the Circassian.

O.

The words shadowed forth by "O." last month in very musical verse were *bank* and *note*, while the lights were "burn," "also," "nought," and "knife." "Burn" in Scotland means a stream. The phrase "to be put on short commons" throws some light on the last "light."

We are tempted to slip in here a poem by an American, Mr. Monroe Rosenfeld, on the nursery rhyme which a learned Irish judge translated last month into obscure but stately verse.

When shades of night begin to fall, and in the quiet skies
The little stars peep shyly out, like baby angels' eyes,
When every bird has ceased its song and slumbers on its nest,
My little girl, with sunny hair, gets ready for her rest ;
We romp together for a time, and then she sits her down,
And takes her shoes and stockings off, with many a dainty frown,
Then climbs upon my knee and says, " Please, mother, one more time
Tell me about the little pigs ;" and so I sing the rhyme ;

Chorus.

This little pig went to market, this little pig stayed at home,
This little pig he had roast beef, this little pig he had none.
This little pig cried *weeek ! weeek ! weeek !* I cannot find my way home,
This little pig cried *weeek ! weeek ! weeek !* I cannot find my way home.

Five little dainty rosy toes, I count them each in turn,
And all in vain the baby tries the jingling rhyme to learn :
She mixes all the piggies up and mixes half the toes,
But still she tries, and every time is sure that now she knows ;
She thinks I'm very mean to laugh, and then a frown appears,
And then her lips begin to pout, her eyes to fill with tears.
But, long before the dewdrops fall, I kiss them all away,
And once again I count the toes, and once again I say :

Chorus—This little pig went to market, etc.

She makes one last endeavour now, she says it very slow,
But still there's not enough of pigs, or else an extra toe.
She don't know what's the matter, and she guesses that will do :
She says, " I don't think, anyway, that pigs are nice, do you ?"
Her little eyes grow heavy and she thinks she'll go to bed,
She kneeling in her gown of white the Now I Lay Me's said :
A last good night to one and all, a last kiss long and sweet,
And, as I leave her to her dreams, I hear her still repeat.

Chorus—This little pig went to market, etc.

The only one who cashed our *banknote* acrostic was J. C., who, however, failed to discern the second light.

MARSH-LAND.

AH! these silver waters, wide, silent and unmolested. The straight-growing grasses bend, whispering to the wind, and where they thus bend they are white. Willows, silver they also, and desolate, droop over the black shadows, their own, that lie long on the water; and behind them there is a dim, grey distance of underwood and poplars, a misty sky with a pale sun gleaming through the drawn veil of it. I, accustomed to the beauty of colour, pause on the threshold of the ghostly landscape.

These weeping willows, how like women they are, women repentant, forsaken! And is the still water all their tears—the water that ripples in answer to a dipping fly, that is wrapped in the mysterious haze of marsh-land, so secret? The silent place is forlorn, and yet surely I know the grey world; the dawning morrow of a night's watch beside a coffin, that cruel, recurrent day, coming in great emptiness, that succeeds to the hours filled with a presence gone—or the border-land of dreams, entangled in the gossamer of sleep—there I have surely stepped in the marsh-land of man's inner universe.

What is hidden in the vague horizon where water and trees are shrouded in their own greyness? What say the whispering grasses? What sing they, swaying as eastern mourners to and fro? A song of the dead I hear, a requiem, as I have heard it in a distant church, where the voices of priests and cantors replied to each other, echoing under the arches of a place that was God's house in the rhythmic chant that now swings the grasses to and fro—

*Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.*

And one thinks, eternal peace lies on the face of the sleeping waters.

The burden of their song would seem now to change and gradually I recognise a poem, wholly apt—

The white marsh flowers, the white marsh grass
Shimmered amid the grey
Of the marsh water, mirrored
Over and under, they
Stood stiff and tall and slender
All one way.

The upper spake to the lower,
 "Are ye, or do ye seem?"
 Out of the dim marsh water
 Glided as in a dream
 The still swans down a distance
 Of moonbeam.

The delicate sheets of wood-sorrel
 Unfolded all
 For a bed of bridal—
 Or a pall?

A shiver ran through the weeping trees, and the grasses that swayed like eastern mourners to and fro.

You are like Magdalens, drooping willows!—what is it that you repent of? What unkind god has chained you there in penance for ever? The world is very big and very gay. Shall I too, because I have had a regret, linger here in a lake of tears? I will come back, marsh, silver marsh, Magdalene-trees, to wake you with the triumph of the world when I am famous. . . .

This is youth that speaks, that is all future and no past. But the answer of the marsh does not ever pause; its song is not ambition, but requiem. The triumph of the world, what is that? Is it not a dream? What does not end in regret, a dream, and sleep? in a grey land of shadows? . . . When you are famous? The answer of this place is, with its eternal requiem, "when you are dying, dying. . . ."

Ah! sleeping, soundless silver waters, wide, desolate, and unmolested.

CLAUD NICHOLSON.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Occasional Sermons on Various Subjects.* By T. O'Rorke, D.D., P.P., Archdeacon of Achonry. (Dublin: James Duffy and Co.)

We trust that many Irish Priests will take to heart the suggestion made by Archdeacon O'Rorke in the very interesting preface of this volume. It contains eleven excellent sermons which are purposely varied in their themes: one preached at the profession of a nun; another at the laying of the first stone of a church; a third on the feast of the Irish Virgin, St. Ann, and a fourth at the Month's Mind of Dr. Durcan, Bishop of Achonry. The other discourses were preached in the parish church of Collooney, of which parish (Ballysadare), Archdeacon O'Rorke has been the pastor for more than forty years. The subjects of these are the Blessed Virgin, Heaven, Scandal, the Passion, the General Judgment, Detraction, and Drunkenness. The Archdeacon's treatment of this variety of subjects is solid and edifying, and withal most interesting. He had already given to Irish literature three very learned tomes, on the history and antiquities of the town and county of Sligo, and of his own united parishes of Ballysadare and Kilvarnet, which have received the warm praise of critics of the highest authority. His new work appeals to a very different class of readers and is sure to do much good directly and indirectly. It will be very acceptable to many outside his own parishioners to whom it is affectionately dedicated. His priestly readers will turn with keen interest to the very full and edifying account of Dr. Durcan, the Most Rev. Dr. Lyster's predecessor in the See of Achonry, which no one can read without forming an exalted idea of that prelate whose very name is, we fear, forgotten already even in ecclesiastical circles. How much force does the magnificent College Church which Dr. Gargan is bringing to completion add at present to the eloquent passage which describes the local influences of the great college of Maynooth upon the youthful students within its venerable walls! Archdeacon O'Rorke is the first Irish priest, we think, to publish a volume of sermons since the posthumous volume of the sermons of the Rev. Joseph Farrell, the gifted author of "The Lectures of a Certain Professor," one of the primeval glories of our Magazine. That collection, for which there is still a steady demand, would have been much more attractive and valuable if it had been issued like this with the preacher's revision. We end by again asking Irish priests to take to heart the

views put forward by the Archdeacon of Achonry in his brief preface to this admirable book.

2. Mr. B. Herder is one of those publishers who cater both for the Old and New World. His European establishments are at Freiburg, Vienna, Strassburg and Munich; and in the United States he is established at St. Louis in Missouri. It is from St. Louis that his English books are issued. The last four that have been sent to us are all translations, three of them from the German. A book may be very successful in the original German and yet very ineffective in a translation. The Rev. F. X. Wetzel is the author of "The Young Man's Way to Happiness," and of "The 'Our Father,' a Booklet for Young and Old." They are probably popular in Germany, and they are not badly translated; but they are made ridiculous by the doggerel translations of sundry pieces of verse interspersed, which, in English, have neither rhyme nor reason. The third of Mr. Herder's publications is "In the Turkish Camp and Other Stories," translated by Miss Mary Richards Gray from the German of Konrad Kuemmel. The translation seems to be fairly well done. The infamous conduct attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds in one of the little stories "The Artist of the Bregenz Wood," is an absurd fiction. The last and largest of Mr. Herder's books is translated from the French of the Countess Ernestine de Trémaudan—"The Ideal of New Woman after Real Old Models." The ideal new woman is hardly referred to except in the brief introduction. The book itself is made up of sketches of the women of the New Testament, from Elizabeth the wife of Zachary, to Claudia Procula the wife of Pontius Pilate, whose feast it is said is celebrated in the Eastern Church on the 27th of October under the title of St. Procula. The last chapter of the book is devoted to the women at the Cenaculum before the descent of the Holy Ghost; but the fifteen concluding pages rapidly enumerate some of the great women of Christianity down to our own century.

3. Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J., has delivered two series of "Oxford Conferences" and two series of "Cambridge Conferences," each series being contained in a shilling book published by Messrs. Burns and Oates. The same publishers have just issued a third series of "Cambridge Conferences" addressed by Father Rickaby to the Catholic undergraduates of the University of Cambridge during the Easter term of 1899. They are marked by the qualities that we have learned to expect from Father Rickaby, freshness of thought and clearness and dignity of style. We may mention in this connection a little treatise by the Rev. M. Gavin, S.J., on "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," published by the same firm. It treats very briefly but effectively of the Church's devotions in general, and of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in particular.

4. The *Ave Maria* Pamphlets are a series reprinted from the well-known religious magazine which is published at Notre Dame, Indiana. The latest edition to this series is "The Proof of Miracles" by Mr. Henry F. Brownson, son to that very remarkable man, Dr. Orestes Brownson. From the same side of the Atlantic comes "Little Folks' Annual," (Benziger Brothers). It is charmingly illustrated and contains, with many other interesting items, the last story that we shall have from the late Sarah Trainer Smith.

5. Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, the biographer of William Carleton and of Clarence Mangan, is bringing out a new edition of his biographical dictionary of the Poets of Ireland. The additions and alterations are so extensive as to make it substantially a new work. It will be published in five two-shilling parts; but those who subscribe in advance may procure the whole for six shillings.

6. The conductors of *Ulster Journal of Archaeology* deserve unstinted praise for the spirit and energy with which they maintain this antiquarian magazine. The new number is admirably printed and illustrated at the Linenhall Works, Belfast, by M'Caw, Stevenson and Orr, Limited.

7. *Clement of Rome and Other Tales of the Early Church*. By the Rev. John Freeland. London: Burns and Oates (Price 3s. 6d.)

Father Freeland has gathered into a handsome volume exactly a dozen stories dealing with the early days of Christianity. One of the most spirited of them is "The Ride of Bishop Flavian." The style is good but not very good, and there seems to be a certain lack of poetry and imagination; but several interesting incidents in ecclesiastical history are set vividly before us, and Clement, Polycarp, Telemachus, and other saintly names sanctify the pages. It is a useful and meritorious work.

8. *Home Truths for Mary's Children*. By E. C. B., Religious of St. André. London: Burns and Oates. (Price 3s. 6d.)

In spite of the French form of St. Andrew's name on the title page, E. C. B. is evidently an Englishwoman or at least an English-speaking man or woman. The book is divided into two parts dealing respectively with the Child of Mary's social life and her inner life. The first part consists of sixteen short conferences on such subjects as the choice of a friend, conversation, charity, work, vocation. The second part contains twelve similar conferences on time, reading, temptation, confession, prayer, etc. There is a great deal of freshness about the treatment of these subjects, and the style is brisk and vivid. The book is one of the most interesting and readable additions recently made to our religious literature, and is pretty sure to get a

wide welcome. E. O. B. ought to give his or her name in full. But at the last moment we perceive that the word "authoress" occurs in the Dedication thus making some changes necessary in certain phrases that we have used in commending this bright and pleasant book.

SONNET.

UNTO your angel, when the dawn was red,
 I spoke, "Oh, let me soar to him this day !
 Lend me thy wings, that I may flee away
 And see him where he hideth now," I said.

About the morn like store of roses shed
 I saw earth-glories, yet toward the ray
 Of highest heaven my track of travel lay
 Where bliss holds you—from me uncomforted !

There bode I near you, colouring with love's breath
 The suns that shine on you, and whispering
 Sweet words we used to say, till day was gone.
 Oh, knew you of my tears, and the downward wing
 That went from you ? "Now, angel, take your own,"
 I cried, and wingless stood, and wept for Death !

R. G.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

A delightful essay on Winter by Alexander Smith in *Good Words* for January, 1864, suggests a good thought about the accumulated force of bad habits. "The white flakes are coming at last. Stretch out your hand and the meteor falls into it, lighter than a rose-leaf, and in a moment is a tear. It is as fragile as beautiful. How innocent in appearance is new-fallen snow, the surface of which a descending leaf would dimple almost, and yet there is nothing fiercer, deadlier, crueller, more treacherous. On wild uplands and moors it covers roads and landmarks and makes the traveller wander hopeless miles till he falls down exhausted. . . . Welded by centuries into an avalanche, it slides down from the dizzy hold and falls on an Alpine village, crushing it to powder. A snowflake is weak in itself, but in multitudes it is omnipotent. These terrible crystals have stayed the marches of conquerors and broken the strength of empires."

All this applies with terrible force to little evil habits, so innocent, but falling thicker and thicker, encrusting the soul; and this incrustation does not melt of itself—the Sun of Grace from above and the heat of love from within find it hard to thaw in a moment what has taken months and years to accumulate.

* * *

We have not given any “Winged Words” lately. Let us smuggle in a few as a pigeonhole paragraph. The following were honoured by Mr. John Morley’s approbation or criticism in a lecture on aphorisms which he delivered some years ago to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. It is printed in his “Studies in Literature.”

People who never have any time are the people who do least.

The utmost that a weak head can get out of experience, is an extra readiness to find out the weakness of other people.

Over anxiously to feel and think what one could have done is the very worst thing one can do.

He who has less than he desires should know that he has more than he deserves.

Enthusiasts without capacity are the really dangerous people.

The pillow is a dumb sibil. To sleep upon a thing that is to be done is better than to be wakened up by one already done.

To equal a predecessor one must have twice his worth.

What is easy ought to be entered upon as though it were difficult, and what is difficult as though it were easy.

Those things are generally best remembered which ought, most to be forgot. Not seldom the surest remedy of the evil consists in forgetting it.

Interest speaks all sorts of tongues and plays all sorts of parts, even the part of the disinterested.

Gratitude is with most people only a strong desire for greater benefits to come.

Love of justice is with most of us nothing but the fear of suffering injustice.

Friendship is only a reciprocal conciliation of interests, a mutual exchange of good offices; it is a species of commerce out of which self-love always intends to make something.

We have all strength enough to endure the troubles of other people.

Our repentance is not so much regret for the ill we have done, as the fear of the ill that may come to us in consequence.

Magnanimity owes no account to prudence of its motives.

To do great things a man must live as though he had never to die.

The first days of spring have less grace than the growing virtue of a young man.

You must rouse in men a consciousness of their own prudence and strength if you would raise their character.

Mr. Olaud Nicholson has kindly placed at our disposal this happy interpolation in Edgar Poe's fantastic lyric, "The Bells" :—

Hear the Sanctuary Bell,
Bidding Bell !
What a mystery august its notes retell !
As its lone voice faintly quivers
Through the silence of a church,
Till each waking echo shivers
With the running rippling rivers
Of its silver sound in search—
In search of souls, souls, souls,
Penitential, praying souls,
That each hearing ear perforce arrests the flying subtle spell
Of the Bell.
The sole, insistent calling of the bell, bell, bell,
The sweet cry floating, falling of the bell, bell, bell,
Bell, bell, bell, bell,
The warnings ever welcome, or appalling, where they dwell,
Of the Bell !

There is a curious similarity between the complaints made by an eminent Frenchman and an eminent Irishman concerning the falling off in real education in their respective countries. M. Villemain's complaint was made in talking with Mr. Senior, who in his "Conversations" reports him as saying : "In many things we have gone back. Before the Revolution we were a reading people. One sees from the autobiographies of that time that even the inferior *bourgeoisie* were educated. Every country town had its literary circles ; many of them had academies in which not only the sciences but the great writers of France and of Italy were studied. We were not so engrossed by the serious cares of life as to disregard its ornaments. Now the time that is not devoted to the struggle for wealth or power, to place-hunting or money-making, is spent at the café or the theatre. No one reads anything except the newspapers ; and not much even of *them* is looked at except the *feuilleton*"—for which might be substituted in this country the "Sporting Intelligence."

The parallel passage by Lord O'Hagan occurs in his speech in the House of Lords, June 28th, 1878, on the second reading of the Intermediate Education (Ireland) Bill :

"The intellect of Ireland—I borrow the strong words of the Census Commissioners—has been 'starved and dwarfed.' A moral paralysis has deadened it. The people have ceased, to a large extent, to know or care for a high and wholesome literature. Book-shops are vanishing from the towns. The publishing trade, which in the last century was large and flourishing, is almost extinct. Once, the presses of Dublin teemed with expensive works—Encyclopedias, dictionaries, classical and scientific treatises and others—such as an educated community demands and will procure. But the production of such works has almost ceased. Those who read must look abroad for the means of indulging their intellectual appetite. The excellent editions, which enabled Falkner and others, a hundred years ago, to compete with English publishers, are to be had no more. And the literary ability of Irishmen, finding scant encouragement at home, is driven to seek distinction and reward in other countries."

Mrs. Mary Gorges, in a graceful sketch, "Helena," contributed to *The Independent*, notices thus a circumstance which has struck many before her. "It is strange that the name so dear to Irish hearts because it is that of the Blessed Mother of our Lord, the name by which every second girl in the length and breadth of the land is called—Mary—seems equally fitting to palace or to cabin. Lady Mary, Princess Mary—how musically the words ring, and yet just as suitable does "Mary" seem to the girl coming home with her milk-pail or the woman whom you meet on the roadside in Connemara, knitting as she walks along."

The admirable appreciation of the "Song of Roland" which we attributed to Dr. Dabbs, Editor of *Vectis*, was written for that very clever journal by Mr. A. Pachett Martin, the distinguished litterateur of Australia, who now resides in a smaller island.

The question, "Which is the happiest time of life?" was discussed very cleverly by a Sacred Heart Nun in one of the pigeonhole paragraphs of our October Number. The same question was proposed for discussion by Uncle Joe about the same time in the

Children's Corner of *The South African Catholic Magazine*. We can give a few of the answers, in which "perambulator" is always shortened into "pram" and the spelling is sometimes defective. The members of this little club have fancy names:—

Butterfly wants to be twenty, so as to go to balls and plays, "And I will sing and another little girl [of twenty] will play the piano. Then again, "how nice it would be to wear a veil and bonnet trimmed with roses and flowers and black ribbon to tie it under the chin and carry my hands in muffers." *Idler* would like to be a baby, "because I could creep on the floor and take the dolls out in the pram, not like a big girl, she has to carry the heavy babies out to the Gardens and they are sometimes very naughty and cry and kick a lot." That is where the shoe pinches, is it? *Tadpole* chooses the age of three, so as to "play with the cat and roll on the floor," and be free from the responsibility of lessons and the like. *Marie* thinks it is happyes when we are children; "we have no trouble only to go to school." She tells *Uncle Joy* she is his affectation child. *Mona* is very decided on twenty; when you are thirty you have children to take care of, when you are twenty you might have only one baby to mind: then I would play the piano and violin. When you are ten it is horrible, as you have to go to school, put the baby to bed and run messages and if you bring the wrong things get scoldings. When I am twenty I will be able to put up my hair quite nice with hairpins and wear a long train and ride a bicycle and choose my own dress in the shop." *Apple* thinks it the height of bliss to keep a private school at the age of twenty and to be able to refuse half-holidays but sometimes to grant picnics. *Parrot* talks of the "silk and satin," the rings and bangles, that belong to the age of twenty. *Strawberry* (age 7) wants to be twenty-eight—four times seven, I suppose. She thinks she will be a Lady Bountiful at that age. *Gooseberry* (her sister) goes one better and makes it twenty-nine: she then expects to be like what her mother is now—and if she is, she will do very well, let me tell her. But I don't know if she learned from her mother "to wear nice hats with feathers and roses in it and make it stick up in the air and hold up my dress when I go out, and wear nice tea-gowns when people come to see me,"

DECEMBER, 1899.

MRS. JACK GROGAN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS WOODHAM slept peacefully the night after her arrival at the old Rectory, not so her neighbour. Hour after hour Kitty Grogan awoke with the same start. Where was she? What had happened? Then, as her wits came back, and she listened to the steady breathing in the next room, her thoughts flew to the chapel. How often she had envied the nuns! And now, for the moment, she was rich as they—her Lord was here, under the same roof. The colour came to her face, her small hands trembled.

Kitty's prayers were simple, like herself. With a petition for Jack, for Miss Charlotte, for herself—that she might be *good*—half formulated on her lips, she would fall asleep again, only to wake up with the same start. Where was she? What had happened?

She was sleeping when the maid, with Miss Charlotte's cup of morning tea, came to her bedside, a pleasant-looking woman, who lingered a moment after her duties were done. "If you please, ma'am, Miss Somerton said, in case you didn't remember the way to the chapel, if you would be good enough to wait, she would come for you in good time."

Kitty, as she sat up in bed, gave a little sigh of relief. Find her own way, through these endless passages, these swinging doors—impossible! How did Miss Somerton do it she wondered.

But perhaps she lived with Mrs. Hammond, or knew the house well. Would she be going to Communion, Kitty wondered? Would anyone be going? She would like to go this first morning, if it were only to whisper to Our Lord how good He was to let her live under His roof.

"Why, Kitty, child, what a colour you have," Miss Charlotte cried, as the girl arranged her shawl round her shoulders before giving her the daintily arranged tray.

Kitty put up her hand to her cheek. "Perhaps it's because I'm so happy, Miss Charlotte."

Miss Charlotte looked sharply at her, but her only answer was "ahem!" Was the child forgetting her shyness already, she wondered, or was it the spirit of love of novelty, excitement? Miss Charlotte, as she slowly stirred her tea round and round, pondered.

"You could spare me?" Kitty asked when, half-an-hour later, Mary Somerton came to the door, "you are sure you can spare me?"

"If you don't forget to pray for me," Miss Charlotte said, as she drew the girl near to her to straighten her veil. "Give me my medicine and my prayer-book beside me, and be off."

The November morning was dark; here and there a lamp was burning in the passage to guide the girls as they passed along in silence. Miss Somerton had only nodded her morning greeting. Silence was evidently expected, and it was not till her hand was on the chapel door that her companion summoned courage to ask, "if you please, will you be going to Communion?"

It was a curious, a characteristic bit of shyness, but Mary Somerton did not seem surprised. She nodded her head in assent to the question, and then, with noiseless step, led the way to a bench close to the altar-rails, and, motioning to a place by Dorothy Hammond's side, knelt down beside her. In a few seconds the chapel seemed to fill. There was the rustle of dresses, the creaking of boards and of seats; then the closing of a door, a sudden stillness, and the Mass began, and Kitty, looking up, saw that her host himself was server.

Kitty did not linger over her thanksgiving. Her heart was full, but—Miss Charlotte might need her. It was an ordeal to pass down the chapel alone before anyone, excepting one or two of the servants nearest the door, had moved; but she faced

it, to find that both Mary Somerton and Dorothy Hammond had followed her.

"The passages are so confusing," Dorothy apologised as she pushed open the first green door. "Mary, you are the only person I know, who only needed one introduction."

There was a gleam in Mary Somerton's eyes, as she turned and faced her two companions. She was folding her veil as she spoke, and putting the big pin methodically through it. "My education was sound: I was brought up on Hop-o'-my-thumb."

"On?" Then Dorothy Hammond began to laugh, "you don't mean to say, Molly?" She stooped as if looking for something.

Mary Somerton shook her head. "No, you won't find any pebbles! And it is my secret, though I shall, perhaps, confide it to Mrs. Grogan. But, in the meantime, she can trust herself to me; don't come any further, Dorothy."

"Thank you," Dorothy Hammond said. "Then I shall run and feed the squirrels. Good-bye till breakfast-time;" and with a nod she disappeared through a side door down a passage to the right.

"It really is a *very* confusing old house," Mary Somerton said, "you must let me come for you at breakfast-time."

Breakfast-time! all Kitty's fears came back. How, even with this new friend, could she face these strangers, these grand folk? She stood in dumb dismay.

Mary Somerton guessed. "The Hammonds are not formidable," she said, and her hand fell lightly on Kitty's wrist. "I only came two days ago and already I feel quite at home."

"But?" Kitty began.

"I had known them before? Oh, no—only Dorothy. She and I were at the Sacred Heart together, and I do not know that we were, as girls say, great friends there, though I always liked her, as everyone did, very much. It was Mr. Hammond's invitation. He was at"—Mary hesitated and changed her sentence. "He was staying near my home, and, hearing there was scarlet fever in the village, and that my aunt was anxious, he persuaded her to let him carry me off."

"Yes," Kitty said, but there was a little tremble about the mouth.

"And you and I are going to be friends." Mary's hand closed over her companion's arm.

"Please," Kitty said, and, lifting her head, met Mary Somerton's smile.

But, after all, breakfast was not so bad as Kitty had expected, notwithstanding Mr. Hammond's jokes about the porridge, which he insisted had been specially prepared for her, and with which he heaped her plate, adding, to her astonishment, sugar.

"What! Isn't sugar right?" he asked, seeing her dismay. "Well, to tell you the truth, they (they are *they*, are they not?) have to be got down somehow, it always seems to me, and my youngsters have managed it with sugar."

Kitty was too shy to laugh or to object. She swallowed down her plateful, as a penance, and then, when she had been given her tea and toast, took one quick glance round the company.

The party was a largeish one; host and hostess and their daughters, three healthy, pleasant-looking girls, dressed alike; Anthony's partner, a solemn-looking gentleman, a decade older than himself; a demure little old lady, an aunt of Mrs. Hammond's, and a soldier lad of twenty, her son.

Where was the priest, Kitty wondered, when she had summoned courage to take another peep, and almost with the thought—Hammond told her that Father Underhill had his own rooms, and seldom joined them but at luncheon.

The young folk were merry. Kitty could not follow the jokes and fun, but how happy Jack would be when he came! Her face at the thought brightened.

"Mary, you *must* tell us." It was Dorothy, Hammond's voice.

"I told you I played 'Hop-o'-my-thumb.'" Mary Somerton looked up demurely from her bread and butter.

"What's that?" Hammond asked. "A new game?"

"No, papa, a new way of finding one's way," Dorothy laughed. "Mary, tell us."

Mary Somerton shook her head. "Perhaps, I may,—Mrs. Grogan."

"That's not fair. People always lose their way, but of course, it's all the better for Hide-and-seek."

"Have you been losing your way, Miss Somerton?" Hammond asked. "It is a most puzzling old house; and the

draughts! It was in self-defence we put up those doors."

"I can find my way," Mary said.

"But you have a dodge, Mary. You know you have a dodge. It isn't 'bump of locality,' I know," Dorothy expostulated.

"I remembered Hop-o-my-thumb," Mary said.

"But I looked, and—Mary, you know—the housemaid would have swept up the pepples."

"And the crumbs," Mary said. "Nevertheless, I thank Hop-o-my-thumb."

"I did not know you were a tease," Dorothy Hammond gave a little pout.

"Dorothy!" her father said, but in a second Mary Somerton's face had changed. "Shall I tell you what I did?" she said, and the pink came to her cheek. "Yesterday, when we came in from our walk, I found there was a little time to spare before dinner, and I asked—after trying twice—the housemaid to show me the way to the chapel. And when I found how confusing it was, I asked her to show me again, and I popped one of the horse-chestnut leaves we had picked up into every vase in the passage beside the chrysanthemums—I thought Mrs. Hammond wouldn't mind? (Mrs. Hammond nodded) and now, when I open a door and see a brown leaf among the flowers on the brackets, I know I am all right." She nodded her head again.

"Now, isn't that like you, Mary?" Dorothy Hammond said.

"I think, myself, it was a rather mean way of getting out of the difficulty," Mary said. "I ought to have put my head to it—so many steps, first down to right, so many steps to centre door, so many steps to passage to left, and so on."

"That wouldn't have helped Mrs. Grogan," the soldier said.

"No, that wouldn't have helped Mrs. Grogan; my steps are longer; so we shall stick to the horse-chestnut leaves, with Mrs. Hammond's permission."

"I have often thought of putting up a little index finger with '*To the Chapel*,' at the end of every passage," that lady said.

"Dorothy, see they are put up," her father said. "We don't always have guests as ingenious as Miss Somerton."

"Father has a tale," Dorothy began.

"A great many," Hammond interrupted.

"Go on, Dorothy," the soldier-lad cried.

"Father has a tale——"

"We didn't tell you to repeat that."

"Father has a tale——"

"Hush—sh——" some one cried.

"But how am I to tell it, if I don't begin at the beginning," Dorothy protested. "If you want to hear it, you must let me tell it my own way."

"All right," the soldier lad consented.

"One night, just after these swing doors had been put on——"

("What has become of the tale?" the soldier asked.)

"The house was full, and father had sat up writing, and did not go to bed till two, and then he found old Mr. Crow, sitting on a window-seat in the passage. He had taken up one of the door-mats and put it round his shoulders, and was waiting till daylight and the maids appeared."

"The Index-finger ought to have been put up then," Hammond said as he pushed back his chair, while the others laughed.

It was the longest, and the strangest, day Kitty Grogan had ever known. After luncheon, when Miss Charlotte was settled on the sofa in Mrs. Hammond's sitting-room with that lady in charge, the young folk all went out.

"Let's get the dogs," some one cried, as they stood on the door-steps.

Kitty's heart went to her mouth, and she clutched Mary Somerton's arm.

"Are you afraid of dogs?" Mary asked.

"They—they—bite," Kitty faltered.

"Not the dogs here," Mary said, as a burst of laughter went round. "They are very quiet. See, you shall walk between me and Dorothy, and we shall take care they do not touch you."

Kitty looked round in desperation. Oh! if she had only Jack! or if she had courage to say she would go back to the house.

"Never mind the dogs," the soldier said, but shortly. He thought Kitty was a fool, but he was a gentleman.

"Do you really mind them so much?" Mary Somerton whispered. "Poor things, they will miss their walk."

"I—oh, please—I didn't mean to be rude," poor Kitty cried, clinging, as a child might have done, to her companion's skirts.

Mary Somerton looked at her. "Mrs. Grogan will not mind the dogs now she knows they are quiet," she said, then she stooped, "that is what you wished me to say?" she asked under her breath.

"Yes, please—that is—oh! don't let them touch me." The last part of the sentence came as the great retrievers came bounding towards them from the stables. "Don't let them touch me."

"Certainly not," Mary Somerton put herself between poor Kitty and her enemies. "Do you know I fancy you would soon get to like them very much."

"Never," poor Kitty cried.

The walk was ever remembered by Kitty Grogan as one of pains and pleasures. She was a child in her joy, as she picked up and filled her pockets, with shining brown horse-chestnuts, and the acorns that, falling out of their cups, left them empty, ready for the fairies. Here and there, too, they came upon autumn leaves still clinging to the branches and so beautiful in their shades that she had soon an armful to take home to Miss Charlotte, and when they came back through the garden, Dorothy Hammond called her, and, pushing back the fallen apple leaves, showed her green leaves beneath and something more—autumn violets. Kitty gave a little cry, as she pounced down on her knees to gather them. These were the pleasures; but the pains were real pains, when one of the big dogs ran up to her, open-mouthed, showing his great white teeth. Once one came so close to her as she stooped she felt his breath on her face. "I could never like dogs," she said with decision.

"Some day I think you will," Mary Somerton said.

When the young folk got home again, they found tea waiting for them in the hall, and a message that Mrs. Hammond was having tea with Miss Woodham, and Mrs. Grogan was not to hurry. So Kitty sat in a big arm-chair, and watched the Hammond sisters as they cut the home-made loaves, or carried cups of tea to the different guests, or knelt before the log fire to make toast, or poured milk into saucers for the Persian cats that came from under the sofa, waving their tails and settling themselves by Hammond's side.

Hammond had drawn his own chair close to Kitty Grogan's.

"You don't find us very frivolous?" he asked; he had been

wondering what the expression in the round blue eyes meant.

Kitty, in her agitation at being spoken to, nearly dropped her cup. Hammond took it from her, as he repeated his question.

"We all do pretty much as we like; it is Liberty Hall," he said and smiled. "You must try and be happy with us, Mrs. Grogan."

"All the people I have ever known had to work," Kitty said, as if following out a train of thought; it was a long speech for her, and Hammond looked at her with curiosity.

"And were they the better of it?" he asked. He wanted to get to the bottom of her thoughts.

Kitty did not answer at once. "I could not be sure about that."

"Ah, well, we have all to face the problems of life," Hammond said lightly, "but in one sense we all have to work."

"If you please, I think I ought to go to Miss Charlotte." The words came so suddenly that Anthony almost started.

"Remember Hop-o'-my-thumb," some one cried; but Anthony himself went with his guest and left her safe at his wife's door. She was a queer little fish, he told himself as he retraced his steps. It was an unfortunate marriage—for the lad a *most* unfortunate marriage.

CHAPTER XIX.

Kitty Grogan, girl-fashion, had fallen in love with Miss Somerton.

"As beautiful as an angel, I do not doubt," Miss Charlotte said with sarcasm, listening to the praises.

"I am not sure if she is beautiful," Kitty, considering, shook her head, "but, oh! Miss Charlotte, I wish you could see her."

"So I shall, in all probability," Miss Charlotte smiled. "And so they are all good to you, Kitty?"

Kitty nodded again; her thoughts were still with Miss Somerton. "Miss Charlotte, it's as if she knew all you were thinking about, and all you wanted."

"A wonderful young lady!" Miss Charlotte laughed, but she gave Kitty's cheek a little pat. "I am glad you have made a friend, child."

"Jack 'll think a lot of her," Kitty gave a nod of decision.

"And so you are not so frightened after all?" Miss Charlotte asked.

"Sometimes I forget," Kitty confessed, "when I am with Miss Somerton. I liked the woods and the acorns"—she pulled a handful out of her pocket—"and the violets. I never saw violets grow before. When you turned over the leaves, you smelled them before you saw them! Miss Hammond said in spring, you could pull, and pull, and pull, and never come to an end, so that they put them into bowls."

It was the longest speech Miss Charlotte had ever heard come from Mrs. Jack Grogan's lips; a vision of Botany as another future civiliser passed through her head, but in the meantime, she asked, "you don't happen to know any verses about violets, do you, Kitty?" Miss Charlotte made many dives in her efforts to fathom the depths of Mrs. Kitty's ignorance.

Kitty blushed. "You, maybe, would think it foolish, Miss Charlotte; Jack sent it to me Valentine's Day." She paused.

Miss Charlotte brightened up. "Say it to me." Once or twice the lad had astonished the Miss Woodhams by his knowledge of Shakspeare, and one or two of the modern poets.

Kitty did not hesitate, she had the obedience of a child, though the pink deepened on her cheek, "they weren't his own, you know, Miss Charlotte." She prefaced her recitation apologetically.

"No, no," Miss Charlotte said, bending forward a little to listen.

"The rose is red,
The violet's blue,
As some one's eyes;
The some one's—*you*."

Kitty's face was crimson now.

For a moment Miss Woodham sat dismayed, then she burst into a hearty laugh, but such a genial one it did not offend poor Kitty.

"There's different ways of ending it," she went on humbly,

"but Jack made my end. Miss Charlotte, did you ever make poetry?"

Miss Woodham shook her head. "Poetry's more in Miss Amelia's line than mine, you know, Kitty, a poet is born, not made."

"I shouldn't wonder if Miss Somerton made poetry," Kitty went on after a little consideration.

"You think she is like a poetess!" Miss Charlotte was interested; it was really quite a lively conversation for Mrs. Jack Grogan.

"I don't know." The girl considered again, but could not find words to express her meaning. "If you could see her, Miss Charlotte, you would know what I mean."

"Yes," Miss Charlotte said, and made a mental note of the observation. "Now, Kitty, it is time for you to dress for dinner, and mind, when you are ready, come back and let me see if you are tidy. What made you cut a fringe, child? Girls don't mind now-a-days how they deform themselves."

"Miss Somerton has no fringe," Kitty said, as if that settled the non-virtues of fringes for ever.

"A sensible girl," Miss Woodham said. But next moment Kitty's loyalty to her husband had reassured itself. "Jack likes them," she said; and, putting up her hand, she pulled down the curls over her forehead.

"Well, off you go and make haste." Miss Charlotte took up her book.

"Miss Charlotte, *must* I go to dinner?" The tears were not far from Kitty's eyes.

Miss Charlotte did not lift her eyes from her book. "Run away and get ready; the ordeal may not be so great as you think." Miss Charlotte laid stress on the latter part of her sentence, but Kitty in her anxiety did not notice it, she lingered at the door, hoping Miss Charlotte might relent, and then with a sigh crossed the passage to her room.

It is to be confessed that Kitty had a "cry" before she settled down to her toilette; but no fear could altogether destroy the pride in the new belongings, the rapture of the rustle of the black silk petticoat that displayed itself under the black grenadine, the glory of the buckles on the pair of evening shoes—if Jack had only been there to see!

Ought she to put on gloves? And ought they to be black, or white, or tan? Jack could have told her, or Lucy Needham, or Miss Amelia (Kit had early discovered that Miss Amelia, unlike her elder sister, did not altogether despise the vanities of the world). She would carry the three pair across the passage with her and consult Miss Charlotte this once.

As she put her hand on the door-handle, Kitty fancied she heard voices in the room, and hesitated a moment before pushing open the door. The next moment she had sprung into the room, and had thrown herself into her husband's arms, joy was too great for words; she was speechless.

"Well, Kitty, will you go to dinner now?" Miss Charlotte asked, when the first excitement was over, and Kitty was standing, still trembling, her hands clasped round her husband's arm, ineffable content on her face.

Kitty did not answer the question. "Oh, Miss Charlotte, you knew," she said reproachfully, tightening her clasp.

"Mr. Hammond said it was to be a surprise," Miss Charlotte smiled.

"Hammond's a brick," Jack cried. "He wired to me to run down. If I've lost a day, he's himself to thank for it."

Kitty did not speak; she was rubbing her cheek up and down against his coat-sleeve.

"Let's look at you, Kit," Jack suddenly cried. "By Jove, you *are* a ripper! Ever see such a swell in your life, Miss Woodham?" He turned his wife round and round.

"Kitty, come here," Miss Charlotte said, and began pulling out poor Kitty's frills.

"Anybody would say you'd been hugged by a bear, Kit," Jack winked, and then he looked at his wife again. "By Jove, you *do* look ripping, Kit, you'll out them all out."

"Afraid to go to dinner now, Kitty?" Miss Charlotte asked again, as she gave the chiffon another little pull.

"Yes," said honest Kit, and her face grew troubled again. "But, maybe, they'll let me sit next you, Jack?"

Jack shook his head.

"That ain't the way of the world, young woman, and that you'll get to learn; why, they'll put us at the Poles; you won't even hear me cheep."

Kitty's eyelids began to blink, but at that moment Jack

pounced on her gloves, lying at her feet. "Three pair of gloves! Didn't I tell you you were a swell? The tan, Kit, for my taste."

Jack was still busy fitting the gloves on his wife's hands when the gong sounded through the house, and with the sound Hammond appeared.

"I have come to show the young folk the way," he said, "but I am not going to separate married people. Grogan, give your wife your arm."

Kitty looked up in her husband's face as much as to say, "See! you were wrong."

"Wait till you get to the drawing-room and you will see," Jack whispered, unable to resist teasing, and the last expression Miss Charlotte saw on her protégée's face was dismay.

The drawing-room seemed to Kitty nothing but lights and colours and flowers. The Hammond girls were gay in bright muslins; Mary Somerton alone was in white, a knot of blue ribbons twisted in her hair.

"Mary is 'voulé au blanc,'" one of the Hammond girls seeing her looking at Miss Somerton, whispered in her ear, but Kitty was none the wiser.

"Will you trust yourself to me," it was Anthony Hammond's voice, and Kitty looked up to see that Jack's words had come true, that the width of the room separated them, and that her host was going to take her in to dinner.

"You are not afraid of us?" Hammond asked, as they passed into the dining-room. "When you come to know us, you will find us very homely people."

Kitty did not answer, and Hammond was wise enough to leave her to herself, and began chatting to Mary Somerton who was at his other side.

Presently Kitty could hear Jack's voice, distinguished every word. Jack was enjoying himself. That was the great thing, and Kit began to feel happier.

Was Jack's voice a little loud, or was it because she knew it? After a little Kit began to wonder. The soldier-lad, sitting by one of his cousins, was whispering, and Kit had always been told whispering in company was bad manners. The old gentleman, with his napkin tucked through his button-hole, was not talking at all, but he was turning over his entrée, as if he might have said a good deal. Hammond himself, talking

with animation to Miss Somerton, spoke low; it seemed to Kit; though every syllable was clear. At that moment Jack's voice came again as he recounted some joke to his hostess. "Ripping, I can tell you, it was ripping," and his laugh that followed covered every other sound. When it ended, silence had fallen on the table, but Kitty caught one word, a word from the soldier-lad's lips; under cover of Jack's laugh he had raised his voice a little.

"A bounder, a regular bounder."

"Hush," came from Dorothy Hammond, and Kitty saw her turn her head and look at her.

Kitty was used to slang, but the word puzzled her, and yet it was familiar. Oh, to be sure, Jack; when he was out of humour sometimes spoke of his friend, Needham, as a "bounder." That the word could have been applied to Jack himself never entered her imagination.

Dinner over, the young people set to work to play games; while their elders chatted beside them; and Kit at a corner, between her husband and Miss Somerton, for the moment was happy.

If Jack was boisterous (Kitty, in spite of herself, looked with a little anxiety at him from time to time) he carried off, with Mary Somerton, the honours of the game; even the soldier-lad joining in the applause.

It was a first-class game, Jack cried, as he drew his question and then his second noun—

"Why was a spider like a paper-cutter?" Why, that was easy enough. The answer came in the asking: One cuts and the other runs. Any duffer might see that. When is a snake like a raspberry jam? (this to the youngest Hammond girl, sitting disconsolate, paper before her, pencil in hand) "when it's potted, to be sure—spotted, Miss Hammond, eh?" Out came Jack's laugh again.

"But we fold the papers and put them in the middle of the table when they are answered," Dorothy Hammond said, "and then each person draws one and reads it aloud in turn, and no one knows who has answered."

"Spare one's modesty, but not half such fun," Jack returned. "Kit, you little idiot, that's easy enough." Jack would have been glad enough to have answered for the assembled company.

"Father, you read them," Dorothy Hammond said, when, at

last, the riddles were all answered, and piled up in a little heap in the middle of the table.

"Let me look through them first, Hammond said, "I know what you young people's writing is." Suddenly he began to laugh and put a paper on one side. "First prize this, I shall say."

"Read it, father, read it," came from all sides.

"Why is the Queen like a cat?"—"Because she is a feline creature." Now who answered that?"

"She is a feeling creature really," Mary Somerton said with earnestness, and let the cat out of the bag, and everyone laughed again.

How happy they all were! Were gentlefolk all like these, Kitty wondered; did care never come near them? Not as to poorer folk, that was certain.

"A penny for your thoughts, Kit?" her husband cried and interrupted her meditation. "Look here, young woman, you didn't answer your riddle at all, though I told you what to put."

"It wouldn't have been my answer," Kit remonstrated.

"Husband and wife are one," Jack said; but Kitty shook her head.

"It would have been cheating."

"Miss Hammond let me answer for her."

"But every one saw that."

"Kit, you are nothing but a bundle of principle." Jack was provoked.

"An excellent bundle too," Hammond, who had been a listener, bowed.

Kitty, who had not quite followed, but saw a compliment was meant, grew scarlet.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued).

A HYMN.

BEING of love, the One whose breath is fire
 Creating worlds in space that gradual grow
 To bear Thee souls a-touch with Thy desire
 In sequence Time's illusion findeth slow,
 Yet steadfast do their work beneath Thine eye,
 Peopling with infinite life Eternity !

Creator breathing fire, of fire compact
 We, built of Thy life-giving flame whose heart,
 Flame-rooted in Thy Heart, gives forth such act
 Of ardour as Thy will ordains a part
 Of Thee All-Love, are flames that burn and burn
 And from Thy central Fire spring to return !

Oh, keep the flame alight that is our soul.
 Bid darkness all beware to quench what Thou
 Hast kindled of Thy breath. Let ages roll
 Through dreams of Time while we who know Thy Now
 Burn ever in Thine east of perpetual morn,
 Who of Thy flame to burn in Thee are born !

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

HUMILITY.

NOTHING seems to tend to destroy our hopefulness like finding out that we are not as much esteemed as we supposed. We are wonderfully buoyed up and floated along in the troubled sea of life by the consciousness that we stand well in the opinion of others. It often happens we have a very exaggerated notion of this esteem and of our own claims to it. It is a very bitter experience to find out that we were deceived in all this. It may be we thought we had no common ability, literary, scientific, philosophical, or of any other kind, and that it was only by accident this was not fully recognised by the world at large; but at least we fancied that those who knew us well had no doubt of it, and that later on it would be more generally known, when "fame . . . the last infirmity of noble minds" would come and we should have that natural reward of having "scoorned delights and lived laborious days." But, as time went on, we discovered that we were not much thought of, and, worse still, that it was not envy or any blindness to our worth that caused this, but simply because we were very ordinary beings with quite common attainments and qualities, useful and meritorious in their way, but of which there was any amount to be had, and that plenty of others could do all we could do and much better moreover.

This process of disillusion comes more rapidly to some than to others. Perhaps it is better it should not come soon. The pleasing conviction so many young and adult people have of possessing genius or uncommon talent is a great spur to great exertions during the years of preparation for the golden harvest of fame and beneficial influence they look forward to. It is very often a great help to making them useful members of society. It is an instance of how curiously improved development in human society is brought about. For all that, disillusion is a bitter and most painful process, and may cause great deterioration in moral character, by making us disheartened and pessimistic, sad and slothful, if we let it harden our pride rather than weaken and eradicate it.

As a matter of fact, nothing will help us more than these and analogous experiences, if only we make a right use of them. If we would be really wise, we must be humble, and we cannot be humble except by enduring humiliations. It is terribly hard to take this in whole-heartedly and practically. Few do. The difficulty is not in understanding it, at least up to a certain point. The thing is capable of demonstration, but to practice it in any considerable degree is very hard. Indeed there can be no doubt that only they who are really and perfectly humble can know what perfect humility is; all others can have but some speculative and very imperfect knowledge of it. But even such knowledge is most valuable both to understand in some measure what sanctity really is and to desire and tend towards it. At the same time it must be remembered, it is equally easy to have sufficient humility for salvation as it is to keep clear of mortal sin, for the two states are in practice the same.

It will be well to insist from the outset that humility properly understood has nothing to do with pusillanimity, servility, or meanness of any sort. Quite the contrary. It is in fact the root and foundation of all moral grandeur, of magnanimity and every noble quality of soul. It is a specially Christian virtue; hence the world, as far as it is opposed to God, hates it, and in every way, consciously and instinctively, misrepresents, distorts, derides and scorns it. Plenty of good people, too, have all kinds of misconceptions and prejudices regarding this most wise and beautiful virtue. Just like the dislike and prejudice against piety and devotion, a great deal is undoubtedly due to the unreasonableness of pious people, who sincerely wish to do right and to be sincerely humble, but make many mistakes and manifest a great deal of conceit, want of judgment and sound taste in their ways of going on. However, it may be remarked that pious persons are not the only class who are often provoking. Affectation and conceit, apparent or real, are common and most irritating in other departments of conduct. Indeed we shall find, if we examine and reflect, that everything which we judge ill-advised and feel annoyed with in certain manifestations of piety are quite analogous to what happens in human conduct generally. Human nature is at the bottom of such things, and we are quite as much likely to misjudge and mistake in the matter of other

people's piety, as with regard to their politics, manners, mode of amusing themselves, and general ways of action.

Perfect holiness, perfect humility, in themselves are most pleasing, unassuming, unaggressive, unselfish and in a mysterious way unconscious. There is no conscious premeditated intention of manifesting in any way holiness or humility, or any reflex consciousness of being holy or humble. It is while people are struggling to acquire the habit that they so often provoke many of those they have dealings with. Nothing irritates more than any assumption, real or apparent, of superiority, especially in the moral and spiritual spheres, and above all when it is intended, or when we look upon it as intended, for our edification, or what we are in any way called upon to imitate, though the person who provokes us may really have no *arrière-pensée* of the kind. The fault is often, too, wholly on the side of those who are provoked. No fair-minded critic can deny that. The holy and humble are certain to be persecuted, thwarted, and derided, even as their Divine Model was.

But what precisely is humility? A common answer is, humility is truth, the truth about ourselves. In the first place, it is a right understanding of our position as creatures, of our dependence on God every way and of His claims on our service and obedience. He is our Creator; to Him we owe our being and our faculties; without Him we are nothing, we are helpless. We cannot move or make any effort unless He gives us the power of doing so and co-operates with us in every act great and small. It is a truth of reason and of faith that all created things depend every moment on Him for their continuance in existing and for their every motion, local, sensitive, intellectual, cognitional and appetitive, both in the natural order and still more in the order of grace. We ought therefore not only to know and acknowledge this, but (what is far more important and difficult) to act and conduct ourselves accordingly, submitting ourselves in the moral and spiritual spheres to His law, to His commandments, remembering that He has the right to command and we have the duty to obey.

We know from experience that we are most prone to ignore and forget all this, that we are most impatient of control, that we constantly forget our dependence and are always inclined to make ourselves independent of Him. This is the vice of pride, for-

getting that we are creatures and making ourselves and our inordinate desires the end and measure of our conduct. This appetite for self-assertion must be subdued and brought into subjection to God's ordinances, at the very least to this degree that we do not violate them in what is called grave matter. It is no small thing to attain a habit of so subjecting or humbling ourselves; it requires much exercise on our part and much help and grace from God, which, however, is always at hand and to any extent by asking for it. A far higher degree of the virtue of humility is the habit of avoiding minor sins, of subjecting ourselves to God's will, so that we avoid, as a rule, even the least voluntary transgression. Such a habit implies great wisdom, great knowledge of God's rights and claims and of our own duties; that wisdom which consists in making God the one object of our happiness and the use of created things the means of attaining to and perfecting that happiness.

All this would be true, even if we were without sin. The humility of penitents must go farther. We must recognize our deeper vileness and demerit and far greater dependence on God's mercy, owing to our sins. For humility is a virtue whereby we grow vile in our own eyes, and the consciousness of sin and sinfulness is a great reason for and a help to this. Everything that opens our eyes to our vileness and littleness and complete dependence on God every way is most valuable in helping us to become humble, to learn and practice the truth about ourselves.

In theory all goes easily enough, but in practice it is quite otherwise. If men follow their own inclinations, they scarcely think but of what is pleasing to self, to pursue it, and of what is displeasing, to avoid it, taking *pleasing* and *displeasing* in the widest sense so as to include our nobler appetites as well as our grosser. Men for their own gratification, to satisfy their ambition, their sentiments of honour, their natural affections, will do many praiseworthy and grand things; they will be prudent too in lower self-seeking and modest in their claims and conduct with regard to the higher; but not for God, not to obey His law, because they are His creatures, not in order to be humble in the true sense. Pride commonly rules human conduct in the natural man, or at least has a great deal to do with it, even when the man is otherwise good and estimable.

Reason alone but feebly illumines the moral sphere. Natural

virtue, of which reason is the sole guide, is consequently feeble too for the most part. It cannot stand long against its terrible foes, the world, the flesh and the devil. But faith and grace make us omnipotent. We can do all things we ought to do by their light and help. We can keep the commandments, we can aim at carrying out the counsels of perfection, we can humble ourselves completely under the almighty hand of God, we can get penetrated through and through with the consciousness of our helplessness and perversity, when left to or depending on ourselves, and with the assured hope of being able to do all things appertaining to godliness by placing our trust in God and asking Him to help us.

One great reason why God became man was to teach us humility. He knows well its supreme difficulty and necessity. He knows infinitely better than we do our extreme moral weakness and inclination to pride and wickedness and the fearful fascination of evil in all its forms. Humility is the only remedy. It must be had in some degree, if we are to be saved at all from the slavery of evil. If we were merely humble in what may be called a merely rational manner, that is, subject to God's law in great and small things of obligation, we should still be liable at any time to be fascinated by the glitter and grandeur and pleasures of life; for we could still love the good things of this world, while using them in all subjection to the Divine law, as far as it was binding under any sin. In fact we often see people of high moral worth fascinated and led astray by the world's power of enchantment. How could men be taught not only to use aright whatever the world has to give that is desirable and enjoyable, but to turn away from it all and even to despise and hate it, and to love and desire all that is opposed to what the world loves and desires? If such a state of mind and will is possible, whoever would be in that state would be safe from the glamour of all that the world has to allure us with.

This is the perfection of the teaching of Christ by His life and death. He is the Wisdom of God. His judgment of things must be right and true. He cared nothing for all the world values. He chose to live and die in ways the world hates and shrinks from with all its energies. He did all this for love of us and to earn peace and happiness for us here and hereafter and to deliver us from all evil. He knew that if He won our love, He

would thereby persuade us to imitate Him, for love is essentially unitive and imitative. Not all are called to love and imitate Him in the same degree. Some imitation is necessary, if we would be saved at all. His grace and His Sacraments make this comparatively easy. But perfect imitation consists not merely in so preferring Him and His service, that, however we may feel, we deliberately choose to sacrifice all earthly things rather than mortally offend Him by breaking His commandments ; nor does it consist even in preferring any sacrifice rather than deliberately transgress His will in even less serious things ; but in deliberately choosing to be like Him through love of Him, in being poor, hard-working, enduring the cross and the world's scorn and contempt, and welcoming all this, because thereby we resemble Him, Who so loved us and Whom we desire to love and to be like.

It is a stupendous miracle of grace, that such an effect could ever be brought about in the human heart. No wonder we do not understand it ; no wonder the proud world hates the Christian ideal of holiness and humility, it is so infinitely contrary to all that the natural man appreciates and desires. But the lives of the saints prove that it is constantly being realised ; and whoever knows anything of Catholic consciences and spiritual life knows that in no small degree it is common enough, though often strangely mixed in the same person with much of the old leaven of conceit, self-assertion and worldliness. We are so inconsistent. Besides, grace does not destroy nature, but elevates and perfects it, and, while doing so, commonly there remains a large and latent reservoir of natural pride and corruption ready to spout forth like an Artesian well, if an outlet be afforded it.

What has been said is the explicit teaching of A. Kempis, whose work on the Imitation of Christ is recognised by all Christians as the perfection of spiritual doctrine, as the ideal of what a follower of Christ should aim at and measure himself by. It is a great matter to have true ideas and sound principles, however short conduct falls of carrying them out. It is a consolation to reflect that an inchoate modelling of ourselves on Christ is all that is necessary here. Purgation and perfection will be carried on and completed hereafter.

Not only the world as such misunderstands and detests the Catholic ideal of perfection ; Catholics themselves are often very worldly, even when they are sufficiently imbued with Catholic

principles to keep in God's grace. Hence their incapacity for appreciating higher forms of spiritual life, and their dislike and harsh criticisms of its manifestations. In this they are illogical and contradict their own principles, but for the most part are not very culpable. Many are invincibly ignorant on a great many points of practical faith. Moreover the inconsistencies, imperfections and frequent want of prudence in certain ways of really pious people naturally enough provoke and largely excuse the prejudices of many less spiritual people, which their worldly surroundings almost necessarily produce. What St. Paul says (I. Cor. ii. 14) is proportionately true of the imperfect as well as of the downright worldly. "The sensual man perceiveth not those things that are of the Spirit of God; for it is foolishness to him and he cannot understand; because it is spiritually examined."

Just as it is impossible to acquire the virtue of patience except through enduring with resignation to God's will, trials and afflictions great and small, so it is impossible to acquire humility except through humiliations voluntarily borne. The humility of holiness implies welcoming humiliations; the humility of the state of grace implies a good deal of willing self-humbling, but by no means demands that mysterious effect of sanctity whereby one becomes utterly vile in one's own estimation and not only willing to be treated as such, but even desirous of it. The reason that all in the state of grace are humble in a sufficient degree is because they believe and act as creatures and confess their sins and otherwise conduct themselves as Christians—all which involves much humiliation. But this is consistent with a vast fund of worldliness and love of distinction and immense impatience and resenting of anything like contempt or being made little of. As long as one is in that deliberate state of mind that he would not forfeit God's grace by grievous transgression, he is humble enough for salvation. But there is a vast difference not only of degree but even of kind between ordinary Christian humility and the humility of sanctity. The latter is a miracle of grace even, a mystery of divine union, of which only they who possess it have anything like an adequate notion; and even they cannot explain their absolute conviction of their own vileness and sinfulness. It is curious that this conviction, which must be as true as it is mysterious, should be the necessary condition of the highest

and closest union with God, that God should delight in those who are vile in their own eyes and who wish to be treated as such, and that He should raise them and them only to His highest favours and overwhelming honours. As soon as ever all humbug and conceit disappear from the moral nature and one becomes simply and unreflectingly convinced of his own weakness and worthlessness, without desire of preferment of any kind but quite the contrary, at once all manner of grace and spiritual grandeur fill his soul. He becomes fearless, magnanimous, zealous for God's glory, hungering and thirsting after justice, the champion of right, the dauntless defender of the wronged, the most formidable opponent of the unjust and tyrannical. For himself he cares nothing, as far as this-world is concerned. He glories in tribulation and humiliation ; but where there is question of God's honour and claims, or of the rights of others unable to defend themselves, he is all aflame for the triumph of justice and the overthrowing of wrong in every shape. Of such is perfectly fulfilled the saying, *honor fugientem sequitur*, "honour pursues him who flees from it." That very world, which is full of scorn and ridicule for Catholic ideals, which it thinks unmanly, insincere and hypocritical, is necessitated to prostrate itself before the manifest saint. No praise or honour is deemed too great for the humility of sanctity, when it is seen and recognised beyond all possibility of doubt. So little do we know ourselves, so ignorant are we of what we really esteem, so apt to be blinded and led astray by imagination and passion.

I remember reading in some work of Froude's, the historian, that one chief reason why he, who had been one of the most devoted of Newman's early followers, gave up the whole thing and became a most hostile opponent of the Tractarian ideals, was because of this notion of humility. He says that, beautiful as it may seem, it involves giving up all that makes nations great, for instead of heroes and great men it would produce nothing but holy monks, priests *et hoc genus omne*. But he was deluded and led astray by the world and the devil. True humility is the condition of true greatness of soul and sublimity of moral grandeur. There is nothing to prevent a perfectly humble Christian from being a wise statesman, a great soldier, a profound thinker, a merchant prince, or anything else the world delights to honour. As a matter of fact it rarely happens there is any call

for such being the case. There are instances, for there have been and will be saints in every grade and sphere of life. But the rough work of the world, the building up of empires and national glory, is for other classes of men. Genius and enterprise, energy, constancy, patriotism and every good and manly quality are allowed the fullest exercise and get the amplest encouragement in the Church, which proposes the highest ideals of humility and sanctity, but which knows, too, that human nature must be reckoned with in all its bearings and relations, and human society developed in every legitimate way. Our Lord came to save and to teach all, but that saving and teaching vary in men's acceptance of them in infinite ways and degrees.

WILLIAM A. SUTTON, S.J.

TO E. C.,
ON HER SEVENTH BIRTHDAY.

MY darling, let the world run
Its own unheeded way,

Mother and you and I will

Be blithe of heart to-day.

Many a year ago, dear,

You came to us from heaven ;

That day began your first year,

To-day your years are seven.

Seven full years have left you

Our maiden good and true,

With ringlets like the sunlight,

And eyes so soft and blue,

With cheeks where roses hide them

Amongst the lilies white,

And lips that smile for gladness

From early morn till night.

God bless you now and all days,

Until your hair is grey,

And seventy years and more years

Have brought you on your way ;

Until your angel leads you

To Jesus' throne in heaven,

Our innocent-hearted darling,

Our own little maid of seven.

J. W. A.

THE CRITICS ON "IDYLS OF KILLOWEN."

IT has been from time immemorial the laudable custom of this Magazine, when any book was published in which it was specially and as it were personally interested, especially if the contents of the book had wholly or in part made their first appearance in its own pages, to allow a sufficient interval to elapse for the critics to pass judgment thereupon, and then to gather a little anthology of the different opinions that the book in question had elicited. This custom has the advantage of enabling our readers to modify their judgments, generally, we think, in the direction of a warmer and higher appreciation. For, instead of being inclined to overrate the merits of our friends, perhaps we learn to recognise them only when they have begun to attract the admiration of strangers.

The recently published "Idyls of Killowen" will not be made an exception to the policy which we have just described, in spite of the very intimate relations subsisting between the author of that volume and the editor of this Magazine. Those relations have prevented any attempt at a review of the book in these pages; but it has been reviewed in some forty journals that have come into our hands and no doubt in several others that have escaped us.

The Westminster Gazette describes the "Idyls of Killowen" as "a pleasant collection of simple and unadorned song, such as goes straight to the heart that is unsophisticate, and is the fruit of a genuine singing capacity that is never forced and obviously needs no forcing." *The Bookman* says that this book "contains really admirable pictures of the religious and domestic life of the Irish peasantry. 'The Irish Farmer's Sunday Morning' may not compare for vigour or poetry with 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,' but it is so genial, so true to facts—to the more amiable facts of the case—and so vivid, that whoever knows Ireland will be stirred to recognition of its merit and its charm."

The Daily Chronicle, which has won the reputation of being the most literary of the dailies, gives the "Idyls" a full column of kindly criticism in which the writer calls Ireland "the profoundly and passionately religious country," and says that

Father Russell "sings of her with a gentle and winning simplicity and naturalness," and that in his poems "religion appears a very human thing no less than a divine, and full of quiet kindness."

Before giving any more samples from our critics, we shall venture to quote two extra-judicial utterances. A Dominican nun in South Africa, S.M.C., before war had broken out on her borders, wrote these lines "on receiving 'Idyls of Killowen.'":—

O Idyls of Killowen! across the sea
 Thou comest unto me,
 And very dear the message thou dost bring—
 Thy every page doth sing
 Sweet songs that to the heart and memory cling.

Lays pure as music of fair Irish rills
 That every valley fills;
 Like sun and shade that on their waters play,
 They run, now grave, now gay,
 Flowing in tenderest melody away.

To Southern Africa I welcome thee
 Across the leagues of sea,
 Thou book of homeland song! True voice thou art,
 In sad or merry part,
 Of one who bears an Irish poet's heart.

We have less scruple in making use of this musical tribute, as S. M. C. is already no stranger to our pages. She it was who lately told the pleasant "Story of Double Nought." But there is a wide interval between a nameless nun and a Prince of the Church. Speaking once before Cardinal Logue's amiable and beloved predecessor, Dr. Daniel McGettigan, the present writer did not dare any closer approach to a compliment than to allude to him as "one of St. Patrick's successors whose Primacy would certainly not lessen the love and veneration which the Irish people have always felt for the Church of St. Patrick." This guarded phrase, when applied to Dr. McGettigan's trusted coadjutor and successor, becomes a still more striking example of *meiosis*, that figure of speech by which a thing is hyperbolically lessened. Our Irish Cardinal's goodness and condescension are revealed in a letter which we venture to print without intruding further on his time by asking leave, now especially that his Eminence needs all his time for the great work to which he has just devoted himself—

the worthy completion of the primatial Cathedral of Ireland.

ARA COELI,

ARMAGH, 27th September, 1899.

MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL,

When you kindly sent me a copy of the "*Idyls of Killowen*" I was at Carlingford, looking over every day at Killowen, but far from the "*Idyls*" which remained at Armagh. Hence my delay in thanking you most sincerely for your great kindness and congratulating you on this new treat which you have provided for your many readers.

Since I returned, I have only had time to dip into the book ; but its fragrance is sure to cling even to one who has only dipped into it. There is no mistaking the skilful touch which one is accustomed to look for in anything which comes from your pen, whether it be in prose or verse.

I sincerely thank you for your beautiful verses, and I heartily congratulate you on the success which you have achieved in them. I hope, when I have done with the unwonted task of money-getting in which I am unfortunately engaged at present, to solace many a lonely half-hour with your beautiful and finished poems.

I am, dear Father Russell,

Yours most gratefully,

✠ MICHAEL CARD. LOGUE.

As the Cardinal, at the moment that we are putting these extracts together, is at work in Scotland, we may take *The Scotsman* next, in returning to ordinary critics. This premier newspaper of North Britain—as some Scotch people very wrongly allow their country to be called, even letting her be initialled as N. B. on their envelopes—*The Scotsman* pronounces "these well felt and tenderly expressed poems" to be "sweet in sentiment, scholarly in all formal accomplishments, and gracefully touched with Catholic divinity. The book (he adds) will interest every one who is sensible of the vital elements in Irish culture."

Opinions less favourable than these are expressed by *The Saturday Review*, *The Morning Post*, and *The Times*. This last thinks that "these cheery verses will please the neighbours," but, being Irish, they cannot of course be of general interest ; whereas *Literature*—the weekly literary journal issued from *The Times* office—attributes to the author of *Idyls of Killowen* "a fair share of these attributes which made another 'Soggarth' (the Reverend Father O'Flynn) the 'powerfullest pracher, and tinterest tacher, and kindest crachur in ould Donegal.' Mr. Russell's excursions with the Muse are always of the pleasantest, while if they do not take him beyond homely scenery they are none the worse for that, and it is perhaps because he never carries her too far that she has

been propitious to him and helped him to utter so smoothly the thoughts of a kindly heart."

No page of this book has attracted more attention than the nonsense-verses entitled "Irish Literary Learics." *The Academy* and *Truth* proposed to their readers competitions on the model of these amiable personalities; and *The Glasgow Herald* admitted several ingenious Learics on the very subject of these Learics by Mr. Dugald McFadyen, whose not very manageable name was in turn encased in a similar stanza by another contributor to that Journal.

The reviewer in *The Month* finds in this volume "the sisterhood of humour and pathos," and testifies that the poet's "sense of rhyme and metre is always true." The "Irish Literary Learics," in which the names of some T. C. D. professors are invoked merely as difficult rhymes, tempts this reviewer "to take up the cudgels in behalf of the defenceless dons and to reply :

To explain this abnormal affinity
'Twixt poesy, chaff, and divinity
In Father Matt Russell
Were a problem to puzzle
The most versatile genius of Trinity."

The Editor of *The South African Catholic Magazine* gives a kind and pleasant page to the "Idyls"; and our constant reader is well aware what a high value we place on Dr. Kolbe's good opinion. He too retorts upon the eleven aforesaid "Learics," of which he gives a sample, and then proceeds thus. "Such 'admirable fooling' is apt to be contagious, and perhaps we may be pardoned if we turn Father Russell's eleven into the round dozen :—

The list should include Father Russell;
Poor everyday poets like us 'll
Ne'er be able to beat,
Howe'er we compete,
His way of making rhymes hustle."

We have many more proofs to advance that the critics are not so harsh and cruel as they are often accused of being; but we can only mention *The Pall Mall Gazette*, *The New Era*, *The Leeds Mercury*, *The Daily News* (who says that the *Idyls* "have a pleasant flavour of geniality and large-heartedness about them.") Our readers must take for granted the cordial greetings of our Irish critics

in *The Freeman's Journal*, *The Nation*, *The Express*, *The Irish Times*, *The Cork Examiner*, etc. We should wish in particular to quote the discriminating judgment of *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*; but we confine ourselves to *The Irish Figaro* for the sake of the quotation from Robert Browning. "This volume is full of sweetness, purity, humour, and piety. . . . In the more religious poems the same tenderness shines—the most lovely trait in the Catholic Church. Browning's words hold true:—'Of all churches it has most deeply learnt what love is, and most widely diffused it.'"

We shall leave untranslated the criticism of "Idyls of Killowen" which appeared in the *Civiltà Cattolica* of November 4. This great periodical is in many respects the most important publication of the Catholic Press in any language.

RUSSELL MATTEO S.I.—Idyls of Killowen. A Soggarth's secular Verses (Idilli di Killowen. I versi secolari di un Prete). Londra, Bowden, in 8° di pp. 140.

Questi versi spirano veramente fragranza di poesia e soavità di affetti, e, ciò che li rende più altamente commendevoli, son tutti in argomenti dilettevoli, svolti come s'addice ad un poeta che è un vero *Soggarth Aroon*, cioè un *caro prete*. Così gli Irlandesi, nella loro ricca ed antica lingua, chiamano il sacerdote. Nel caso nostro, il "caro Prete" è altresì un Gesuita, fratello dell'illustre Lord Russell di Killowen, il primo Irlandese e cattolico che abbia raggiunta l'alta dignità di *Chief Justice*, ossia di Supremo Giudice dell'Inghilterra. La ragione del titolo *Idyls of Killowen*, dato dal ch. Autore a questi suoi componimenti poetici è manifesta. Egli li chiama *Idilli* perchè riguardano per lo più scene campestri, eventi ed azioni pastorali; vi aggiunge di *Killowen*, perchè gli furono ispirati dalle memorie de' suoi anni giovanili, passati appunto in quel pittoresco distretto della Contea di Down. Il volume del P. Russell che qui annunziamo sarà presto seguito da un altro che conterrà i suoi versi sacri. Il favore poi, col quale esso è stato ricevuto da' più valenti letterati dell'Inghilterra, può ben dispensarci da ulteriori lodi. Basterà dire che in tutti i suoi componimenti poetici, il Gesuita Irlandese si dimostra degno erede e successore del suo confratello inglese, il P. Roberto Southwell, insigne poeta e martire sotto il regno della Regina Elisabetta.

Del medesimo ch. Autore sono i tre seguenti opuscoli di "preghiere e pensieri" riguardanti la SSma Eucaristia. Sono tre gemme, degnissime di esser conosciute e largamente diffuse.—*Moments before the Tabernacle; At Home near the Altar; Close to the Altar Rails*. (Londra, Burns and Oates, in 16° di pp. 62, 83 e 71).

Let us end these extracts by repeating our excuse for making them: namely, that the verses thus gently criticised appeared first in this Magazine, and that no other criticism except a borrowed criticism is admissible in these pages. One reader at least has learned to appreciate these Irish verses more highly from seeing

the manner in which strangers have received them. Certainly they have not fallen still-born from the press.

DERRYLORAN.

OF Derryloran o'er the sea
I dream by night, I think by day ;
In dreams I tread with footsteps free
The hills with broom and heather gay.
In dreams I hear the skylark's strain,
No lark sings half so sweet elsewhere,
In dreams, alas, I hear again
The laughter of the river there.

Its hawthorn boughs are white as snow
When blackbirds sing, and cuckoos cry ;
And, when the wayside roses blow,
In sunshine bathed its meadows lie.
Around its hearths ring laugh and song
When boughs are bare, and skies are gray :
No winter night in it is long,
And short the longest summer day.

White are the daisies on its leas,
The gorses golden on its fells,
There's health, there's strength in every breeze
That stirs the purple heather bells.
In Derryloran hearts are kind,
The weary toiler sleeps secure,
And there the homeless wanderers find
Warm welcome and an open door.

The dead sleep well, and well they may ;
The shamrocks wrap them round and round,
Prayers rise above their lifeless clay,
Their resting place is holy ground.
Ah, well content, indeed, were I,
My home-sick heart would joyous be
Could I but hope in death to lie
In Derryloran o'er the sea.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

ON DISTRACTIONS.

WE are sometimes shocked and startled when a specially vivid flash of Divine grace lights up our souls and we see more plainly than usual the gap that lies between our theory and our practice, between faith and works. And there is hardly any point of the spiritual life in which this difference between what our faith dictates and what our actual demeanour and conduct show forth and embody is more deplorable and more frightening than our habitual use of the mighty privilege of prayer. For it is a supreme privilege and mercy; and we ought to strive to look upon it and to feel towards it not merely as a duty and a task but as a privilege, a comfort, a recreation, a luxury and delight. How seldom we avail ourselves of this prerogative except on some sort of compulsion! And when we have recourse to it, how often we deserve the reproach which Our Lord repeated and adopted as His own from the Prophet Isaiah:—"These people honour me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me." Or, to pass too abruptly from sacred to profane literature, from the word of God to the words of one of God's most gifted creatures—how often are we forced to address to ourselves the self-reproach of King Claudius!

" My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."*

And how often in the prayer of petition might that other homely reproach be levelled against us :—

" You are too cold. If you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it."†

Do our Guardian Angels experience any difficulty about believing us in earnest from what they see of our behaviour interior and exterior with regard to all that concerns prayer? Our listless attitude during prayer, our wandering thoughts and our slothfulness, carelessness, coldness, and indifference, might well recall the story of the Athenian who complained to a friend that he had been wronged. "Nay, you have not," replied the hearer. "I have, indeed," calmly answered the complainant. "I cannot believe it," was the reply. "Why, man," answered the aggrieved person, "I tell you my enemy met me on the highway—he loaded me with epithets of contempt—

* *Hamlet*, Act III., scene 3.

† *Measure for Measure*, Act II., scene 2.

he struck me with his clenched fist in the presence of the passers-by, he "——" "Stop," cried the doubting listener, "stop, your eyes flash, your soul rises in your tones, your sinews are strung, and your muscles rigid. I believe you—you look like a man who has been wronged." Who is there among us that prays like one who has grievously wronged his Creator and Saviour, from whom nevertheless he craves not only pardon but gifts and favours? Our case offers a closer parallel for the first than for the second part of that old story.

Nor must we be too ready to condone to ourselves the unsatisfactory character of our prayers. We must not fall back too soon on the weakness of our fallen nature as an excuse, and lay upon it the blame of our coldness and distractions. Some of us have good reason to be frightened, not by any exaggerated ideas about the obligation of avoiding distractions in prayer, but by even the fairest and most moderate discussion of the nature and proper treatment of distractions.

"To distract," as the dictionaries and the etymology of the word will tell us, is to drag asunder, to pull in different directions at once; and "distraction" is a drawing apart from, a state of mind in which the attention is called different ways. But we generally understand by a distraction not the subjective state of the mind but the thought or object which draws the mind away from its proper concern at the time. Now, as the great functions of prayer are "to raise our hearts to God, to adore Him, to bless His holy name, to praise His goodness and to give Him thanks for His benefits," and also to offer Him our petitions for all necessities (and more than necessities) for soul and body; all that draws us off from these objects during prayer is a distraction.

I hope that that excellent chapter of Butler's *Catechism* from which I am quoting the definition of prayer, speaks a little too harshly of distractions. It asks: "What do you think of those who at their prayers think not of God nor of what they say?" And the little child, who does not weigh very strictly the meaning of the words, is taught to reply sternly: "If their distractions be wilful, their prayers instead of pleasing God, offend Him, and are an abomination to Him." The distractions would need to be very gross and deliberate, in a degree that I can hardly conceive possible, to make the distracted prayer an abomination to God. Can you imagine anyone, that really sets about prayer, allowing himself to be carried off by distractions of such a nature and to such an extent as to render his prayer abominable? No doubt spiritual writers say that, as a subject is not bound to present himself before the king, but when he does present himself, he is bound to be respectful, to observe court etiquette, never to turn his back upon his sovereign, etc.; so (they say) we are

not bound at all times to put ourselves in God's presence by prayer, but, when we do so, it is an insult to the Divine Majesty to suffer our thoughts to wander away or to be engrossed with trivial things (aye, or serious things) that make us forget Whom we are addressing.

With all my anxiety to mitigate the guiltiness of distractions I cannot deny that all this is true. Yet, after all, God is not only a king but a father; and St. Teresa tells that, when one has begun prayer with a good intention and presently through frailty wanders off into distractions, God is no more displeased with such a one than the father of an idiot child is when the poor child talks sensibly for a time and soon rambles away into incoherent gibberish. God is a father, nay a mother; for a holy man (Father Faber) has said to God Himself:—

They bade me call Thee Father, Lord !
Sweet was the freedom deemed ;
And yet more like a mother's ways
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

Yes, God is father and mother and all. Now is it not true that a good mother loves to have her children round her, even if now and then they try her patience by their little faults? They might indeed spare her that annoyance by keeping out of her presence, but would she be content with that plan for saving herself from the infliction? Would she not, if a true mother, prefer to have her little ones clustering round her, even though this nearness brought under her notice their pettishness, their naughtiness, and their many faults? There have been selfish mothers who pretended to have weak nerves and chronic headache, and who professed their inability to stand the racket, etc., and who accordingly handed over their children practically to servants. Woe betide such mothers, and God help such children! Such mothers are mothers only in name.

In Father Faber's *Growth in Holiness* there is a chapter on distractions, written in that lively style which makes it so hard to be distracted while you are reading *him*. The first sentence of what I am going to quote reminds us of what is said about sin; namely, that in every grievous sin there are two elements, there is the turning away from the Creator—and in this is contained an act of intolerable pride, as if we could do without Him, as if we could be our own end—and then there is the turning to some contemptible creature; and the foulness of one sin compared with another depends upon the relative worthlessness and filthiness of the creature that is thus preferred to the Creator, while the essential malice of sin consists in the former element.

"Distractions," says Father Faber, "contain two things, the

wandering or removal of the mind from the subject of prayer and the occupation of the imagination by impertinent and irrelevant ideas. Even when they are quite inculpable, St. Thomas teaches us that they deprive us of the 'spiritual refection of the mind,' which comes from prayer. They are like the gnats on a summer evening, which tease with their shrillness more often than they pierce with their bites. We strike them, and they yield; but it is in vain: the pliant cohorts form again in still more closely serried ranks, and pipe on a higher note than they did before."

Father Faber might have saved the time of some of his readers if he had given a reference to the passage of the Summa of St. Thomas, which he quotes here too summarily. It occurs in the *Secunda Secundae*, quaestio LXXXIII., art. 13 *in corpore*; and it answers the question *utrum de necessitate orationis sit quod sit attentus*. "Is it a necessity of prayer that it should be attentive?" I will try to translate the answer literally:—

"This question arises chiefly with regard to vocal prayer, concerning which prayer it is to be remembered that a thing may be necessary in two ways. The first way is when by that thing the object sought is attained better; and in this sense, attention is absolutely necessary for prayer. In the other way we call necessary that without which a thing cannot gain its effect. Now prayer has three effects. The first effect is common to all acts informed by charity, and this is *to merit*; and for this effect it is not of necessity required that there should be attention through the whole of the prayer, but the force of the first intention, by which a person goes to pray, renders the whole prayer meritorious, as happens in other meritorious acts. The second effect of prayer is peculiar to itself, and this is *to impetrate* (to obtain favours); and for this effect also that first intention, which God principally regards, is sufficient. If, however, the first intention is wanting, the prayer is neither meritorious nor impetratory; for, as St. Gregory says, God does not hear that prayer to which the person who prays does not even attend himself. The third effect of prayer is that which it produces on the spot and at the moment—*quem praesentialiter efficit*—namely, a certain spiritual refection and refreshment of the soul (*refectio mentis*), and for this in prayer attention is necessarily required; as St. Paul says (I. Cor. xiv., 14) *Si orem linguâ, mens mea sine fructu est*: 'If I pray with the tongue only, my soul is without fruit.'

"We must know however, that the attention which may be paid to vocal prayer is threefold. First, when we attend to the words, lest we should make any mistake in repeating them; secondly, when we attend to the meaning of the words; and, thirdly, when we attend

to the object of prayer, namely, to God, and to the thing for which we pray. This last attention is chiefly necessary, and even ignorant simple people can have this attention; and sometimes this intention, by which the soul is borne to God, abounds to such a degree that the soul forgets all others, as Hugh of St. Victor says (*De modo orandi*, cap. 2)."

This is the solid, methodical treatment that St. Thomas gives to one little point taken at random out of the thousands of subjects that he discusses. Indeed we have given only a portion of even this little fragment. In the third of the objections that he puts in front of the exposition here quoted, and in the answer to that objection, he gives from St. Basil two quotations that balance one another. "The Divine assistance is to be implored not carelessly nor with the mind wandering hither and thither, because such a person will not only not obtain what he asks but will even irritate God more." And again:—"If during prayer one wanders off in mind on purpose, this is a sin and hinders the fruit of prayer; and against this St. Augustine says:—*Psalmis et hymnis cum oratis Deum, hoc versetur in corde quod profertur in ore*, 'when you pray to God in psalms and hymns, let that which is set forth by the lips abide in the heart.' But the wandering of the mind which takes place against one's wish and purpose does not take away the fruit of prayer." And here St. Thomas adds to the passage that he had quoted from St. Basil in a harsher sense this qualification:—"If, being weakened by sin, you cannot pray fixedly, restrain yourself, check yourself, as far as you can, and God forgives you, because it is not through negligence but through frailty that you are not able to hold yourself before Him as you ought."

We need this consolation, for our prayer is very different from that of St. Francis of Assisi or of St. Aloysius. Of the former we know* that he judged distractions in prayer more severely than they are usually judged. "How shameful," he said, "to allow oneself to fall into distractions when one is addressing the Great King! We should not speak in that manner even to a respectable man." For his part, he was not content with merely having the *habit* of those sentiments he offered to God—he required to *feel* them at the very moment when he was expressing them, otherwise his offering seemed to him to be poor and miserable. He confessed it as a secret lie, and chastised himself immediately for it. These methods, united to a strong will, made him entire master of himself; he could fix his mind so that no one could disturb it. "He suffered no more from flies of that kind," said his historian, meaning that he had no more distractions.

* Abbé Le Monnier's "History of St. Francis of Assisi."

Equally implacable was the war that St. Aloysius waged against distractions. There is hardly anything more wonderful in all the Lives of the Saints than the admission which God allowed to slip from that most amiable young saint towards the close of his short life, namely, that, if all the distractions which occurred to him during his prayers for six months were added together, they would scarcely amount to the space of a Hail Mary. It would be well for us if we were able to say this after even one quarter of an hour of prayer. What indeed are our prayers too often but a few cold aspirations served up in the middle of several warm distractions? As in some fields the flaunting yellow rag-weeds seem to be in possession, seem to have it all to themselves, while the grass and the grain seem to be mere intruders, such has often been the part played by distractions in what we have called our prayers.

Now, while something of this sort is sure to happen in spite of all our sincerity and purity of intention in beginning prayer—while such distractions cannot be altogether avoided, we can do what we are taught to do with regard to venial sin: we must strive to diminish the number of our distractions and also their malice—or (if that be too hard a word) we must try to make our faults less and less in admitting or suffering those distractions. To turn a temptation into a sin there must be advertence and consent; and so must there be with regard to distractions in prayer in order to make them voluntary and culpable *in themselves*.

I have laid emphasis on that last phrase *in themselves*, for the purpose of bringing out the fact that we may be responsible and blameworthy for our distractions sometimes, even though at the time they are quite against our will. They may be voluntary not in themselves but in their cause, when they come upon us through some previous fault of ours—habitual dissipation of mind, or want of preparation for our prayer, or choosing a wrong time or place, or some other shortcoming on our part.

Cardinal Manning in the brief preface with which he introduced the translation of a good book, "Reflections and Prayers for Holy Communion," touches on this point so well that we may quote a little more than is necessary. "No better way (he says) of excluding the subtle, sudden, impetuous and harrassing importunities of wandering thoughts can be found than by surrounding the prayers of the Holy Mass [and so of other sacred duties] with associations which unite us to the Sacred Heart. Many know the penalty they have to pay for associating with sacred words or texts any irrelevant or unworthy sense. Too great care cannot be taken in guarding the mind, especially of the young, from all such intrusions, and in training them

early to unite with the whole action of the Holy Mass, and with everything that surrounds the Blessed Sacrament, a store of devout thoughts and affections. The secret of our distractions in prayer is to be found in our lives. A mighty river carries all before it: the habitual stream of our thoughts breaks in upon our acts of prayer. If our minds were habitually tending to God, then they would run all the more easily and strongly towards Him in the Holy Mass. If all the day long we could recollect ourselves and live in the consciousness of God's presence and of His personal relation and love to us, then our ordinary thoughts would cease to be distractions."

Ah, yes, *if*! That melancholy *If*. If we could but fill our hearts with God and the things of God, the spontaneous language of our hearts would be an almost undistracted prayer.

This is an additional reason for not being too ready to take comfort to ourselves from any encouraging and reassuring things that spiritual writers may say on the subject of distractions. These comforting things regard distractions that are wholly involuntary and and inculpable. Of course a wilful distraction is always a sin of some sort, I hope generally a very venial sin of frailty. The prayer *Sacrosanctas et individuas Trinitati*, which priests say on their knees after the Divine Office, is meant to get pardon for the defects and faults committed in discharging that duty—in *eo persolvendo*—but only those defects that have been "contracted through human frailty." How far does that clause limit the indulgence for some of us? And in all our prayers how far are we responsible for the faults and defects that creep into them? May God give us the grace to strive very earnestly and steadily henceforward to supply what has been wanting to us with regard to this grand duty, this magnificent privilege, of Prayer, either in our neglect to make use of it or in our unworthy manner of using it.

In the passage which we translated literally from the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor spoke of a certain "spiritual refection and refreshment" which the soul enjoys in prayer; and he told us that this refreshment was hindered even by distractions which were in no way wilful or blamable and which did not at all lessen the efficacy and meritoriousness of prayer. Now the fact that these last most important effects of prayer are not interfered with, that God has not attached to the gaining of them a condition which is often morally impossible—this ought not to make us too readily content to forego that spiritual refreshment which must needs vary with the various degrees of our actual fervour and pious attentinn. "Prayer is not meant for luxury," Father Faber's hymn told us before, but it is meant as the food of the soul. There are many analogies between our

corporal and spiritual food. Our Creator has attached generally to the use of suitable food at suitable times a certain pleasure and exhilaration which corresponds with this "spiritual refection" of prayer; and in both cases this is a great help towards the punctual and proper discharge of our duty to soul and body respectively. We are not left to any mere conscientious respect for our obligation of supporting our natural life. No doubt, in both cases, even without this bribe of accompanying satisfaction, food must be taken. We must live as long as we can. The body must be nourished, even when the blessing of a healthy appetite does not prompt us to take nourishment at due intervals; and prayer must be persevered in, even if distractions and dryness and desolation deprive it of all sweetness, while they allow it to produce its substantial effects. For, as Father Alphonsus Rodriguez says in his homely, sensible way, in the 23rd chapter of his treatise on Prayer, "as the jelly taken by a sick person fails not to nourish and strengthen him, though he takes it with disgust and perceives not at present the good it does him: so prayer fails not to nourish the soul and to give it more strength to serve God, though we feel no sweetness or benefit at the time but rather are worried with distractions."

We might indeed draw many profitable hints as regards the use and methods of prayer from the analogies between this food of the soul and the nourishment of our bodies. We treat our bodies better. Ovid, whatever he may have meant by the lines, describes this contrast in words which taken as they stand, are very apposite in the present context.

*" Ut corpus redimas, ferrum patieris et ignes,
Arida nec sitiens ora levabis aqua :
Ut valeas animo, quicquam tolerare negabis !
At pretium pars hæc corpore majus habet."*

*For the sick body, lance and brand thou'lt try—
To eager lips the hurtful draught deny.
Thy soul is sick : yet nothing wilt thou bear
For that which is more precious and more fair.*

Yes, in many respects we treat our bodies better than we treat our souls. If by any chance we miss a meal at its proper time, we do not say, "It is too late now—I may as well wait till to-morrow." No, we try to supply the omission at the earliest possible moment. Are we quite as careful about supplying any prayer or spiritual duty that may happen to have been pushed aside at its own proper time?

The cure for distractions, where they are curable, will be suggested by any sincere thought and examination that we give to the nature and the occasions of our distractions. For instance, that

general, remote, and habitual cause of distractions on which we laid the blame of many of the shortcomings of our prayers, must be removed by checking that habitual dissipation of our minds, by cherishing and fostering a spirit of recollection, a quiet consciousness of the presence of God, by cultivating a high appreciation of the dignity, beauty, utility and joyousness of prayer, and by trying to make the use of little ejaculatory prayers sweetly familiar to us. When the water is getting into a ship, it is well to work sturdily at the pumps, but it is better to find out the leak and stop it up. And so we must try not only to bale out distractions as they rush into our prayer on the spot but also to make our souls habitually, as far as may be, prayerful, distraction-proof, turned towards God, fixed on God.

Another general remedy is to convince ourselves of the uselessness and disagreeableness of distractions—putting the matter on the lowest ground. Useless: they can suggest nothing really good. No bright thought, no wise suggestion about our duties, ever came then, or, if it did, we could safely say to it: "Wait till the proper time. Knock again when prayer is over, and then I can say 'Come in!' If you come from God, you are sure to return at the right time; and, if you are from the Enemy, I don't want to have anything to do with you."

Again, distractions when encouraged ever so slightly are disagreeable, uncomfortable. You are haunted by the consciousness of not doing the right thing at the right moment and in the right way—of being only half in it. Far better and pleasanter to give your whole soul to each duty in its turn.

"One by one thy duties wait thee—

Let thy whole strength go to each."

Distracted prayer seems twice as long; so does distracted everything.

Therefore, by a certain habitual control exercised over our thoughts, by a quiet and sober effort to live in God's presence, by a wholehearted devotion to the duty of the moment, and then, when the time has come for prayer, mental or vocal, by the choice of the most favourable circumstances and surroundings as far as these lie within our choice, let us do our poor best to make our prayer something like what the angels of heaven might expect from us when we, feeble, wretched human creatures, dare to address the Divine Majesty.

Especially at the beginning of our prayer is this effort necessary. The great Latin poet describes how at first the startled dove

"Loud flaps her fluttering wings for flight,
Then, launched in air, the smooth deep skims
Nor stirs a pinion as she swims."

The pinion of the soul is prayer; and to put the soul in motion there must be more effort at the start. St. Bernard ingeniously applies to

this point Abraham's words when preparing to ascend the mountain where he was to sacrifice his son, (Gen. xxii, 5) "And he said to his young men: 'Stay you here with the ass; I and the boy will go with speed as far as yonder, and, after we have worshipped, will return to you.'" The Saint bids us adapt the passage thus when beginning our prayer. "Come, my thoughts, intentions, wills, affections, all my interior, come, and let us ascend to the mountain of God, where the Lord sees and is seen. And you, my cares, anxieties, solitudes, troubles, wait here below at the door, while I with my reason and understanding hasten thither. When we have adored, we may return to you; for we shall return. Alas, how quickly shall we return. Let us in this spirit take care to wrench our thoughts away, at the beginning of our prayer, from everything good or bad that could come between the soul and God.

Another help against distractions is a certain amount of earnestness, and, as it were, physical energy while we are actually praying. There is a great deal of significance in the very words with which prayer is described in Holy Scripture. It is very often some form of the word *clamo*. *De profundis clamavi*. *Clamor meus ad Te venit*. It must be a cry, an outcry, a clamour, not a mere breath, not a whisper, or, if so, there must be compressed energy in the whisper. Even poor Anna, praying in the temple before she was the mother of Samuel, though she did not let herself be heard by those around and was only speaking to God, moved her lips so energetically as to attract the unfavourable notice of the High Priest—and the favourable notice of God. Yes, every prayer is good, and God hears every sigh of the heart; but we are made up of body and soul, and the languor and activity of one affect the other. For our own sake, therefore, if not for His to whom we pray, our prayer must, for the most part, be external also. Poor Irish women in a country chapel—how much God, whose *sermoeinatio* is with the simple, must be pleased with the simple self-forgetfulness of their devotion—with the unsophisticated fervour of a rural congregation, showing itself in that audible tremour which has suggested to our Catholic poet a simile for the dashing of the sea on the beach:—

"The long wave yearns along the coast
With sob suppressed, like that which thrills
(While o'er the altar mounts the Host)
Some chapel on the Irish hills."

We, on the contrary, carry too much of the cold reserve of polite society into our relations with God. If, indeed, we feel much love or fear or desire, we disguise our feelings far too successfully. Prayer must be a cry, an outcry, a clamour. *Clamor meus ad te venit*. *De profundis clamavi*.

The beloved Mother Superior of a certain convent of St. Joseph seemed dying, but her nuns, as one of them expressed it, "*shrieked at St. Joseph*," and at his prayer Jesus restored, not the child to the mother, but the mother to her children. If we want to be heard in prayer, we must shriek in some fashion. There must be earnestness, tension, anxiety in our prayer; but an earnestness calm, compressed, self-contained. In public speaking there is a whisper that may be heard over a wide space; it requires a more energetic exercise of the organs of articulation than the loudest shout. All this has its counterpart in the soul's most secret prayer; but it must be taken along with the old monkish pentameter:—

Non clamor sed amor sonat in aures Dei.

"Not noise but love
Sounds in God's ear above."

None of these things must be misunderstood as if justifying the thoughtlessness or affectation that would disturb others praying near us. But if we should ever be annoyed ourselves in this way, it might not be amiss to indulge in a little self-reproach;—"Well, God forgive me, I, at any rate, have never in all my life been so earnest in my prayers as to attract unduly the notice of any one near me." On the contrary, have we not sometimes said our prayers or recited our office too low, and too gently, as if we were afraid of distracting our distractions?

At the time of his death which occurred in January, 1882, I was told of the good and popular Judge O'Brien that not once or twice but habitually he put so much earnestness into his prayers that he could be overheard on the stairs through the closed door of his bed-room. This may be objected to by those who have never at their private devotions forgotten themselves so far as to let their voice penetrate through the thinnest of doors.

There are two very bad expedients for avoiding distractions. The worst would be to get rid altogether of distractions by almost getting rid of prayer. We must not diminish our distractions by shortening our prayers. That was not the policy of the holy old man who was once questioned: "How, Father, can you go on praying from morning till night? Your mind cannot be attentive all the time?" He replied; "My child, it is something even to keep the lips moving for the love of God." Nevertheless, many spiritual writers put forward as one of the advantages of aspirations or ejaculatory prayers, that these are so short as not to give us time to be distracted.

Another bad plan for getting rid of a distracting thought would be to pursue it to the end and so have done with it. This would be to yield like a coward to the first attack, to surrender without a blow.

One distraction, thus yielded to, would bring on another ; and at the best the time of prayer would be lost ; and the enemy of our souls would have triumphed over us. On the contrary, we are told to treat distractions as we would treat so many barking dogs—to get past them as quickly and as quietly as possible, while pretending not to notice them or be in the least afraid of them. If you were walking along a country road and if opposite every cottage or farmyard where the dogs fell to barking at you you stopped to get nearer to them and to examine them carefully, to notice the colour of their hair and the length of their tails, you would run more risk of being bitten, you would get to the end of your walk less quickly, and altogether you would act very foolishly ; but not so foolishly as if during your prayers or your meditations you let yourself be drawn aside in the same way, pausing to examine the nature of your “ unmannerly distractions ” (as Father Faber calls them, even in a hymn), instead of trying to rise above them and to pass beyond them as speedily as possible. Fénelon urges this same point in a different way. “ Many persons (he says) distract themselves by the very fear of distractions and then by their regret for such distractions. What would you think of the traveller who, instead of advancing on his way, was always considering the accidents he might meet with, and after any accident kept returning to contemplate the scene thereof ? Would you not urge him to go on rather ? Even so, I say to you, go on without looking back and without pausing, so that, pleasing God, you may abound more and more.”

Most of these things may be summed up in the advice which it is very easy to give :—Drop distractions briskly. The illustration will itself perhaps be merely a distraction if we let this phrase remind us of the homely simile, “ Drop it like a hot potato ”—which another distraction would amend into “ Drop it like a hot plate.” Somehow a mere potato can hardly retain heat enough to be quite intolerable when dandled judiciously from one hand to another—which unfortunately is just the treatment that some of our distractions receive. But how briskly we replace on the table a plate or dish that has been overheated ! At any rate let us briskly push aside our distractions and apply our minds in earnest to the question before the House—to vary our illustration with grotesque abruptness which is meant to emphasize a really important point.

Parliament by its very name means a talking place ; and some of the talkers there are pulled up in mid-career by being asked, “ What is the question before the House ? ” Irrelevancy is checked by the cry “ Question ! question ! ” Every meditation, like every parliamentary debate, supposes that there is a question before the House,

a subject before the mind. Perhaps the want of a definite matter to engage the mind in prayer accounts for many of our distractions. "Crowd the mind with matter on the subject of the meditation, and there will be less room for distractions," said a holy and learned man, who closed a singularly holy life [with a slow, calm, and holy death many years ago.*

Those who read up carefully some question in books and newspapers can think of it continuously without effort and without distraction: so should it be with us in our spiritual concerns if we used the same earnestness and thoroughness. The best way to keep a class of young boys attentive and in order is, not to chide one of them for looking round the class-room, another for whispering to his neighbour—all this wastes time, increases the disorder, and induces a suspicion that the master in question is not master of himself, or of his class, or of the subject he is supposed to teach—the best way is to give their young minds something to attend to, not to scold them but to have really something to teach them, and to keep them at it, to keep it before them. Our fancy and our faculties are like these restless, fidgetty, unruly schoolboys. We should have fewer distractions in prayer if we strove to fill our minds and hearts with the matter on which we are meditating, as politicians and literary men do with the often trivial questions they discuss.

This view of distractions is more applicable to our meditations than to our vocal prayers, though it holds good for both. It is only another instance of nature's abhorrence to a vacuum, the rushing in of what is more or less evil because the mind is not duly filled with what is more or less good. This reminds me of the only phrase I carried away from a novel which even the author's admirers seem to have ignored, though better it is than most of its class.† "The things that are bad are accepted because the things that are good do not come easily in our way. How many a miserable father reviles with bitterness of spirit the low tastes of his son, who has done nothing to provide that son with higher pleasures!"

The subject to which this observation points directly we may not pursue further, though we must say in passing: May God bless and reward for ever all those, our mothers above all, whose loving and wise vigilance filled the hours of our childhood and youth with plenty of useful employment and with innocent amusement. It is to this wider subject that the pure-minded novelist refers; he is not speaking of mere thoughts and distractions, but the same reasoning holds good here, too. How can we blame our minds for wandering off after

* Father Daniel Jones, S.J. (1814—1869).

† "The Vicar of Bullhampton," by Anthony Trollope.

distractions when we neglect to fill them and to feed them with solid and useful thoughts that practice and study would make interesting? The most energetic use of the bellows will not revive a worn-out and dying fire unless you put fresh coal on.

There are few points regarding prayer that might not appropriately be drawn into a discussion of the nature and remedies of our distractions. Many things must remain unsaid, but one thing must be said before we come to an end. No matter what our difficulties may be, no matter what our distractions, we must persevere day by day in prayer. God who made us without our co-operation will not save us without our co-operation, and our co-operation is chiefly humble, earnest, persevering prayer. Our Almighty Father knows the hearts that He has made; He knows the natural dispositions and the special difficulties of each, and He takes everything most mercifully into account. The distractions of our frailty will not make Him turn away from our prayer. Nay, our most distracted prayers may be the most pleasing to God and the most useful for us, while on the other hand the prayer least pleasing to God might be that smooth and seemingly successful prayer from which we should rise with a self-satisfied smirk, at least internal, as much as to say:—"Really, if I go on praying at this rate, I shall soon be something very like a saint."

Well, at all events, most of us are not very liable to this spiritual peril. We are likely to be saved from such self-complacency by being sufficiently pestered with distractions to the end. For when shall we be able to praise God and to love Him without distraction? When shall our distractions cease for ever? When all the other weaknesses and miseries of our mortal lives are over, when "the former things have passed away," when the glare of this world has faded out and all the distractions of life are ended, when this corruptible has put on incorruption and this mortal has put on immortality (I. Cor. xv., 53)—when we are safe in heaven, with every faculty of the mind and every affection of the heart and even every sense of the glorified body developed and perfected, and then satiated and absorbed in the Beatific Vision—when the prayer of petition will no longer be needed but only the prayer of praise and love and thanksgiving for ever. Then at last, and not till then, may we hope to be able to pray without distractions.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

No. 100.

WE have explained why we are not giving in regular order the 144 acrostics which make up the clever little quarto whose very distinguished and very composite authorship we have revealed. No. 76 is the one that we left unsolved last month. The only successful solvers are P. S. D. and M. G. W. "Pardon" is the word that "O" has so cleverly divided into its halves *par* and *don*. The lights are *pard*, *Azo* and *Russian*. To the first light both append "Bearded like a pard." To the second M. G. W. joins the explanation, "Marquis of Este." P. S. D. breaks down here; but writing from a seat of learning (Clongowes), he annotates the river Don from the fourth Georgio of Virgil and Alexander Pope.

"Lo where Maeotis shines, and scarcely flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows."

"Solus Hyperboreas glacies Tanaimque nivalem
Lustrabat."

We must go back to No. 67 in order to give M. G. W.'s belated lights for "bank-note:"

1. What but the bonnie *burn* assuagee
The ugly *burn* that smarts and rages?
2. Can this be *Anno*? I of late
Have found how these accumulate.
3. I really cannot answer what
Any could say of *nought* but nought.
4. Is *knife* correct? It may be so—
Or does the meaning deeper go?

And now we leave to the ingenuity of P. D., P. S. D., M. G. W. & Co., No. 100 which is by "O."

My first was the cause, I remember well,
That my spirit beneath my second fell,
While my whole, of a Scottish name the pride,
Has over and over my first defied.

1. I am close and cross, and, I confess,
An antient go-between.
2. A foe to progress, yet no less
Do I, when fairly weighed, express
A coming change of scene.
3. At times the soldier's, and I fear
At other times the devil's.
4. A frowning fortress, tier on tier,
O'erlooks a city's revels.
5. Come, crown the work you proudly rear,
But look to lines and levels.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. Though we must defer a detailed notice till next month, we cannot refrain from announcing as emphatically as possible the appearance of two books that have little in common except that they are both written by Irish priests. "My New Curate," by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P. of Doneraile, Co. Cork, is published by Marlier, Callanan, and Company of Boston. This clerical novel has already excited the liveliest interest in the United States where it appeared serially in *The American Ecclesiastical Review*. Its success has already had the effect of reacting on the author's first book, "Geoffrey Austin," for which orders by the hundred have poured in upon Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son from the priests of the United States. Though "My New Curate" has a more practical interest for priests, lay readers will probably be curious to see what it is about.

The other new book, of which our review must be postponed, is "The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri," by the Rev. J. F. Hogan, D.D., Professor of Modern Languages in Maynooth College. To the very large and constantly increasing Dante literature in English the Catholic contribution has been very scanty. Dr. Hogan's scholarly work goes far to remove this reproach.

2. *The Irish People: their Height, Form, and Strength*. By F. Edmund Hogan, S.J., D. Litt., F.R.U.I., M.R.I.A. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers and Walker.

Though Father Hogan's writings do not generally deal with burning questions of the hour, but rather with the history and antiquities of bygone years; and though solidity is more their characteristic than brilliancy, his present work is an exception: for already it has been a brilliant, not to say a blazing success, as a large edition of it went off immediately without any aid from the public, in the great fire that gutted the printer's premises in Abbey Street about a year ago. A single copy chanced to be in safe keeping elsewhere, and from this the work has now been printed anew. It would indeed have been deplorable if the fruits of such minute and laborious researches had been lost. Father Hogan has never given more remarkable proof than here of his amazing industry and perseverance, and of the scientific accuracy of his method of quotation and reference. In the very motto of the title-page he does not simply quote Sir Walter Scott as saying, "I never saw a finer country, or, to speak my mind, a finer people," but he puts in square brackets the words "Ireland" and "the Irish" which he supplies from the context, and he tells us that this striking tribute of the great Scot occurs in a letter sent by him to Joanna Baillie during his tour in Ireland in the

year 1825. Testimonies of eye-witnesses from 1185 to 1896 are gathered together from the most various sources, which are accurately specified in the last twelve pages of the book. The studies of many years are represented here, and evidently Father Hogan has long acted upon Captain Cuttle's advice, "When found, take a note of;" and he has adopted the principle of another less amiable hero of Dickens's. "What I want, sir," said Mr. Gradgrind, "is Facts." Every one of these two hundred pages is crammed with duly authenticated facts. "The Irish People" is as full of minute and accurate learning as the Author's monograph on the Irish Wolf-dog, and it is of much wider interest.

3. *Vagrant Verses*. By Rosa Mulholland. London: Elkin, Mathews. Price 3s. 6d.

Though Lady Gilbert's name is chiefly linked with her series of tales, long and short, so exquisite in conception and workmanship, and so wonderful for their number and variety, yet there is room for doubt whether her true vocation was not to be poet rather than novelist. The present volume contains as much genuine poetry, as perfect in feeling and in form, as any that has appeared during this last half century. It does not include Lady Gilbert's later poems, which we hope she will soon collect. Mr. Elkin Mathews, who has earned the name of the Poet's Publisher, has re-issued her first volume of verse with nothing new except one of those fantastically graceful picture-titlepages which enjoy at present a certain vogue, though we must confess that we greatly prefer the old austere simplicity of the epoch when Edward Moxon published the poems of Alfred Tennyson. Lady Gilbert's deep feeling and lucid thinking are expressed in verse, the music of which seems quite spontaneous, though true art and full technical knowledge prevail everywhere. There is nothing unworthy, frivolous, harsh, strained, or affected. Instead of looking for the high praise given by *The Athenæum* and other organs of literary criticism, we shall quote from the *Irish Times* the latest review of "*Vagrant Verses*" that has come into our hands. After saying that "the spirit of this very charming volume is bright and happy," the writer proceeds:—"Lady Gilbert is an artist of high excellence alike in fancy and in language, and she lays before us a casket from which many lovely gems may be picked. Superior ability is shown in such conceptions as the dainty poem 'Love,' and the fine sonnet, 'O Lovely June, sweet giver of young roses.' The wealth of the writer's imagination is unbounded, and it finds expression in words which will live. There is an elegance of diction which commands attention, and there is a facility of thought and expression that is so thoroughly unforced and natural as to fascinate in its simplicity and purity."

4. *The Manor Inn : A Tale of a Lost Impression.* By George H. R. Dabbs, M.D. London: Charles William Deacon and Co. [Price 2s. 6d.]

This is a thoroughly wholesome, bright, spirited story. The interest is kept up by the freshness and variety of the incidents, the most startling of which are guaranteed as actual facts in the very brief preface. Originality is shown even in the naming of the chapters, the titles of which are generally single words. Dr. Dabbs has utilised his professional knowledge, but the story is one to be read with pleasure for the mere sake of the story told in a lively, unaffected style. It is sure to find many eager readers, all the more that the publishers have brought it out extremely well. Half a crown is indeed a very moderate price for a large crown octavo with the best type and paper and most tasteful binding. Dr. Dabbs is by no means the first medical man to succeed in fiction. We are not sure that Conan Doyle is much more of a physician than Oliver Goldsmith; but America had Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and has Dr. Mitchell Weir.

5. *Adrian IV. and Ireland.* By the Very Rev. Sylvester Malone, M.R.I.A., F.R.S.A.I. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

It is many years since the present Parish Priest of Kilrush published his "Church History of Ireland from the Anglo-Norman Invasion to the Reformation." He has since frequently shown his special interest in Irish Ecclesiastical history. In the present particularly neat little quarto he devotes twelve chapters to the refutation of Mr. Laurence Ginnell and the Editor of the *Analecta Juris Pontificii* who hold that the supposed Privilege granted by Adrian IV. to Henry II. is of at least doubtful authenticity.

6. *Aighneas an Fheacaig leis an mBás.* Waterford: Harvey & Co.

The Irish poem, of which this new edition is given to us by the Rev. P. Power of Waterford, has been for three generations a favourite amongst our people in Munster and especially in Waterford, the native county of the author, Patrick Denn. It was written in 1814 and has been printed several times. The present edition has an interesting preface and a glossary of the rarer words. The poem is a dialogue between Death and the Sinner. Its readers will not only be struck by the highly dramatic form of the poem but will get an insight into that familiarity with the great truths of faith which gives religion such a strong hold over Irish minds. One cannot but look back with affectionate reverence to the time when, in spite of cruel penal laws, the poor peasant after a hard day's work spent hours in his little cottage, transcribing, or reading aloud to the neighbours who came in on a *céilidh*, the sacred songs of Donnchadh Mor or Tadhg Gaedhleach. The editor ought to have been more consistent in his orthography.

Surely there is no advantage to be gained by spelling the common word "soaghal" on p. 7 "saoigeal," on p. 8 "saoigheal," on p. 9 "saogul" and on p. 15 "saoghal." The terminations of plurals and of verbal nouns vary without any apparent reason, even in the same word and on the same page. The full force of some of the Irish words seems hardly to be reproduced in the meanings assigned in the glossary; *v. g.* "*fear an eilimh*" means more than "tax or rent collector;" it is applied to any one having a claim against a person, thus covering the meanings of both "plaintiff" and "creditor." *Sgleip* means "a row" rather than "ostentation." The explanation, "*órdugha*—the English—order," would seem to imply that the Irish word was derived from the English, whereas the root "ord" is well known in the Old Irish glosses of St. Gall written in the 9th century.

7. *Compendium Theologiæ Moralis*. Auctore Augustino Lehmkuhl, S.J. Friburgi: B. Herder.

In pages like ours it is enough to announce that Herder of Friburg, Vienna, Munich and St. Louis has issued a fourth edition of Father Lehmkuhl's *Compendium of Moral Theology*, and a ninth edition of the larger work in two volumes from which this is abridged. No one is likely to pause over this paragraph who will require to be told how high Father Lehmkuhl's reputation stands for learning, solidity, moderation, clearness and method.

8. *The Orange Society*. By the Rev. H. W. Cleary. London Catholic Truth Society, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E. Price 2s. 6d.

This is a very extraordinary half crown's worth, even in this era of cheap books—a royal octavo of nearly five hundred pages, well printed and well bound, full of most interesting, well marshalled, and well authenticated facts about the nature and doings of the Orange Society from its origin in the year 1796 down to the present day. Even the note, "Reprinted from plates of the Tenth Australian Edition," does not explain how such a book can be sold for half a crown. It is particularly noticeable for the number of original authorities which are quoted with the most minute references. The subject is unfortunately a very practical one in some of the colonies. The compilation must have cost immense labour.

8. *Lectures on the Trials and Triumphs of the Church*. By Canon Casey, P.P. Dublin: James Duffy and Co., Ltd. Price 6d.

Canon Casey has published several volumes of verse which have circulated widely; but we think this is his first published prose. The *brochure* contains three lectures delivered more than thirty years ago to the Young Men's Society of Sligo, tracing rapidly and graphically the Church's course through the ages. The Canon has treated a portion of this subject much more fully since then in his favourite

medium of expression, the metre of Dryden's "Hind and Panther." In either medium he knows how to reach the popular ear and to touch the hearts of our people.

9. A mass of clever literature is hidden away in the provincial newspapers. We fear that even in the British Museum these are not fully preserved. This remark is suggested by the Golden Jubilee Number of *The Dundalk Democrat*. Besides the usual features of a country newspaper, these sixteen many-columned pages contain a vast quantity of excellent literary matter, an attractive and exciting serial story, a clever review, modern history in the shape of a clear and full account of the Boers and South Africa up to the present time, and ancient history in the shape of a very interesting account of the beginning of *The Democrat* fifty years ago. Its founder, Mr. Joseph Carton, was a remarkable man. The journal that he established shows full vitality at the end of its first half century.

10. *The Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet A Story of '76*. By Marian Ames Taggart. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Price 3s. 6d.

We read with pleasure, and we remember vividly, the three previous stories mentioned on Miss Taggart's title-page. Very good they were, especially "The Blissylvania Post-office." But these were meant for very young readers, and Miss Taggart does not seem to be quite as successful when writing for readers somewhat more mature. "Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet" is a very good story nevertheless, and will give innocent pleasure to a great many lads and lasses. It relates to the American War of Independence, and with many fictitious characters it introduces historical realities like Washington, Alexander Hamilton, General Philip Schuyler, Arnold, and others. For Americans, and especially New Yorkers, there will be an additional interest in many of the scenes, as they have before their eyes the present state of the places described. I fear there is ludicrous unreality about the battle-scenes, very unlike the new Massacre of Glencoe that the newspapers have just described for us. This clever young writer ought to look to her grammar. At page 77 "Hardly had he returned than," etc. At page 124, "Whom he believed could beat" etc. At page 169 "he dove" is given as the past of *div*. The publishers have given excellent printing and paper to this bright and wholesome tale.

11. *At the Gates of Noon*. By James T. Gallagher. (Boston: Angel Guardian Press).

- This handsome and finely printed volume of verse gets its name from the first of a score of sonnets which fill the opening pages. The poems and the manner in which they are treated prove Mr.

Gallagher to be a very ardent American Irishman with a great deal of poetic feeling. It would be easy for a malevolent critic to quote very prosaic lines. The best poetry in these two hundred pages has been inspired, not by the history of his native country or his adopted home, but by the domestic affections, love for father and kindred and Annie Maohree.

12. *The Light of Life* : set forth in sermons. By the Right Rev. John Outhbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport. London : Burns and Oates. Price 6s.

This fine volume of four hundred pages contains nineteen of Dr. Hedley's most finished discourses on faith and piety and many topics of religion treated in a manner suited for intelligent readers of the present day. The sermons are arranged in such order as to possess almost the continuity of a single spiritual treatise—except that the last three are penegyrics of St. Edmund, St. Augustine, and St. John the Evangelist. Three of the most beautiful of these essays come together under the titles of "The Divine Union," "The Continued Presence," and "The Supreme Homage." The Benedictine Bishop of Newport has made another precious addition to our ascetic literature.

13. *The Holy Gospel according to St John*. By the Rev. John McIntyre, D.D. London : Catholic Truth Society. Price 2/6.

Dr. McIntyre is Professor of Scripture at St. Mary's College, Oscott. His present contribution to St. Edmund's College Series of Scripture Handbooks is a very exact and full, though concise, commentary on St. John's Gospel, based for the most part on such modern authorities as Knabenbauer, Meyer, Kaulen, Cornely, and Batiffol. The small but clear type used for the annotations has enabled Dr. McIntyre to condense an immense quantity of solid matter into his 280 pages. We think that the two illustrations might have given us clearer and fuller information about many more places in the Holy Land and the Holy City.

14. *The South African Catholic Magazine* has improved greatly in appearance since it has the good fortune to be printed at the Salesian Institute. It needed no improvement in its more intellectual aspects. "The Professor's Arm-chair" is as ably filled as ever, and "The Children's Corner" is as funny and genial as ever. S.M.C. has begun another of her pleasantly planned and charmingly told stories, "Mark Hennell's Ward."

15. *The Austral Light* published at Melbourne ought to enable its readers to find out more readily the page where each article begins. It is well maintained in the value and interest of its articles. The

graceful Muse of Miss Marion Miller has been very loyal in its service.

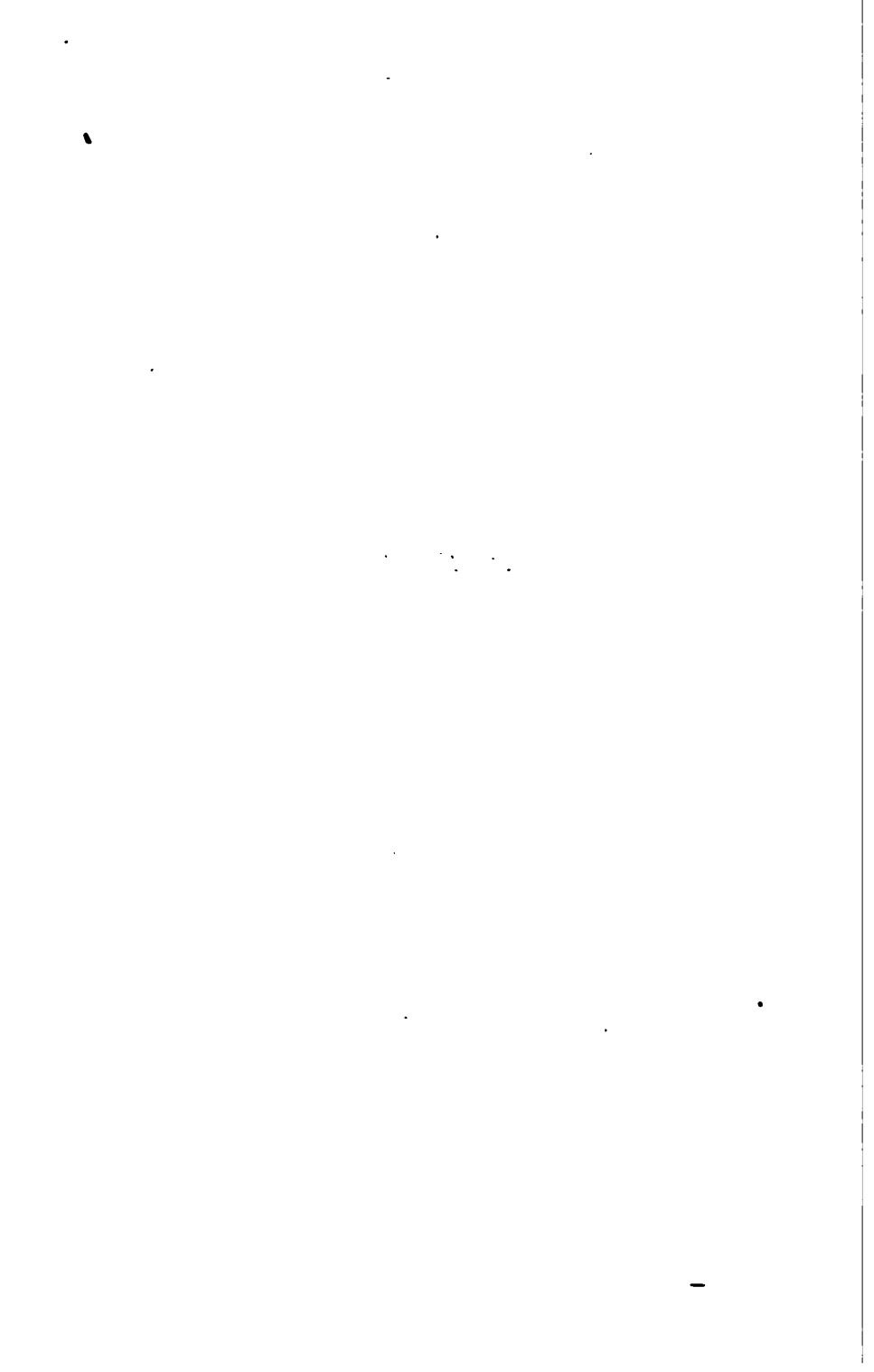
16. *All Hallows Annual* for 1899 has contrived, with the help of a very small but distinct type, to crush into a few pages beyond a hundred, a vast amount of information about the past and present of this great Missionary College—sketches of most of its Superiors and of many of its alumni. Very life-like pictures of past Presidents adorn the volume, and there are pictures of different parts of the College, and of groups of students, etc. This Annual will be a bond of union between All Hallows and its sons in all lands.

17. A very useful and entertaining volume might be made out of some of the best Inaugural Lectures delivered in the various Medical Schools. This Autumn two have had the good fortune to catch the eye and to win the approval of the present reviewer. One was a very serious address by Sir James Crichton Browne at Manchester, denouncing earnestly from the standpoint of science every system of Materialism. The other was in a lighter vein—an address on “Professional Behaviour” delivered by Dr. R. F. Tobin, in St. Vincent’s Hospital, Dublin, at the opening of the Session 1899-1900. Apart from its solid sense, its charm of style and its wit raise this lecture into literature of a very pleasant kind.

18. Mr. Stanley Wood has edited *As You Like it* in a little shilling volume of the Dinglewood Shakespeare Manuals, consisting of questions and notes, arranged in order according to Act, Scene, and line, with full answers to all the more difficult questions.

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